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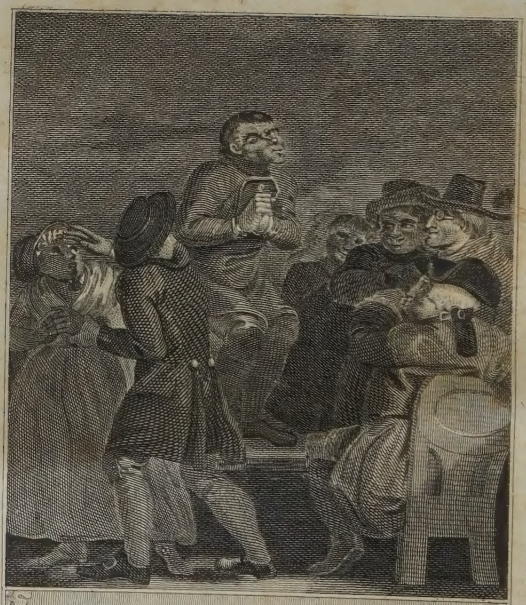

VOL. 4. Nº 173.

Drawn by J. Thurston. Engraved by W. Hay.

THE

SPECTATOR.

WITH

Sketches of the Lives of the Authors,

AN INDEX,

AND

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.
VOL. III.

PHILADELPHIA:
THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT & CO. 253 MARKET STREET,
AND CRISSY & MARKLEY.
1851.

THE

SPECTATOR.

WITH

Sketches of the Lives of the Authors,

AN INDEX,

AND

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. VII.

PHILADELPHIA:
CRISSY & MARKLEY,
AND THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT & CO.
1851.

Printed by T. K. & P. G. Collins.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS EARL OF WHARTON.

MY LORD,

The author of the Spectator having prefixed before each of his volumes the name of some great person to whom he has particular obligations, lays his claim to your lordship's patronage upon the same account. I must confess, my lord, had not I already received great instances of your favour, I should have been afraid of submitting a work of this nature to your perusal. You are so thoroughly acquainted with the characters of men, and all the parts of human life, that it is impossible for the least misrepresentation of them to escape your notice. It is your lordship's particular distinction that you are master of the whole compass of business, and have signalized yourself in all the different scenes of it. We admire some for the dignity, others for the popularity of their behaviour; some for their clearness of judgment; others for their happiness of expression; some for the laying of schemes, and others for the putting of them in execution: it is your lordship only who enjoys these several talents united, and that too in as great perfection as others possess them singly

the matter, but with a high hand marry whom they please to whom they please. As for my part, I should not have concerned myself with them, but that I understand I am pitched upon by them to be married, against my will, to one I never saw in my life. It has been my misfortune, sir, very innocently to rejoice in a plentiful fortune, of which I am master, to bespeak a fine chariot, to give directions for two or three handsome snuff-boxes, and as many suits of fine clothes; but before any of these were ready, I heard reports of my being to be married to two or three different young women. Upon my taking notice of it to a young gentleman, who is often in my company, he told me smiling, I was in the Inquisition. You may believe I was not a little startled at what he meant, and more so when he asked me if I had bespoke any thing of late that was fine. I told him several; upon which he produced a description of my person from the tradesmen whom I had employed, and told me that they had certainly informed against me. Mr. Spectator, whatever the world may think of me, I am more coxcomb than fool, and I grew very inquisitive upon this head, not a little pleased with the novelty. My friend told me there were a certain set of women of fashion, whereof the number of six made a committee, who sat thrice a week, under the title of the *Inquisition on maids and bachelors.* It seems, whenever there comes such an unthinking gay thing as myself to town, he must want all manner of necessaries, or be put into the Inquisition by the first tradesman he employs. They have constant intelligence with cane-shops, perfumers, toymen, coach-makers,

and china-houses. From these several places these undertakers for marriages have as constant and regular correspondence as the funeral-men have with vintners and apothecaries. All bachelors are under their immediate inspection; and my friend produced to me a report given in to their board, wherein an old uncle of mine, who came to town with me, and myself, were inserted, and we stood thus: the uncle smoky, rotten, poor; the nephew raw, but no fool; sound at present, very rich. My information did not end here, but my friend's advices are so good, that he could show me a copy of the letter sent to the young lady who is to have me; which I enclose to you.

'MADAM,

'This is to let you know, that you are to be married to a beau that comes out on Thursday, six in the evening. Be at the park. You can not but know a virgin fop; they have a mind to look saucy, but are out of countenance. The board has denied him to several good families. I wish you joy. 'CORINNA.'

What makes my correspondent's case the more deplorable is, that, as I find by the report from my censor of marriages, the friend he speaks of is employed by the Inquisition to take him in, as the phrase is. After all that is told him, he has information only of one woman that is laid for him, and that the wrong one; for the lady commissioners have devoted him to another than the person against whom they have employed their agent his friend to alarm him. The plot is laid

so well about this young gentleman, that he has no friend to retire to, no place to appear in, or part of the kingdom to fly into, but he must fall into the notice, and be subject to the power of the Inquisition. They have their emissaries and substitutes in all parts of this united kingdom. The first step they usually take, is to find from a correspondence, by their messengers and whisperers, with some domestic of the bachelor, (who is to be hunted into the toils they have laid for him) what are his manners, his familiarities, his good qualities or vices; not as the good in him is a recommendation, or the ill a diminution, but as they affect or contribute to the main inquiry, what estate he has in him? When this point is well reported to the board, they can take in a wild roaring fox-hunter as easily as a soft, gentle young fop of the town. The way is, to make all places uneasy to him but the scenes in which they have allotted him to act. His brother huntsmen, bottle companions, his fraternity of fops, shall be brought into the conspiracy against him. Then this matter is not laid in so barefaced a manner before him as to have it intimated, Mrs. Such-a-one would make him a very proper wife; but, by the force of their correspondence, they shall make it (as Mr. Waller said of the marriage of the dwarfs) as impracticable to have any woman besides her they design him as it would have been in Adam to have refused Eve. The man named by the commission for Mrs. Such-a-one, shall neither be in fashion, nor dare ever to appear in company, should he attempt to evade their determination.

The female sex wholly govern domestic life;

and by this means, when they think fit, they can sow dissensions between the dearest friends, nay, make father and son irreconcileable enemies, in spite of all the ties of gratitude on one part, and the duty of protection to be paid on the other. The ladies of the Inquisition understand this perfectly well, and where love is not a motive to a man's choosing one whom they allot, they can, with very much art, insinuate stories to the disadvantage of his honesty or courage, till the creature is too much dispirited to bear up against a general ill reception, which he every where meets with, and in due time falls into their appointed wedlock for shelter. I have a long letter, bearing date the fourth instant, which gives me a large account of the policies of this court; and find there is now before them a very refractory person who has escaped all their machinations for two years last past; but they have prevented two successive matches which were of his own inclination; the one, by a report that his mistress was to be married, and the very day appointed, wedding-clothes bought, and all things ready for her being given to another; the second time by insinuating to all his mistress's friends and acquaintance, that he had been false to several other women and the like. The poor man is now reduced to profess he designs to lead a single life, but the Inquisition give out to all his acquaintance, that nothing is intended but the gentleman's own welfare and happiness. When this is urged, he talks still more humbly, and protests he aims only at a life without pain or reproach: pleasure, honour and riches, are things for which he has no taste. But notwithstanding all this,

and what else he may defend himself with, as that the lady is too old or too young, of a suitable humour, or the quite contrary, and that it is impossible they can ever do other than wrangle from June to January, every body tells him all this is spleen, and he must have a wife; while all the members of the Inquisition are unanimous in a certain woman for him, and they think they all together are better able to judge than he or any other private person whatsoever.

'SIR, *Temple, March* 3, 1712.

'Your speculation this day on the subject of idleness (See Nos. 316, 54) has employed me, ever since I read it, in sorrowful reflections on my having loitered away the term (or rather the vacation) of ten years in this place, and unhappily suffered a good chamber and study to lie idle as long. My books (except those I have taken to sleep upon) have been totally neglected, and my lord Coke and other venerable authors were never so slighted in their lives. I spend most of the day at a neighbouring coffee-house, where we have what I may call a lazy club. We generally come in night-gowns with our stockings about our heels, and sometimes but one on. Our salutation at entrance is a yawn and a stretch, and then without more ceremony we take our place at the lolling-table, where our discourse is, what I fear you would not read out, therefore shall not insert. But I assure you, sir, I heartily lament this loss of time, and I am now resolved (if possible, with double diligence) to retrieve it, being effectually awakened by the arguments of Mr. Slack out of the senseless stupidity that has

so long possessed me. And to demonstrate that penitence accompanies my confession, and constancy my resolutions, I have locked my door for a year, and desire you would let my companions know I am not within. I am, with great respect, sir,

'Your most obedient servant, 'N. B.'

STEELE. T.

No. 321. SATURDAY, MARCH 8.

Nec satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunto. HOR.

'Tis not enough a poem's finely writ;
It must affect and captivate the soul. ROSCOMMON.

THOSE who know how many volumes have been written on the poems of Homer and Virgil, will easily pardon the length of my discourse upon Milton. The Paradise Lost is looked upon by the best judges as the greatest production, or at least, the noblest work of genius, in our language, and therefore deserves to be set before an English reader in its full beauty. For this reason, though I have endeavoured to give a general idea of its graces and imperfections in my first six papers, I thought myself obliged to bestow one upon every book in particular. The first three books I have already despatched, and am now entering upon the fourth. I need not acquaint my reader that there are multitudes of beauties in this great author, especially in the descriptive parts of this poem, which I have not touched upon, it being my intention to point out

those only which appear to me the most exquisite, or those which are not so obvious to ordinary readers. Every one that has read the critics who have written upon the Odyssey, the Iliad, and the Æneid, knows very well, that though they agree in their opinions of the great beauties in those poems, they have nevertheless each of them discovered several master-strokes which have escaped the observation of the rest. In the same manner, I question not but any writer, who shall treat of this subject after me, may find several beauties in Milton which I have not taken notice of. I must likewise observe, that as the greatest masters of critical learning differ among one another as to some particular points in an epic poem, I have not bound myself scrupulously to the rules which any one of them has laid down upon that art, but have taken the liberty sometimes to join with one and sometimes with another, and sometimes to differ from all of them, when I have thought that the reason of the thing was on my side.

We may consider the beauties of the fourth book under three heads. In the first are those pictures of still life which we meet with in the description of Eden, Paradise, Adam's bower, &c. In the next are the machines, which comprehend the speeches and behaviour of the good and bad angels. In the last is the conduct of Adam and Eve, who are the principal actors in the poem.

In the description of Paradise, the poet has observed Aristotle's rule of lavishing all the ornaments of diction on the weak unactive parts of the fable, which are not supported by the beauty of sentiments and characters. Accordingly the

reader may observe, that the expressions are more florid and elaborate in these descriptions, than in most other parts of the poem. I must further add, that though the drawings of gardens, rivers, rainbows, and the like dead pieces of nature, are justly censured in a heroic poem, when they run out into an unnecessary length, the description of Paradise would have been faulty, had not the poet been very particular in it; not only as it is the scene of the principal action, but as it is requisite to give us an idea of that happiness from which our first parents fell. The plan of it is wonderfully beautiful, and formed upon the short sketch which we have of it in holy writ. Milton's exuberance of imagination has poured forth such a redundancy of ornaments on this seat of happiness and innocence, that it would be endless to point out each particular.

I must not quit this head, without further observing, that there is scarce a speech of Adam or Eve in the whole poem, wherein the sentiments and allusions are not taken from this their delightful habitation. The reader, during their whole course of action, always finds himself in the walks of Paradise. In short, as the critics have remarked, that in those poems, wherein shepherds are actors, the thoughts ought always to take a tincture from the woods, fields and rivers; so we may observe, that our first parents seldom lose sight of their happy station in any thing they speak or do; and if the reader will give me leave to use the expression, that their thoughts are always *paradisaical.*

We are, in the next place, to consider the machines of the fourth book. Satan being now with-

in prospect of Eden, and looking round upon the glories of the creation, is filled with sentiments different from those which he discovered whilst he was in hell. The place inspires him with thoughts more adapted to it; he reflects upon the happy condition from whence he fell, and breaks forth into a speech that is softened with several transient touches of remorse and self-accusation; but at length he confirms himself in impenitence, and in his design of drawing man into his own state of guilt and misery. This conflict of passions is raised with a great deal of art, as the opening of his speech to the sun is very bold and noble.

> O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,
> Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
> Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
> Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
> But with no friendly voice; and add thy name,
> O sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
> That bring to my remembrance from what state
> I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere.

This speech is, I think, the finest that is ascribed to Satan in the whole poem. The evil spirit afterwards proceeds to make his discoveries concerning our first parents, and to learn after what manner they may be best attacked. His bounding over the walls of Paradise; his sitting in the shape of a cormorant upon the tree of life, which stood in the centre of it; and overtopped all the other trees of the garden; his alighting among the herd of animals, which are so beautifully represented as playing about Adam and Eve, together with his transforming himself into different shapes, in order to hear their conversation; are circumstances that give an agreeable

surprise to the reader, and are devised with great art, to connect that series of adventures, in which the poet has engaged this artificer of fraud.

The thought of Satan's transformation into a cormorant, and placing himself on the tree of life, seems raised upon that passage in the Iliad, where two deities are described as perching on the top of an oak in the shape of vultures.

His planting himself at the ear of Eve under the form of a toad, in order to produce vain dreams and imaginations, is a circumstance of the same nature; as his starting up in his own form is wonderfully fine, both in the literal description, and in the moral which is concealed under it. His answer, upon his being discovered, and demanded to give an account of himself, is conformable to the pride and intrepidity of his character.

> Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,
> Know ye not me? Ye knew me once no mate
> For you, there sitting where you durst not soar;
> Not to know me, argues yourselves unknown,
> The lowest of your throng!——

Zephon's rebuke, with the influence it had on Satan, is exquisitely graceful and moral. Satan is afterwards led away to Gabriel, the chief of the guardian angels, who kept watch in Paradise. His disdainful behaviour on this occasion is so remarkable a beauty, that the most ordinary reader can not but take notice of it. Gabriel's discovering his approach at a distance, is drawn with great strength and liveliness of imagination.

> O friends! I hear the tread of nimble feet
> Hasting this way; and now by glimpse discern

Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendour wan, who by his gait
And fierce demeanour seems the prince of hell;
Not likely to part hence without contest;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance low'rs.

The conference between Gabriel and Satan abounds with sentiments proper for the occasion, and suitable to the persons of the two speakers. Satan's clothing himself with terror when he prepares for the combat is truly sublime, and at least equal to Homer's description of Discord celebrated by Longinus, or to that of Fame in Virgil, who are both represented with their feet standing upon the earth, and their heads reaching above the clouds.

While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, &c.
—— On th' other side, Satan, alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood
Like Teneriff, or Atlas, unremov'd:
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plum'd.——

I must here take notice, that Milton is every where full of hints, and sometimes literal translations, taken from the greatest of the Greek and Latin poets. But this I may reserve for a discourse by itself, because I would not break the thread of these speculations, that are designed for English readers, with such reflections as would be of no use but to the learned.

I must, however, observe in this place, that the breaking off the combat between Gabriel and

Satan, by the hanging out of the golden scales in heaven, is a refinement upon Homer's thought, who tells us, that before the battle between Hector and Achilles, Jupiter weighed the event of it in a pair of scales. The reader may see the whole passage in the twenty-second Iliad. (See No. 463.)

Virgil, before the last decisive combat, describes Jupiter in the same manner, as weighing the fates of Turnus and Æneas. Milton, though he fetched this beautiful circumstance from the Iliad and Æneid, does not only insert it as a poetical embellishment, like the authors above mentioned, but makes an artful use of it for the proper carrying on of his fable, and for the breaking off the combat between the two warriors, who were upon the point of engaging. To this we may further add, that Milton is the more justified in this passage, as we find the same noble allegory in holy writ, where a wicked prince, some few hours before he was assaulted and slain, is said to have been weighed in the scales, and to have been found wanting.

I must here take notice under the head of the machines, that Uriel's gliding down to the earth upon a sunbeam, with the poet's device to make him descend, as well in his return to the sun as in his coming from it, is a prettiness that might have been admired in a little fanciful poet, but seems below the genius of Milton. The description of the host of armed angels walking their nightly round in Paradise, is of another spirit;

> So saying, on he led his radiant files,
> Dazzling the moon.

As that account of the hymns which our first parents used to hear them sing in these their midnight walks, is altogether divine, and inexpressibly amusing to the imagination.

We are, in the last place, to consider the parts which Adam and Eve act in the fourth book. The description of them as they first appeared to Satan is exquisitely drawn, and sufficient to make the fallen angel gaze upon them with all that astonishment, and those emotions of envy, in which he is represented.

> Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
> Godlike erect! with native honour clad
> In naked majesty seem'd lords of all;
> And worthy seem'd: for in their looks divine
> The image of their glorious maker shone,
> Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure;
> Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd,
> For contemplation he and valour form'd,
> For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
> He for God only, she for God in him.
> His fair large front, and eye sublime declar'd
> Absolute rule: and hyacinthin locks
> Round from his parted forelock manly hung
> Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
> She, as a veil, down to her slender waist
> Her unadorned golden tresses wore
> Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd.
> So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
> Of God or angels, for they thought no ill:
> So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
> That ever since in love's embraces met.

There is a fine spirit of poetry in the lines which follow, wherein they are described as sitting on a bed of flowers by the side of a fountain, amidst a mixed assembly of animals.

The speeches of these two first lovers flow equally from passion and sincerity. The professions they make to one another are full of warmth, but at the same time founded on truth: in a word, they are the gallantries of Paradise.

——When Adam, first of men——
'Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all;
But let us ever praise Him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers;
Which, were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.'
To whom thus Eve repli'd: 'O thou for whom,
And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou hast said is just and right,
For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find,' &c.

The remaining part of Eve's speech, in which she gives an account of herself upon her first creation, and the manner in which she was brought to Adam, is, I think, as beautiful a passage as any in Milton, or perhaps in any other poet whatsoever. These passages are all worked off with so much art, that they are capable of pleasing the most delicate reader, without offending the most severe.

That day I oft remember, when from sleep, &c.

A poet of less judgment and invention than this great author, would have found it very difficult to have filled these tender parts of the poem with sentiments proper for a state of innocence:

to have described the warmth of love, and the professions of it, without artifice or hyperbole; to have made the man speak the most endearing things, without descending from his natural dignity, and the woman receiving them without departing from the modesty of her character; in a word, to adjust the prerogatives of wisdom and beauty, and make each appear to the other in its proper force and loveliness. This mutual subordination of the two sexes is wonderfully kept up in the whole poem, as particularly in the speech of Eve I have before mentioned, and upon the conclusion of it in the following lines.

> So spake our gen'ral mother, and with eyes
> Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
> And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
> On our first father; half her swelling breast
> Naked met his under the flowing gold
> Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
> Both of her beauty and submissive charms
> Smil'd with superior love——.

The poet adds, that the devil turned away with envy at the sight of so much happiness.

We have another view of our first parents in their evening discourses, which is full of pleasing images and sentiments suitable to their condition and characters. The speech of Eve, in particular, is dressed up in such a soft and natural turn of words and sentiments, as can not be sufficiently admired.

I shall close my reflections upon this book, with observing the masterly transition which the poet makes to their evening worship in the following lines.

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: *Thou also mad'st the night,*
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day, &c.

Most of the modern heroic poets have imitated the ancients in beginning a speech, without premising that the person said thus or thus: but as it is easy to imitate the ancients in the omission of two or three words, it requires judgment to do it in such a manner as they shall not be missed, and that the speech may begin naturally without them. There is a fine instance of this kind out of Homer in the twenty-third chapter of Longinus.

ADDISON. L.

No. 322. MONDAY, MARCH 10.

——*Ad humum mœrore gravi deducit et angit.* HOR

——Grief dejects and wrings the tortur'd soul.
ROSCOMMON.

IT is often said, after a man has heard a story with extraordinary circumstances, it is a very good one if it be true: but as for the following relation, I should be glad were I sure it were false. It is told with such simplicity; and there are so many artless touches of distress in it, that I fear it comes too much from the heart.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'SOME years ago it happened that I lived in the same house with a young gentleman of merit; with whose good qualities I was so much taken, as to make it my endeavour to show as many as I was able in myself. Familiar converse improved general civilities into an unfeigned passion on both sides. He watched an opportunity to declare himself to me; and I who could not expect a man of so great an estate as his, received his addresses in such terms as gave him no reason to believe I was displeased with them, though I did nothing to make him think me more easy than was decent. His father was a very hard worldly man, and proud; so that there was no reason to believe he would easily be brought to think there was any thing in any woman's person or charac ter that could balance the disadvantage of an unequal fortune. In the meantime, the son continued his application to me, and omitted no occasion of demonstrating the most disinterested passion imaginable to me; and, in plain direct terms, offered to marry me privately, and keep it so until he should be so happy as to gain his father's approbation, or become possessed of his estate. I passionately loved him, and you will believe I did not deny such a one what was my interest also to grant. However, I was not so young as not to take the precaution of carrying with me a faithful servant, who had been also my mother's maid, to be present at the ceremony. When that was over, I demanded a certificate, signed by the minister, my husband, and the servant I just now spoke of. After our nuptials, we conversed together very familiarly in the same

house; but the restraints we were generally under, and the interviews we had being stolen and interrupted, made our behaviour to each other have rather the impatient fondness which is visible in lovers, than the regular and gratified affection which is to be observed in man and wife. This observation made the father very anxious for his son, and press him to a match he had in his eye for him. To relieve my husband from this importunity, and conceal the secret of our marriage, which I had reason to know would not be long in my power in town, it was resolved that I should retire into a remote place in the country, and converse, under feigned names, by letter. We long continued this way of commerce; and I, with my needle, a few books, and reading over and over my husband's letters, passed my time in a resigned expectation of better days. Be pleased to take notice, that within four months after I left my husband I was delivered of a daughter, who died within a few hours after her birth. This accident, and the retired manner of life I led, gave criminal hopes to a neighbouring brute of a country gentleman, whose folly was the source of all my affliction. This rustic is one of those rich clowns who supply the want of all manner of breeding by the neglect of it, and with noisy mirth, half-understanding, and ample fortune, force themselves upon persons and things, without any sense of time or place. The poor ignorant people where I lay concealed, and now passed for a widow, wondered I could be so shy and strange, as they called it, to the 'squire; and were bribed by him to admit him whenever he thought fit. I happened to be sitting in a little parlour

which belonged to my own part of the house, and musing over one of the fondest of my husband's letters, in which I always kept the certificate of my marriage, when this rude fellow came in, and, with the nauseous familiarity of such unbred brutes, snatched the papers out of my hand. I was immediately under so great a concern, that I threw myself at his feet, and begged of him to return them. He, with the same odious pretence to freedom and gaiety, swore he would read them. I grew more importunate, he more curious, till at last, with an indignation arising from a passion I then first discovered in him, he threw the papers into the fire, swearing, that since he was not to read them, the man who writ them should never be so happy as to have me read them over again. It is insignificant to tell you my tears and reproaches made the boisterous calf leave the room ashamed and out of countenance, when I had leisure to ruminate on this accident with more than ordinary sorrow; however, such was then my confidence in my husband, that I writ to him the misfortune, and desired another paper of the same kind. He deferred writing two or three posts, and at last answered me in general, that he could not then send me what I asked for, but when he could find a proper conveyance, I should be sure to have it. From this time his letters were more cold every day than another, and, as he grew indifferent, I grew jealous. This has at last brought me to town, where I find both the witnesses of my marriage dead, and that my husband, after three months cohabitation, has buried a young lady whom he married in obedience to his father. In a word, he shuns and

disowns me. Should I come to the house and confront him, the father would join in supporting him against me, though he believed my story; should I talk it to the world, what reparation can I expect for an injury I can not make out. I believe he means to bring me, through necessity, to resign my pretensions to him for some provision for my life; but I will die first. Pray bid him remember what he said, and how he was charmed, when he laughed at the heedless discovery I often made of myself; let him remember how awkward I was in my dissembled indifference towards him before company; ask him how I, who could never conceal my love for him, at his own request can part with him for ever? Oh, Mr. Spectator, sensible spirits know no indifference in marriage; what then do you think is my piercing affliction?——I leave you to represent my distress your own way; in which I desire you to be speedy, if you have compassion for innocence exposed to infamy.

'OCTAVIA.'

STEELE. T

No. 323. TUESDAY, MARCH 11.

——*Modò vir, modò fœmina*—— VIRG.

Sometimes a man, sometimes a woman.

THE journal with which I presented my readers on Tuesday last, has brought me in several letters, with accounts of many private lives cast into that form. I have the Rake's Journal, the

Sot's Journal, the Whoremaster's Journal, and among several others, a very curious piece, intituled the Journal of a Mohock. By these instances I find that the intention of my last Tuesday's paper has been mistaken by many of my readers. I did not design so much to expose vice as idleness, and aimed at those persons who pass away their time rather in trifles and impertinence than in crimes and immoralities. Offences of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my journal only holds up folly to the light, and shows the disagreeableness of such actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blameable only as they proceed from creatures endowed with reason.

My following correspondent, who calls herself Clarinda, is such a journalist as I require; she seems by her letter to be placed in a modish state of indifference between vice and virtue, and to be susceptible of either, were there proper pains taken with her. Had her journal been filled with gallantries, or such occurrences as had shown her wholly divested of her natural innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the generality of readers, I should not have published it; but as it is only the picture of a life filled with a fashionable kind of gaiety and laziness, I shall set down five days of it, as I have received it from the hand of my fair correspondent.

'DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

'You having set your readers an exercise in one of your last week's papers, I have performed mine according to your orders, and herewith send

it you enclosed. You must know, Mr. Spectator, that I am a maiden lady of a good fortune, who have had several matches offered me for these ten years last past, and have at present warm applications made to me by a very pretty fellow. As I am at my own disposal, I come up to town every winter, and pass my time in it after the manner you will find in the following journal, which I began to write upon the very day after your Spectator upon that subject.'

Tuesday night. Could not go to sleep till one in the morning, for thinking of my journal.

Wednesday. From eight till ten. Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

From ten to eleven. Eat a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of bohea, read the Spectator.

From eleven to one. At my toilette; tried a new head. Gave orders for Veny to be combed and washed. *Mem.* I look best in blue.

From one till half an hour after two. Drove to the 'Change. Cheapened a couple of fans.

Till four. At dinner. *Mem.* Mr. Froth passed by in his new liveries.

From four to six. Dressed, paid a visit to old lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

From six to eleven. At basset. *Mem.* Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

Thursday. From eleven at night to eight in the morning. Dreamed that I punted to Mr. Froth.

From eight to ten. Chocolate. Read two acts in Aurengzebe a-bed.

From ten to eleven. Tea-table. Sent to borrow lady Faddle's Cupid for Veny. Read the play bills. Received a letter from Mr. Froth. *Mem.* Locked it up in my strong box.

Rest of the morning. Fontange, the tire-woman, her account of my lady Blithe's wash. Broke a tooth in my little tortoise-shell comb. Sent Frank to know how my lady Hectic rested after her monkey's leaping out at window. Looked pale. Fontange tells me my glass is not true Dressed by three.

From three to four Dinner cold before I sat down.

From four to eleven. Saw company. Mr. Froth's opinion of Milton. His account of the Mohocks. His fancy of a pin-cushion. Picture in the lid of his snuff-box. Old lady Faddle promises me her woman to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at crimp.

Twelve o'clock at night. Went to bed.

Friday. Eight in the morning. A-bed. Read over all Mr. Froth's letters. Cupid and Veny.

Ten o'clock. Stayed within all day; not at home.

From ten to twelve. In conference with my mantua-maker. Sorted a suit of ribands. Broke my blue china cup.

From twelve to one. Shut myself up in my chamber; practised lady Betty Modely's skuttle.

One in the afternoon. Called for my flowered handkerchief. Worked half a violet-leaf in it. Eyes ached, and head out of order. Threw by my work, and read over the remaining part of Aurengzebe.

From three to four. Dined.

From four to twelve. Changed my mind, dressed, went abroad, and played at crimp till midnight. Found Mrs. Spitely at home. Conversation: Mrs. Brilliant's necklace false stones. Old lady Loveday going to be married to a young fellow that is not worth a groat. Miss Prue gone into the country. Tom Townly has red hair. *Mem.* Mrs. Spitely whispered in my ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. Froth; I am sure it is not true.

Between twelve and one. Dreamed that Mr. Froth lay at my feet, and called me Indamora.*

Saturday. Rose at eight o'clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilette.

From eight to nine. Shifted a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eye-brow.

From nine to twelve. Drank my tea and dressed.

From twelve to two. At Chapel. A great deal of good company. *Mem.* The third air in the new opera. Lady Blithe dressed frightfully.

From three to four. Dined. Miss Kitty called upon me to go to the opera before I was risen from table.

From dinner to six. Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to Veny.

Six o'clock. Went to the opera. I did not see Mr. Froth till the beginning of the second act. Mr. Froth talked to a gentleman in a black wig. Bowed to a lady in the front box. Mr. Froth and his friend clapped Nicolini in the third act. Mr. Froth cried out Ancora. Mr. Froth led me to my chair. I think he squeezed my hand.

* A captive queen in the tragedy of Aurengzebe.

Eleven at night. Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Methought Nicolini said he was Mr. Froth.

Sunday. Indisposed.

Monday. Eight o'clock. Waked by Miss Kitty. Aurengzebe lay upon the chair by me. Kitty repeated without book the eight best lines in the play. Went in our mobs to the dumb man, according to appointment. Told me that my lover's name began with a G. *Mem.* The conjurer was within a letter of Mr. Froth's name, &c.

'Upon looking back into this my journal, I find that I am at a loss to know whether I pass my time well or ill; and indeed, never thought of considering how I did it before I perused your speculation upon that subject. I scarce find a single action in these five days that I can thoroughly approve of, except the working upon the violet-leaf, which I am resolved to finish the first day I am at leisure. As for Mr. Froth and Veny, I did not think they took up so much of my time and thoughts as I find they do upon my journal. The latter of them I will turn off, if you insist upon it; and if Mr. Froth does not bring matters to a conclusion very suddenly, I will not let my life run away in a dream.

'Your humble servant,

'CLARINDA.'

To resume one of the morals of my first paper, and to confirm Clarinda in her good inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty figure she would make among posterity, were the history of her whole life published like these

five days of it. I shall conclude my paper with an epitaph, written by an uncertain author, on Sir Philip Sidney's sister, a lady who seems to have been of a temper very much different from that of Clarinda. The last thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my reader will pardon me the quotation.

ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE.

'Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Fair and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.'

ADDISON. L.

No. 324. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12

O curvæ in terris animæ, et cœlestium inanes! PER.

O souls, in whom no heav'nly fire is found,
Flat minds, and ever grov'ling on the ground! DRYDEN

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE materials you have collected together towards a general history of clubs* makes so bright a part of your speculations. that I think it is but a justice we all owe the learned world to furnish you with such assistance as may promote that useful work. For this reason, I could not for

* This letter is by some supposed to have been written by Swift, who had great apprehensions of being murdered by some of these gentry.

bear communicating to you some imperfect informations of a set of men (if you will allow them a place in that species of being) who have lately erected themselves into a nocturnal fraternity, under the title of the Mohock club, a name borrowed, it seems, from a sort of cannibals in India, who subsist by plundering and devouring all the nations about them. The president is styled Emperor of the Mohocks,* and his arms are a Turkish crescent, which his imperial majesty bears at present in a very extraordinary manner engraven upon his forehead. Agreeable to their name, the avowed design of their institution is mischief, and upon this foundation all their rules and orders are framed. An outrageous ambition of doing all possible hurt to their fellow-creatures is the great cement of their assembly, and the only qualification required in the members. In order to exert this principle in its full strength and perfection, they take care to drink themselves to a pitch that is beyond the possibility of attending to any motions of reason or humanity; then make a general sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the streets through which they patrole. Some are knocked down, others stabbed, others cut and carbonadoed. To put the watch to a total rout, and mortify some of those inoffensive militia, is reckoned a *coup d' éclat*. The particular talents by which these misanthropes are distinguished from one another, consist in the various kinds of barbarities which they execute upon their prisoners. Some are

* The title of one of the four Indian kings who visited England.

celebrated for a happy dexterity in tipping the lion upon them; which is performed by squeezing the nose flat to the face, and boring out the eyes with their fingers: others are called the dancing masters, and teach their scholars to cut capers, by running swords through their legs; a new invention, whether originally French I cannot tell: a third sort are the tumblers, whose office it is to set women on their heads, and commit certain indecencies, or rather barbarities, on the limbs which they expose; but these I forbear to mention, because they can not but be very shocking to the reader as well as the Spectator. In this manner they carry on a war against mankind; and by the standing maxims of their policy; are to enter into no alliances but one, and that is offensive and defensive with all bawdy houses in general, of which they have declared themselves protectors and guarantees.

'I must own, sir, these are only broken incoherent memoirs of this wonderful society, but they are the best I have been yet able to procure; for being but of late established, it it not ripe for a just history; and, to be serious, the chief design of this trouble is to hinder it from ever being so. You have been pleased, out of a concern for the good of your countrymen, to act, under the character of Spectator, not only the part of a looker-on, but an overseer of their actions; and whenever such enormities as this infest the town, we immediately fly to you for redress. I have reason to believe, that some thoughtless youngsters, out of a false notion of bravery, and an immoderate fondness to be distinguished for fellows of fire, are insensibly hurried into this senseless,

scandalous project. Such will probably stand corrected by your reproofs, especially if you inform them, that it is not courage for half a score of fellows, mad with wine and lust, to set upon two or three soberer than themselves; and that the manners of Indian savages are not becoming accomplishments to an English fine gentleman. Such of them as have been bullies and scourers of a long standing, and are grown veterans in this kind of service, are, I fear, too hardened to receive any impressions from your admonitions. But I beg you would recommend to their perusal your ninth speculation; they may there be taught to take warning from the club of duellists; and be put in mind, that the common fate of those men of honour was to be hanged.

'I am, sir, your most humble servant,
March 10*th*, 1712. 'PHILANTHROPOS.'

The following letter is of quite a contrary nature; but I add it here, that the reader may observe, at the same view, how amiable ignorance may be when it is shown in its simplicities, and how detestable in barbarities. It is written by an honest countryman to his mistress, and came to the hands of a lady of good sense, wrapped about a thread-paper, who has long kept it by her as an image of artless love.

'*To her I very much respect, Mrs. Margaret Clark.*

'Lovely, and oh! that I could write loving Mrs. Margaret Clark, I pray you let affection excuse presumption. Having been so happy as to enjoy the sight of your sweet countenance and comely body, sometimes when I had occasion to

buy treacle or liquorice powder at the apothecary's shop, I am so enamoured with you, that I can no more keep close my flaming desires to become your servant. And I am the more bold now to write to your sweet self, because I am now my own man, and may match where I please; for my father is taken away, and now I am come to my living, which is ten yard land,* and a house; and there is never a yard land in our field but it is as well worth ten pounds a year as a thief is worth a halter; and all my brothers and sisters are provided for: besides, I have good household stuff, though I say it, both brass and pewter, linens and woollens; and though my house be thatched, yet, if you and I match, it shall go hard but I will have one half of it slated. If you think well of this motion, I will wait upon you as soon as my new clothes are made, and hay-harvest is in. I could, though I say it, have good——.' The rest is torn off; and posterity must be contented to know that Mrs. Margaret Clark was very pretty, but are left in the dark as to the name of her lover.†

STEELE. T.

* A yard land in some countries contains 20, in some 24, and in others 30 acres.

† This is a genuine letter communicated by the ingenious antiquary, Mr. Willis, to Steele. The remainder is here given on good authority—'good matches amongst neighbours. My mother, peace be to her soul, the good old gentlewoman left me good store of household linen of her own spinning, a chest full. If you and I lay our means together, it shall go hard but I will pave the way to well. Your loving servant till death. Mr. Gabriel Bullock, now my father is dead.

No. 325. THURSDAY, MARCH 13.

——Quid frustra simulacra fugacia captas?
Quod petis, est nusquam: quod amas avertere, perdes.
Ista repercussæ quam cernis imaginis umbra est,
Nil habet ista sui; tecum venitque, manetque,
Tecum discedet si tu discedere possis. OVID.

[FROM THE FABLE OF NARCISSUS.]

What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?
What kindled in thee this unpitied love?
Thy own warm blush within the water glows:
With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes:
Its empty being on thyself relies;
Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies. ADDISON.

WILL HONEYCOMB diverted us last night with an account of a young fellow's first discovering his passion to his mistress. The young lady was one, it seems, who had long before conceived a favourable opinion of him, and was still in hopes that he would some time or other make his advances. As he was one day talking with her in company of her two sisters, the conversation happening to turn upon love, each of the young ladies was, by way of raillery, recommending a wife to him; when, to the no small surprise of her who languished for him in secret, he told them with a more than ordinary seriousness, that his heart had been long engaged to one whose name he thought himself obliged in honour to conceal; but that he could show her picture in the lid of his snuff-box. The young lady, who found herself the most sensibly touched by this confession, took the first opportunity that offered of snatching his box out of his hand. He seemed

desirous of recovering it, but finding her resolved to look into the lid, begged her, that if she should happen to know the person, she would not reveal her name. Upon carrying it to the window, she was very agreeably surprised to find there was nothing within the lid but a little looking-glass, in which, after she had viewed her own face with more pleasure than she had ever done before, she returned the box with a smile, telling him she could not but admire at his choice.

Will fancying that this story took, immediately fell into a dissertation on the usefulness of looking-glasses; and, applying himself to me, asked if there were any looking-glasses in the times of the Greeks and Romans; for that he had often observed, in the translations of poems out of those languages, that people generally talked of seeing themselves in wells, fountains, lakes and rivers. Nay, says he, I remember Mr. Dryden, in his Ovid, tells us of a swinging fellow called Polypheme, that made use of the sea for his looking-glass, and could never dress himself to advantage but in a calm.

My friend Will, to show us the whole compass of his learning upon this subject, further informed us, that there were still several nations in the world so very barbarous as not to have any looking-glasses among them; and that he had lately read a voyage to the South Sea, in which it is said, that the ladies of Chili always dress their heads over a bason of water.

I am the more particular in my account of Will's last night's lecture on these natural mir-

rors, as it seems to bear some relation to the following letter, which I received the day before.

'SIR,

'I have read your last Saturday's observations on the fourth book of Milton with great satisfaction, and am particularly pleased with the hidden moral, which you have taken notice of in several parts of the poem. The design of this letter is to desire your thoughts, whether there may not also be some moral couched under that place in the same book, where the poet lets us know, that the first woman, immediately after her creation, ran to a looking-glass, and became so enamoured of her own face, that she had never removed to view any of the other works of nature, had not she been led off to a man. If you think fit to set down the whole passage from Milton, your readers will be able to judge for themselves, and the quotation will not a little contribute to the filling up of your paper.

'Your humble servant, 'R. T.'

The last consideration urged by my querist, is so strong, that I can not forbear closing with it. The passage he alludes to is part of Eve's speech to Adam, and one of the most beautiful passages in the whole poem.

That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where,
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd

Pure as th' expanse of heav'n: I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite,
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me; I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love. There I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, 'What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself,
With thee it came and goes; but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming and thy soft embraces; he
Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shall bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race.' What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed, and tall,
Under a plaintain; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth wat'ry image; back I turn'd;
Thou following, cry'dst aloud,—'Return, fair Eve;
Whom fly'st thou? Whom thou fly'st, of him thou art
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being, I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear:
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim,
My other half!'—With that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine, I yielded; and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.
So spake our general mother——

BUDGELL. X.

No. 326. FRIDAY, MARCH 14.

Inclusam Danaën turris ahenea,
Robustæque fores, et vigilum canum
Tristes excubiæ, munierant satis
Nocturnis ab adulteris;
Si non—— HOR.

A tow'r of brass, one would have said,
And locks, and bolts, and iron bars,
Might have preserv'd one innocent maidenhead;
But Venus laugh'd, &c. COWLEY.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR correspondent's letter relating to fortune-hunters, and your subsequent discourse upon it (No. 311) have given me encouragement to send you a state of my case; by which you will see, that the matter complained of is a common grievance both to city and country.

'I am a country gentleman of between five and six thousand a year. It is my misfortune to have a very fine park and an only daughter; upon which account I have been so plagued with deer-stealers and fops, that for these four years past I have scarce enjoyed a moment's rest. I look upon myself to be in a state of war; and am forced to keep as constant watch in my seat, as a governor would do that commanded a town on the frontier of an enemy's country. I have indeed pretty well secured my park, having for this purpose, provided myself of four keepers, who are left-handed, and handle a quarter-staff beyond any other fellows in the country. And for the guard of my house, besides a band of pensioner-matrons and an old maiden relation, whom I keep on con-

stant duty, I have blunderbusses always charged, and fox-gins planted in private places about my garden, of which I have given frequent notice in the neighbourhood; yet so it is, that in spite of all my care, I shall every now and then have a saucy rascal ride by *reconnoitering* (as I think you call it) under my windows, as sprucely dressed as if he were going to a ball. I am aware of this way of attacking a mistress on horseback, having heard that it is a common practice in Spain; and have, therefore, taken care to remove my daughter from the road-side of the house, and to lodge her next the garden. But, to cut short my story, what can a man do after all? I durst not stand for member of parliament last election, for fear of some ill consequence from my being off my post. What I would therefore desire of you is, to promote a project I have set on foot, and upon which I have written to some of my friends; and that is, that care may be taken to secure our daughters by law, as well as our deer; and that some honest gentleman of a public spirit would move for leave to bring in a bill for the better preserving of the female game. I am, sir,

'Your humble servant.'

Mile-End-Green, March 6, 1711-12.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Here is a young man walks by our door every day about the dusk of the evening. He looks up at my window, as if to see me; and if I steal towards it to peep at him, he turns another way, and looks frightened at finding what he was looking for. The air is very cold; and pray let him know, that if he knocks at the door he will be

carried to the parlour fire; and I will come down soon after, and give him an opportunity to break his mind. I am, sir, yours, &c.

'MARY COMFIT.'

'If I observe he can not speak, I will give him time to recover himself, and ask him how he does.'

'DEAR SIR,

'I beg you to print this without delay, and by the first opportunity give us the natural causes of longing in women; or put me out of fear that my wife will one time or other be delivered of something as monstrous as any thing that has yet appeared to the world; for they say the child is to bear a resemblance of what is desired by the mother. I have been married upwards of six years, have had four children, and my wife is now big with the fifth. The expenses she has put me to in procuring what she has longed for during her pregnancy with them, would not only have handsomely defrayed the charges of the month, but of their education too; her fancy being so exorbitant for the first year or two, as not to confine itself to the usual objects of eatables and drinkables, but running out after equipages and furniture, and the like extravagances. To trouble you only with a few of them; when she was with child of Tom, my eldest son, she came home one day just fainting, and told me she had been visiting a relation, whose husband had made her a present of a chariot and a stately pair of horses; and that she was positive she could not breathe a week longer, unless she took the air in the fellow

to it of her own within that time; this, rather than lose an heir, I readily complied with. Then the furniture of her best room must be instantly changed, or she should mark the child with some of the frightful figures in the old-fashioned tapestry. Well, the upholsterer was called, and her longing saved that bout. When she went with Molly, she had fixed her mind upon a new set of plate, and as much china as would have furnished an India shop: these also I cheerfully granted, for fear of being father to an Indian pagod. Hitherto I found her demands rose upon every concession; and had she gone on, I had been ruined; but, by good fortune, with her third, which was Peggy, the height of her imagination came down to the corner of a venison pasty, and brought her once even upon her knees to gnaw off the ears of a pig from the spit. The gratifications of her palate were easily preferred to those of her vanity; and sometimes a partridge or a quail, a wheat ear, or the pestle of a lark, were cheerfully purchased; nay, I could be contented though I were to feed her with green peas in April, or cherries in May. But with the babe she now goes, she is turned girl again, and fallen to eating of chalk, pretending it will make the child's skin white, and nothing will serve her but I must bear her company, to prevent its having a shade of my brown: in this, however, I have ventured to deny her. No longer ago than yesterday, as we were coming to town, she saw a parcel of crows so heartily at breakfast upon a piece of horse-flesh, that she had an invincible desire to partake with them; and (to my infinite surprise) begged the coachman to cut her off a

slice as if it were for himself; which the fellow did; and as soon as she came home, she fell to it with such an appetite, that she seemed rather to devour than eat it. What her next sally will be, I can not guess; but in the mean time, my request to you is, that if there be any way to come at these wild unaccountable rovings of imagination, by reason and argument, you would speedily afford us your assistance. This exceeds the grievance of pin-money; and I think in every settlement there ought to be a clause inserted, that the father should be answerable for the longings of his daughter. But I shall impatiently expect your thoughts in this matter, and am, sir,

'Your most obliged, and
'most faithful humble servant,
'T. B.'

'Let me know whether you think the next child will love horses as much as Molly does china-ware.'

STEELE. T.

No. 327. SATURDAY, MARCH 15.

——Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo. VIRG.

A larger scene of action is display'd. DRYDEN.

WE were told in the foregoing book how the evil spirit practised upon Eve as she lay asleep, in order to inspire her with thoughts of vanity, pride, and ambition. The author, who shows a wonderful art throughout his whole poem, in preparing the reader for the several occurrences

that arise in it, founds, upon the abovementioned circumstance, the first part of the fifth book. Adam, upon his awaking, finds Eve still asleep; with an unusual discomposure in her looks. The posture in which he regards her is described with a tenderness not to be expressed, as the whisper with which he awakens her is the softest that ever was conveyed to a lover's ear.

His wonder was, to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As though unquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love,
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces: then, with voice,
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus—Awake,
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight!
Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us: we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sit on the bloom extracting liquid sweets.
Such whispering wak'd her, but with starl'd eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake:
O sole, in whom my thoughts find all repose;
My glory, my perfection! glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd——

I can not but take notice, that Milton, in the conferences between Adam and Eve, had his eye very frequently upon the book of Canticles, in which there is a noble spirit of Eastern poetry, and very often not unlike what we meet with in Homer, who is generally placed near the age of

Solomon. I think there is no question but the poet in the preceding speech remembered those two passages which are spoken on the like occasion, and filled with the same pleasing images of nature. (See No. 388.)

'My beloved spake, and said unto me, rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away; for lo the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

'Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us get up early to the vineyards, let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grapes appear, and the pomegranates bud forth.'

His preferring the garden of Eden to that

——Where the sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse,

shows that the poet had this delightful scene in his mind.

Eve's dream is full of those *high conceits engendering pride*, which, we are told, the devil endeavoured to instil into her. Of this kind is that part of it where she fancies herself awakened by Adam, in the following beautiful lines:

Why sleep'st thou, Eve! Now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent; save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song: now reigns
Full-orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light

Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard: Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire,
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment,
Attracted by thy beauty, still to gaze.

An injudicious poet would have made Adam talk through the whole work in such sentiments as these; but flattery and falsehood are not the courtship of Milton's Adam, and could not be heard by Eve in her state of innocence, excepting only in a dream produced on purpose to taint her imagination. Other vain sentiments of the same kind, in this relation of her dream, will be obvious to every reader. Though the catastrophe of the poem is finely presaged on this occasion, the particulars of it are so artfully shadowed, that they do not anticipate the story which follows in the ninth book. I shall only add, that though the vision itself is founded upon truth, the circumstances of it are full of that wildness and inconsistency which are natural to a dream. Adam, conformable to his superior character for wisdom, instructs and comforts Eve upon this occasion.

So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd;
But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops, that ready stood
Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

The morning hymn is written in imitation of one of those psalms, where, in the overflowings of gratitude and praise, the psalmist calls not only upon the angels, but upon the most conspicuous

parts of the inanimate creation, to join with him in extolling their common Maker. Invocations of this nature fill the mind with glorious ideas of God's works, and awaken that divine enthusiasm which is so natural to devotion. But if this calling upon the dead parts of nature is at all times a proper kind of worship, it was in a particular manner suitable to our first parents, who had the creation fresh upon their minds, and had not seen the various dispensations of Providence, nor consequently could be acquainted with those many topics of praise which might afford matter to the devotions of their posterity. I need not remark the beautiful spirit of poetry which runs through this whole hymn, nor the holiness of that resolution with which it concludes.

Having already mentioned those speeches which are assigned to the persons in this poem, I proceed to the description which the poet gives of Raphael. His departure from before the throne, and his flight through the choirs of angels, is finely imaged. As Milton every where fills his poem with circumstances that are marvellous and astonishing, he describes the gate of heaven as framed after such a manner that it opened of itself upon the approach of the angel who was to pass through it.

——'Till at the gate
Of heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide,
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine, the sov'reign Architect had fram'd.

The poet here seems to have regarded two or three passages in the 18th Iliad, as that in particular, where, speaking of Vulcan, Homer says

that he had made twenty *tripods* running on golden wheels; which, upon occasion, might go of themselves to the assembly of the gods, and when there was no more use for them, return again after the same manner. Scaliger has rallied Homer very severely upon this point, as M. Dacier has endeavoured to defend it. I will not pretend to determine, whether in this particular of Homer, the marvellous does not lose sight of the probable. As the miraculous workmanship of Milton's gates is not so extraordinary as this of the *tripods*, so I am persuaded he would not have mentioned it, had he not been supported in it by a passage in the scripture, which speaks of wheels in heaven that had life in them, and moved of themselves, or stood still in conformity with the cherubim, whom they accompanied.

There is no question but Milton had this circumstance in his thoughts; because in the following book he describes the chariot of the Messiah with living wheels, according to the plan in Ezekiel's vision.

> ——Forth rush'd with whirlwind sound
> The chariot of paternal Deity,
> Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
> Itself instinct with spirit——

I question not but Bossu, and the two Daciers, who are for vindicating every thing that is censured in Homer by something parallel in holy writ, would have been very well pleased had they thought of confronting Vulcan's *tripods* with Ezekiel's wheels.

Raphael's descent to the earth, with the figure of his person, is represented in very lively colours.

Several of the French, Italian,* and English poets, have given a loose to their imaginations in the description of angels; but I do not remember to have met with any so finely drawn, and so conformable to the notions which are given of them in scripture, as this in Milton. After having set him forth in all his heavenly plumage, and represented him as alighting upon the earth, the poet concludes his description with a circumstance which is altogether new, and imagined with the greatest strength of fancy.

'——Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide.'†

Raphael's reception by the guardian angels; his passing through the wilderness of sweets; his distant appearance to Adam, have all the graces that poetry is capable of bestowing. The author afterwards gives us a particular description of Eve in her domestic employments.

'So saying, with despatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order so contriv'd, as not to mix
Tastes not well join'd inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste, upheld with kindliest change;
Bestirs her then,' &c.

Though in this, and other parts of the same book, the subject is only the housewifery of our first parent, it is set off with so many pleasing

* See Tasso's description of Michael's descent from heaven, 69. v. 60.

† Homer's Il. 24. v. 339. Virgil's Æn. 4. v. 238.

images and strong expressions, as make it none of the least agreeable parts in this divine work.

The natural majesty of Adam, and at the same time his submissive behaviour to the superior being who had vouchsafed to be his guest; the solemn hail which the angel bestows upon the mother of mankind, with the figure of Eve ministering at the table, are circumstances which deserve to be admired.

Raphael's behaviour is every way suitable to the dignity of his nature, and to that character of a sociable spirit, with which the author has so judiciously introduced him. He had received instructions to converse with Adam as one friend converses with another, and to warn him of the enemy who was contriving his destruction; accordingly he is represented as sitting down at table with Adam, and eating of the fruits of Paradise. The occasion naturally leads him to his discourse on the food of angels. After having thus entered into conversation with man upon more indifferent subjects, he warns him of his obedience, and makes a natural transition to the history of that fallen angel who was employed in the circumvention of our first parents.

Had I followed Monsieur Bossu's method in my first paper on Milton, I should have dated the action of Paradise Lost from the beginning of Raphael's speech in this book, as he supposes the action of the Æneid to begin in the second book of that poem. I could allege many reasons for my drawing the action of the Æneid rather from its immediate beginning in the first book, than from its remote beginning in the second; and show why I have considered the sacking of

Troy as an *episode*, according to the common acceptation of that word. But as this would be a dry unentertaining piece of criticism, and perhaps unnecessary to those who have read my first paper, I shall not enlarge upon it. Whichsoever of the notions be true, the unity of Milton's action is preserved according to either of them; whether we consider the fall of man in its immediate beginning, as proceeding from the resolutions taken in the infernal council, or in its more remote beginning, as proceeding from the first revolt of the angels in heaven. The occasion which Milton assigns for this revolt, as it is founded on hints in holy writ, and on the opinion of some great writers, so it was the most proper that the poet could have made use of.

The revolt in heaven is described with great fore of imagination and a fine variety of circumstances. The learned reader can not but be pleased with the poet's imitation of Homer in the last of the following lines.

> At length into the limits of the north
> They came, and Satan took his royal seat
> High on a hill, far blazing as a mount
> Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs
> From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold,
> The palace of great Lucifer, (so call
> That structure in the dialect of men
> Interpreted)——

Homer mentions persons and things, which he tells us in the language of the gods are called by different names from those they go by in the language of men. Milton has imitated him with his usual judgment in this particular place where-

in he has likewise the authority of scripture to justify him. The part of Abdiel, who was the only spirit that in this infinite host of angels preserved his allegiance to his Maker, exhibits to us a noble moral of religious singularity. The zeal of the seraphim breaks forth in a becoming warmth of sentiments and expressions, as the character which is given us of him denotes that generous scorn and intrepidity which attends heroic virtue. The author doubtless designed it as a pattern to those who live among mankind in their present state of degeneracy and corruption.

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, unseduc'd, unterrifi'd,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught:
And with retorted scorn, his back he turn'd
On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd.

ADDISON. L.

No. 328. MONDAY, MARCH 17.

Nullum à labore me reclinat otium. HOR.

No ease doth lay me down from pain. CREECH.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'As I believe this is the first complaint that ever was made to you of this nature, so you are the first person I ever could prevail upon myself

to lay it before. When I tell you I have a healthy vigorous constitution, a plentiful estate, no inordinate desires, and am married to a virtuous lovely woman, who neither wants wit nor good nature, and by whom I have a numerous offspring to perpetuate my family, you will naturally conclude me a happy man. But notwithstanding these promising appearances, I am so far from it, that the prospect of being ruined and undone, by a sort of extravagance which of late years is in a greater or less degree crept into every fashionable family, deprives me of all the comforts of my life, and renders me the most anxious miserable man on earth. My wife, who was the only child and darling care of an indulgent mother, employed her early years in learning all those accomplishments we generally understand by good-breeding and a polite education. She sings, dances, plays on the lute and harpsichord, paints prettily, is a perfect mistress of the French tongue, and has made a considerable progress in Italian. She is besides excellently skilled in all domestic sciences, as preserving, pickling, pastry, making wines of fruits of our own growth, embroidering, and needle-works of every kind. Hitherto you will be apt to think there is very little cause of complaint, but suspend your opinion till I have further explained myself, and then I make no question but you will come over to mine. You are not to imagine I find fault that she either possesses or takes delight in the exercise of those qualifications I just now mentioned; it is the immoderate fondness she has to them that I lament; and that what is only designed for the innocent amusement and recreation of life, is become the

whole business and study of hers. The six months we are in town (for the year is equally divided between that and the country) from almost break of day till noon, the whole morning is laid out in practising with her several masters, and to make up the losses occasioned by her absence in summer, every day in the week their attendance is required; and as they are all people eminent in their professions, their skill and time must be recompensed accordingly: so how far these articles extend I leave you to judge. Limning, one would think, is no expensive diversion; but as she manages the matter, it is a very considerable addition to her disbursements; which you will easily believe, when you know she paints fans for all her female acquaintance, and draws all her relations' pictures in miniature; the first must be mounted by nobody but Colmar, and the other set by nobody but Charles Mather. What follows is still much worse than the former; for, as I told you, she is a great artist at her needle, it is incredible what sums she expends in embroidery: for besides what is appropriated to her personal use, as mantuas, petticoats, stomachers, handkerchiefs, purses, pincushions, and working-aprons, she keeps four French protestants continually employed in making divers pieces of superfluous furniture, as quilts, toilets, hangings for closets, beds, window-curtains, easy-chairs, and tabourets: nor have I any hopes of ever reclaiming her from this extravagance, while she obstinately persists in thinking it a notable piece of good housewifery, because they are made at home, and she has had some share in the performance. There would be no end of relating to you the

particulars of the annual charge, in furnishing her store-room with a profusion of pickles and preserves; for she is not contented with having every thing, unless it be done every way, in which she consults an hereditary book of receipts; for her female ancestors have been always famed for good housewifery, one of whom is made immortal by giving her name to an eye-water and two sorts of puddings. I can not undertake to recite all her medicinal preparations, as salves, serecloths, powders, confects, cordials, ratafia, persico, orange-flower, and cherry-brandy, together with innumerable sorts of simple waters. But there is nothing I lay so much to heart as that detestable catalogue of counterfeit wines, which derive their names from the fruits, herbs, or trees, of whose juices they are chiefly compounded; they are loathsome to the taste and pernicious to the health; and as they seldom survive the year, and then are thrown away, under a false pretence of frugality, I may affirm they stand me in more than if I entertained all our visiters with the best burgundy and champaign. Coffee, chocolate, green, imperial, peco, and bohea teas, seem to be trifles; but when the proper appurtenances of the tea-table are added, they swell the account higher than one would imagine. I can not conclude without doing her justice in one article, where her frugality is so remarkable, I must not deny her the merit of it, and that is in relation to her children, who are all confined, both boys and girls, to one large room in the remotest part of the house, with bolts on the doors, and bars to the windows; under the care and tuition of an old woman, who had been dry nurse to

her grandmother. This is their residence all the year round; and as they are never allowed to appear, she prudently thinks it needless to be at any expense in apparel or learning. Her eldest daughter to this day would have neither read nor writ, if it had not been for the butler, who being the son of a country attorney, has taught her such a hand as is generally used for engrossing bills in chancery. By this time I have sufficiently tired your patience with my domestic grievances; which I hope you will agree could not well be contained in a narrower compass, when you consider what a paradox I undertook to maintain in the beginning of my epistle, and which manifestly appears to be but too melancholy a truth. And now I heartily wish the relation I have given of my misfortunes may be of use and benefit to the public. By the example I have set before them, the truly virtuous wives may learn to avoid those errors which have so unhappily misled mine, and which are visibly these three: First, in mistaking the proper objects of her esteem, and fixing her affections upon such things as are only the trappings and decorations of her sex. Secondly, in not distinguishing what becomes the different stages of life. And, lastly, the abuse and corruption of some excellent qualities, which, if circumscribed within just bounds, would have been the blessing and prosperity of her family, but by a vicious extreme are like to be the bane and destruction of it.'

ADDISON.* L.

* The original paper, No. 328, was written by Steele, but withdrawn, and this written by Addison, and substituted for it.

No. 329. TUESDAY, MARCH 18.

Ire tamen restat, Numa quò devenit, et Ancus. HOR.

With Ancus, and with Numa, kings of Rome,
We must descend into the silent tomb.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me the other night, that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster-abbey, (No. 26,) in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's Chronicle, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the abbey.

I found the knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed than he called for a glass of the widow Trueby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable, upon which the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but

that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he staid in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it, upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzic; when of a sudden turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Trueby's water, telling me that the widow Trueby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people; to which the knight added that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; and truly, says Sir Roger, if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axle-tree was good; upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, pop-

ping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked; as I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, 'A brave man, I warrant him!' Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudsley Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried, 'Sir Cloudsley Shovel, a very gallant man!' As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner, 'Dr. Busby! a great man: he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!'

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the king of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family;

and after having regarded her finger for some time, 'I wonder,' says he, 'that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle.'

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's pillar, sat himself down in the chair, and looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter, what authority they had to say, that Jacob had ever been in Scotland? The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him, that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humour, and whispered in my ear, that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard, but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the black prince, concluding, that in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb, upon which Sir Roger acquainted us, that he was the first who touched for the evil; and afterwards Henry the Fourth's, upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument

where there is the figure of one of our English kings without a head; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since; 'some whig, I'll warrant you,' says Sir Roger; 'you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you don't take care.'

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who as our knight observed with some surprise had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him, that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk-buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

ADDISON. L.

No. 330. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19.

Maxima debetur pueris reverentia—— JUV.

To youth the tenderest regard is due.

THE following letters, written by two very considerate correspondents, both under twenty years of age, are very good arguments of the necessity of taking into consideration the many incidents which affect the education of youth.

'SIR,

'I have long expected, that, in the course of your observations upon the several parts of human life, you would one time or other fall upon a subject, which, since you have not, I take the liberty to recommend to you. What I mean is, the patronage of young modest men to such as are able to countenance and introduce them into the world. For want of such assistances, a youth of merit languishes in obscurity or poverty when his circumstances are low, and runs into riot and excess when his fortunes are plentiful. I can not make myself better understood than by sending you a history of myself, which I shall desire you to insert in your paper, it being the only way I have of expressing my gratitude for the highest obligations imaginable.

'I am the son of a merchant of the city of London, who by many losses was reduced from a very luxuriant trade and credit to very narrow circumstances, in comparison to that of his former abundance. This took away the vigour of his mind, and all manner of attention to a fortune

which he now thought desperate; insomuch that he died without a will; having before buried my mother in the midst of his other misfortunes. I was sixteen years of age when I lost my father, and an estate of £200 a-year came into my possession, without friend or guardian to instruct me in the management or enjoyment of it. The natural consequence of this was (though I wanted no director, and soon had fellows who found me out for a smart young gentleman, and led me into all the debaucheries of which I was capable) that my companions and I could not well be supplied without running in debt; which I did very frankly, till I was arrested, and conveyed with a guard, strong enough for the most desperate assassin, to a bailiff's house, where I lay four days, surrounded with very merry, but not very agreeable company. As soon as I had extricated myself from that shameful confinement, I reflected upon it with so much horror, that I deserted all my old acquaintance, and took chambers in an Inn of Court, with a resolution to study the law with all possible application. But I trifled away a whole year in looking over a thousand intricacies without a friend to apply to in any case of doubt; so that I only lived there among men, as little children are sent to school before they are capable of improvement, only to be out of harm's way. In the midst of this state of suspense, not knowing how to dispose of myself, I was sought for by a relation of mine, who, upon observing a good inclination in me, used me with great familiarity, and carried me to his seat in the country. When I came there, he introduced me to all the good company in the county; and the great obligation

I have to him for this kind notice, and residence with him ever since, has made so strong an impression upon me, that he has an authority of a father over me, founded upon the love of a brother. I have a good study of books, a good stable of horses always at my command; and though I am not now quite eighteen years of age, familiar converse on his part, and a strong inclination to exert myself on mine, have had an effect upon me that makes me acceptable wherever I go. Thus, Mr. Spectator, by this gentleman's favour and patronage, it is my own fault if I am not wiser and richer every day I live. I speak this, as well by subscribing the initial letters of my name to thank him, as to incite others to an imitation of his virtue. It would be a worthy work to show what great charities are to be done without expense, and how many noble actions are lost, out of inadvertency in persons capable of performing them, if they were put in mind of it. If a gentleman of figure in a county would make his family a pattern of sobriety, good sense, and breeding, and would kindly endeavour to influence the education and growing prospects of the younger gentry about him, I am apt to believe it would save him a great deal of stale beer on a public occasion, and render him the leader of his country from their gratitude to him, instead of being a slave to their riots and tumults in order to be made their representative. The same thing might be recommended to all who have made any progress in any parts of knowledge, or arrived at any degree in a profession: others may gain preferments and fortunes from their patrons, but I have I hope, received from mine good habits and

virtues. I repeat to you, sir, my request to print this, in return for all the evil a helpless orphan shall ever escape, and all the good he shall receive in this life: both which are wholly owing to this gentleman's favour to, sir,

'Your most obedient humble servant,

'S. P.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am a lad of about fourteen. I find a mighty pleasure in learning. I have been at the Latin school four years. I do not know I ever played truant, or neglected any task my master ever set me, in my life. I think on what I read in school as I go home at noon and night, and so intently, that I have often gone half a mile out of my way, not minding whither I went. Our maid tells me she often hears me talk Latin in my sleep: and I dream two or three nights in a week I am reading Juvenal and Homer. My master seems as well pleased with my performances as any boy's in the same class. I think, if I know my own mind, I would choose rather to be a scholar than a prince without learning. I have a very good affectionate father; but though very rich, yet so mighty near, that he thinks much of the charges of my education. He often tells me he believes my schooling will ruin him; that I cost him God knows what in books. I tremble to tell him I want one. I am forced to keep my pocket-money, and lay it out for a book, now and then that he does not know of. He has ordered my master to buy no more books for me, but says he will buy them himself. I asked him for Horace the other day, and he told me in

a passion, he did not believe I was fit for it, but only my master had a mind to make him think I had got a great way in my learning. I am sometimes a month behind other boys in getting the books my master gives orders for. All the boys in the school, but I, have the classic authors in *usum Delphini*, gilt and lettered on the back. My father is often reckoning up how long I have been at school, and tells me he fears I do little good. My father's carriage so discourages me, that he makes me grow dull and melancholy. My master wonders what is the matter with me: I am afraid to tell him; for he is a man that loves to encourage learning, and would be apt to chide my father, and not knowing his temper, may make him worse. Sir, if you have any love for learning, I beg you would give me some instructions in this case, and persuade parents to encourage their children when they find them diligent and desirous of learning. I have heard some parents say, they would do any thing for their children if they would but mind their learning: I would be glad to be in their place. Dear sir, pardon my boldness. If you will but consider and pity my case, I will pray for your prosperity as long as I live.

'Your humble servant,

'JAMES DISCIPULUS.'

London, March 2, 1711.

STEELE. T.

No. 331. THURSDAY, MARCH 20.

——*Stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam.* PERS.

Holds out his foolish beard for thee to pluck.

WHEN I was last with my friend Sir Roger in Westminster-abbey, I observed that he stood longer than ordinary before the bust of a venerable old man. I was at a loss to guess the reason of it, when after some time he pointed to the figure, and asked me if I did not think that our forefathers looked much wiser in their beards than we do without them? 'For my part,' says he, 'when I am walking in my gallery in the country, and see my ancestors, who many of them died before they were of my age, I can not forbear regarding them as so many old patriarchs, and at the same time looking upon myself as an idle smock-faced young fellow. I love to see your Abrahams, your Isaacs, and your Jacobs, as we have them in old pieces of tapestry, with beards below their girdles, that cover half the hangings.' The knight added, if I would recommend beards in one of my papers, and endeavour to restore human faces to their ancient dignity, that upon a month's warning he would undertake to lead up the fashion himself in a pair of whiskers.

I smiled at my friend's fancy; but after we parted, could not forbear reflecting on the metamorphoses our faces have undergone in this particular.

The beard, conformable to the notion of my friend Sir Roger, was, for many ages, looked

upon as the type of wisdom. Lucian more than once rallies the philosophers of his time, who endeavoured to rival one another in beards; and represents a learned man who stood for a professorship in philosophy, as unqualified for it by the shortness of his beard.

Ælian, in his account of Zoilus, the pretended critic, who wrote against Homer and Plato, and thought himself wiser than all who had gone before him, tells us, that this Zoilus had a very long beard that hung down upon his breast, but no hair upon his head, which he always kept close shaved; regarding, it seems, the hairs of his head as so many suckers, which, if they had been suffered to grow, might have drawn away the nourishment from his chin, and by that means have starved his beard.

I have read somewhere that one of the popes refused to accept an edition of a saint's works, which was presented to him, because the saint in his effigies before the book, was drawn without a beard.

We see by these instances what homage the world has formerly paid to beards; and that a barber was not then allowed to make those depredations on the faces of the learned which have been permitted him of late years.

Accordingly, several wise nations have been so extremely jealous of the least ruffle offered to their beards, that they seem to have fixed the point of honour principally in that part. The Spaniards were wonderfully tender in this particular. Don Quevedo, in his third vision of the last judgment, has carried the humour very far, when he tells us that one of his vain-glorious

countrymen, after having received sentence, was taken into custody by a couple of evil spirits; but that his guides happened to disorder his mustachoes, they were forced to recompose them with a pair of curling-irons before they could get him to file off.

If we look into the history of our own nation, we shall find, that the beard flourished in the Saxon heptarchy, but was very much discouraged under the Norman line. It shot out, however, from time to time, in several reigns, under different shapes. The last effort it made seems to have been in Queen Mary's days, as the curious reader may find, if he pleases to peruse the figures of Cardinal Pole and Bishop Gardiner; though at the same time, I think it may be questioned, if zeal against popery has not induced our protestant painters to extend the beards of these two persecutors beyond their natural dimensions, in order to make them appear the more terrible.

I find but few beards worth taking notice of in the reign of King James the First.

During the civil wars there appeared one, which makes too great a figure in story to be passed over in silence; I mean that of the redoubted Hudibras, an account of which Butler has transmitted to posterity in the following lines:

> His tawny beard was th' equal grace,
> Both of his wisdom and his face;
> In cut and dye so like a tyle,
> A sudden view it would beguile;
> The upper part whereof was whey,
> The nether orange mixt with gray.

The whisker continued for some time among us after the extirpation of beards; but this is a subject which I shall not here enter upon, having discussed it at large in a distinct treatise, which I keep by me in manuscript, upon the *mustachoe*.

If my friend Sir Roger's project of introducing beards should take effect, I fear the luxury of the present age would make it a very expensive fashion. There is no question but the beaux would soon provide themselves with false ones of the lightest colours, and the most immoderate lengths. A fair beard of the tapestry-size, which Sir Roger seems to approve, could not come under twenty guineas. The famous golden beard of Æsculapius would hardly be more valuable than one made in the extravagance of the fashion.

Besides, we are not certain that the ladies would not come into the mode, when they take the air on horseback. They already appear in hats and feathers, coats and periwigs; and I see no reason why we may not suppose that they would have their *riding-beards* on the same occasion.

I may give the moral of this discourse in another paper.

BUDGELL. X.

No. 332. FRIDAY, MARCH 21.

——Minùs aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum. HOR. SAT.

He can not bear the raillery of the age. CREECH.

'DEAR SHORT FACE,

'In your speculation of Wednesday last, you have given us some account of that worthy society of brutes, the Mohocks; wherein you have particularly specified the ingenious performances of the lion-tippers, the dancing masters, and the tumblers: but as you acknowledge you had not then a perfect history of the whole club, you might very easily omit one of the most notable species of it, the sweaters, which may be reckoned a sort of dancing masters too. It is, it seems, the custom for half a dozen, or more, of these well-disposed savages, as soon as they have enclosed the person upon whom they design the favour of a sweat, to whip out their swords, and holding them parallel to the horizon, they describe a sort of magic circle round about him with the points. As soon as this piece of conjuration is performed, and the patient without doubt already beginning to wax warm, to forward the operation, that member of the circle towards whom he is so rude as to turn his back first, runs his sword directly into that part of the patient whereon school-boys are punished; and as it is very natural to imagine this will soon make him tack about to some other point, every gentleman does himself the same justice as often as he receives the affront. After this jig is gone

two or three times round, and the patient is thought to have sweat sufficiently, he is very handsomely rubbed down by some attendants, who carry with them instruments for that purpose, and so discharged. This relation I had from a friend of mine, who has lately been under this discipline. He tells me he had the honour to dance before the emperor himself, not without the applause and acclamations both of his imperial majesty and the whole ring; though I dare say, neither I nor any of his acquaintance ever dreamed he would have merited any reputation by his activity.

'I can assure you, Mr. Spec, I was very near being qualified to have given you a faithful and painful account of this walking bagnio, if I may so call it, myself; for going the other night along Fleet-street, and having, out of curiosity, just entered into discourse with a wandering female who was travelling the same way, a couple of fellows advanced towards us, drew their swords, and cried out to each other, a sweat! a sweat! Whereupon, suspecting they were some of the ringleaders of the bagnio, I also drew my sword, and demanded a parley; but finding none would be granted me, and perceiving others behind them, filing off with great diligence to take me in flank, I began to sweat for fear of being forced to it; but very luckily betaking myself to a pair of heels, which I had good reason to believe would do me justice, I instantly got possession of a very snug corner in a neighbouring alley that lay in my rear, which post I maintained for above half an hour with great firmness and resolution, though not letting this success so far overcome me, as to make me unmindful of the circumspection that

was necessary to be observed upon my advancing again towards the street; by which prudence and good management I made a handsome and orderly retreat, having suffered no other damage in this action than the loss of my baggage, and the dislocation of one of my shoe-heels, which last I am just now informed is in a fair way of recovery. These sweaters, by what I can learn from my friend, and by as near a view as I was able to take of them myself, seem to me to have at present but a rude kind of discipline amongst them. It is probable, if you would take a little pains with them, they might be brought into better order. But I'll leave this to your own discretion; and will only add, that if you think it worth while to insert this by way of caution to those who have a mind to preserve their skins whole from this sort of cupping, and tell them at the same time the hazard of treating with night-walkers, you will perhaps oblige others, as well as your very humble servant, 'JACK LIGHTFOOT.'

'P. S. My friend will have me acquaint you, that though he would not willingly detract from the merit of that extraordinary strokesman, Mr. Sprightly, (No. 319) yet it is his real opinion, that some of those fellows, who are employed as rubbers to this new-fashioned bagnio, have struck as bold strokes as ever he did in his life.

'I had sent this four and twenty hours sooner, if I had not had the misfortune of being in a great doubt about the orthography of the word bagnio. I consulted several dictionaries, but found no relief; at last, having recourse both to the bagnio in Newgate-street, and to that in Chancery-lane,

and finding the original manuscripts upon the sign-posts of each to agree literally with my own spelling, I returned home full of satisfaction in order to despatch this epistle.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'As you have taken most of the circumstances of human life into your consideration, we the underwritten thought it not proper for us also to represent to you our condition. We are three ladies who live in the country, and the greatest improvement we make is by reading. We have taken a small journal of our lives, and find it extremely opposite to your last Tuesday's speculation. We rise by seven, and pass the beginning of each day in devotion, and looking into those affairs that fall within the occurrences of a retired life; in the afternoon we sometimes enjoy the company of some friend or neighbour, or else work or read; at night we retire to our chambers, and take leave of each other for the whole night at ten o'clock. We take particular care never to be sick of a Sunday. Mr. Spectator, we are all very good maids, but are ambitious of characters which we think more laudable, that of being very good wives. If any of your correspondents inquire for a spouse for an honest country gentleman, whose estate is not dipped, and wants a wife that can save half his revenue, and yet make a better figure than any of his neighbours of the same estate, with finer bred women, you shall have further notice from, sir, your courteous readers,

'MARTHA BUSY,
'DEBORAH THRIFTY,
'ALICE EARLY.'

STEELE. T

No. 333. SATUDAY, MARCH 22.

——*Vocat in certamina divos.* VIRG.

He calls embattled deities to arms.

We are now entering upon the sixth book of Paradise Lost, in which the poet describes the battle of angels; having raised his reader's expectation, and prepared him for it by several passages in the preceding books. I omitted quoting these passages in my observations on the former books, having purposely reseserved them for the opening of this, the subject of which gave occasion to them. The author's imagination was so inflamed with this great scene of action, that, wherever he speaks of it, he rises, if possible, above himself. Thus where he mentions Satan in the beinning of his poem:

——Him the Almighty pow'r
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

We have likewise several noble hints of it in the infernal conference.

O prince! O Chief of many throned powers,
That led th' embattled seraphim to war!
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us heav'n; and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low.

But see! the angry victor has recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heav'n: the sulph'rous hail
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery surge, that form'd the precipice
Of heav'n receiv'd us falling: and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.

There are several other very sublime images on the same subject in the first book, as also in the second.

What! when we fled amain, pursued, and struck
With heaven's afflicting thunder; and besought
The deep to shelter us; this hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds———

In short, the poet never mentions any thing of this battle, but in such images of greatness and terror as are suitable to the subject. Among several others, I can not forbear quoting that passage, where the power who is described as presiding over the chaos, speaks in the second book.

Thus Satan: and him thus the Anarch old,
With fault'ring speech, and visage incompos'd,
Answer'd: I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading angel, who of late
Made head against heaven's king, tho' overthrown.
I saw and heard, for such a num'rous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded, and heaven's gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Pursuing———

It required great pregnancy of invention, and strength of imagination to fill this battle with such circumstances as should raise and astonish the mind of the reader; and at the same time an exactness of judgment, to avoid every thing that might appear light or trivial. Those who look into Homer are surprised to find his battles still rising one above another, and improving in horror to the conclusion of the Iliad. Milton's fight of angels is wrought up with the same beauty. It is ushered in with such signs of wrath as are suitable to Omnipotence incensed. The first engagement is carried on under a cope of fire, occasioned by the flights of innumerable burning darts and arrows, which are discharged from either host. The second onset is still more terrible, as it is filled with those artificial thunders, which seem to make the victory doubtful, and produce a kind of consternation even in the good angels. This is followed by the tearing up of mountains and promontories; till in the last place the Messiah comes forth in the fulness of majesty and terror. The pomp of his appearance amidst the roarings of his thunders, the flashes of his lightnings, and the noise of his chariot-wheels, is described with the utmost flights of human imagination.

There is nothing in the first and last day's engagement, which does not appear natural and agreeable enough to the ideas most readers would conceive of a fight between two armies of angels.

The second day's engagement is apt to startle an imagination, which has not been raised and qualified for such a description, by the reading

of the ancient poets, and of Homer in particular. It was certainly a very bold thought in our author to ascribe the first use of artillery to the rebel angels. But as such a pernicious invention may be well supposed to have proceeded from such authors, so it enters very properly into the thoughts of that being who is all along described as aspiring to the majesty of his Maker. Such engines were the only instruments he could have made use of to imitate those thunders, that in all poetry, both sacred and profane, are represented as the arms of the Almighty. The tearing up the hills was not altogether so daring a thought as the former. We are, in some measure, prepared for such an incident by the description of the giant's war, which we meet with among the ancient poets. What still made this circumstance the more proper for the poet's use, is the opinion of many learned men, that the fable of the giant's war, which makes so great a noise in antiquity, and gave birth to the sublimest description in Hesiod's works, was an allegory founded upon this very tradition of a fight between the good and bad angels.

It may, perhaps, be worth while to consider with what judgment Milton, in this narration, has avoided every thing that is mean and trivial in the descriptions of the Latin and Greek poets, and at the same time improved every great hint which he met with in their works upon this subject. Homer, in that passage which Longinus has celebrated for its sublimeness, and which Virgil and Ovid have copied after him, tells us, that the giants threw Ossa upon Olympus and Pelion upon Ossa. He adds an epithet to Pelion

(εινοσιφυλλον) which very much swells the idea, by bringing up to the reader's imagination all the woods that grew upon it. There is further a great beauty in his singling out by name these three remarkable mountains, so well known to the Greeks. This last is such a beauty as the scene of Milton's war could not possibly furnish him with. Claudian, in his fragment upon the giant's war, has given full scope to that wildness of imagination which was natural to him. He tells us, that the giants tore up whole islands by the roots, and threw them at the gods. He describes one of them in particular taking up Lemnos in his arms, and whirling it to the skies, with all Vulcan's shop in the midst of it. Another tears up mount Ida, with the river Enipeus, which ran down the sides of it; but the poet, not content to describe him with this mountain upon his shoulders, tells us, that the river flowed down his back as he held it up in that posture. It is visible to every judicious reader, that such ideas savour more of burlesque than of the sublime. They proceed from a wantonness of imagination, and rather divert the mind than astonish it. Milton has taken every thing that is sublime in these several passages, and composes out of them the following great image:

> From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
> They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,
> Rocks, waters, woods; and by their shaggy tops
> Uplifting bore them in their hands——

We have the full majesty of Homer in this short description, improved by the imagination of Claudian, without its puerilities.

I need not point out the description of the fallen angels, seeing the promontories hanging over their heads in such a dreadful manner, with the other numberless beauties in this book, which are so conspicuous that they can not escape the notice of the most ordinary reader.

There are indeed so many wonderful strokes of poetry in this book, and such a variety of sublime ideas, that it would have been impossible to have given them a place within the bounds of this paper. Besides that, I find it in a great measure done to my hand, at the end of my lord Roscommon's essay on translated poetry. I shall refer my reader thither for some of the master strokes of the sixth book of Paradise Lost, though at the same time there are many others which that noble author has not taken notice of.

Milton, notwithstanding the sublime genius he was master of, has in this book drawn to his assistance all the helps he could meet with among the ancient poets. The sword of Michael, which makes so great a havoc among the bad angels, was given him, we are told, out of the armory of God.

——————But the sword
Of Michael from the armory of God
Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer——

This passage is a copy of that in Virgil, wherein the poet tells us, that the sword of Eneas, which was given him by a deity, broke into pieces the sword of Turnus, which came from a

mortal forge. As the moral in this place is divine, so by the way we may observe, that the bestowing on a man who is favoured by heaven such an allegorical weapon, is very conformable to the old eastern way of thinking. Not only Homer has made use of it; but we find the Jewish hero in the book of Maccabees, who had fought the battles of the chosen people with so much glory and success, receiving in his dream a sword from the hand of the prophet Jeremiah. The following passage, wherein Satan is described as wounded by the sword of Michael, is in imitation of Homer.

> The griding sword with discontinuous wound
> Pass'd through him: but the ethereal substance clos'd,
> Not long divisible; and from the gash
> A stream of nect'rous humour issuing flow'd
> Sanguine, (such as celestial spirits may bleed)
> And all his armour stain'd——

Homer tells us in the same manner, that upon Diomede's wounding the gods, there flowed from the wound an *ichor*, or pure kind of blood, which was not bred from mortal viands; and that though the pain was exquisitely great, the wound soon closed up and healed in those beings who are vested with immortality.

I question not but Milton, in his description of his furious Moloch flying from the battle, and bellowing with the wound he had received, had his eye on Mars in the Iliad, who, upon his being wounded, is represented as retiring out of the fight, and making an outcry louder than that of a whole army when it begins the charge. Homer adds, that the Greeks and Trojans who were

engaged in a general battle, were terrified on each side with the bellowing of this wounded deity. The reader will easily observe how Milton has kept all the horror of this image, without running into the ridicule of it.

——Where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king! who him defy'd,
And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the holy One of heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous: but anon,
Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing——

Milton has likewise raised his description in this book with many images taken out of the poetical parts of scripture. The Messiah's chariot, as I have before taken notice, is formed upon a vision of Ezekiel, who, as Grotius observes, has very much in him of Homer's spirit, in the poetical parts of his prophecy.

The following lines in that glorious commission which is given the Messiah to extirpate the host of rebel angels, are drawn from a sublime passage in the Psalms.

Go then, thou mightiest, in thy Father's might!
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake heav'n's basis; bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh.

The reader will easily discover many other strokes of the same nature.

There is no question but Milton had heated his imagination with the fight of the gods in Homer,

before he entered upon this engagement of the angels. Homer there gives us a scene of men, heroes, and gods, mixed together in battle. Mars animates the contending armies, and lifts up his voice in such a manner that it is heard distinctly amidst all the shouts and confusion of the fight; Jupiter at the same time thunders over their heads; while Neptune raises such a tempest, that the whole field of battle and all the tops of the mountains shake about them. The poet tells us, that Pluto himself, whose habitation was in the very centre of the earth, was so affrighted at the shock, that he leapt from his throne. Homer afterwards describes Vulcan as pouring down a storm of fire upon the river Xanthus, and Minerva as throwing a rock at Mars; who, he tells us, covered seven acres in his fall.

As Homer has introduced into his battle of the gods every thing that is great and terrible in nature, Milton has filled his fight of good and bad angels with all the like circumstances of horror. The shout of armies, the rattling of brazen chariots, the hurling of rocks and mountains, the earthquake, the fire, the thunder, are all of them employed to lift up the reader's imagination, and give him a suitable idea of so great an action. With what art has the poet represented the whole body of the earth trembling, even before it was created!

> ——All heav'n
> Resounded; and had earth been then, all earth
> Had to its centre shook——

In how sublime and just a manner does he afterwards describe the whole heaven shaking un-

der the wheels of the Messiah's chariot with that exception to the throne of God!

——Under his burning wheels
The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God——

Notwithstanding the Messiah appears clothed with so much terror and majesty, the poet has still found means to make his readers conceive an idea of him beyond what he himself is able to describe

Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven.

In a word, Milton's genius, which was so great in itself, and so strengthened by all the helps of learning, appears in this book every way equal to his subject, which was the most sublime that could enter into the thought of a poet. As he knew all the arts of affecting the mind, he knew it was necessary to give it certain resting places, and opportunities of recovering itself from time to time: he has therefore with great address interspersed several speeches, reflections, similitudes, and the like reliefs, to diversify his narration, and ease the attention of the reader, that he might come fresh to his great action, and by such a contrast of ideas have a more lively taste of the nobler parts of his description.

ADDISON. L.

No. 334. MONDAY, MARCH 24.

——*Voluisti, in suo genere, unumquemque nostrum quasi quendam esse Roscium, dixistique non tam ea quæ recta essent probari, quam quæ prava sunt fastidiis adhærescere.*
CICERO DE GESTU.

You would have each of us be a kind of Roscius in his way; and you have said, that men are not so much pleased with what is right, as disgusted at what is wrong.

It is very natural to take for our whole lives a light impression of a thing, which at first fell into contempt with us for want of consideration. The real use of a certain qualification (which the wiser part of mankind look upon as at best an indifferent thing, and generally a frivolous circumstance) shows the ill consequence of such prepossessions. What I mean is the art, skill, accomplishment, or whatever you will call it, of dancing. I knew a gentleman of great abilities who bewailed the want of this part of his education to the end of a very honourable life. He observed that there was not occasion for the common use of great talents; that they are but seldom in demand; and that these very great talents were often rendered useless to a man for want of small attainments. A good mien (a becoming motion, gesture and aspect) is natural to some men: but even those would be highly more graceful in their carriage, if what they do from the force of nature were confirmed and heightened by the force of reason. To one who has not at all considered it, to mention the force of reason on such a subject, will appear fantastical; but when you have a little at-

tended to it, an assembly of men will have quite another view; and they will tell you it is evident from plain and infallible rules, why this man, with those beautiful features, and well-fashioned person, is not so agreeable as he who sits by him without any of those advantages. When we read, we do it without any exerted act of memory that presents the shape of the letters; but habit makes us do it mechanically, without staying like children to recollect and join those letters. A man who has not had the regard of his gesture in any part of his education, will find himself unable to act with freedom before new company; as a child that is but now learning, would be to read without hesitation. It is for the advancement of the pleasure we receive in being agreeable to each other in ordinary life, that one would wish dancing were generally understood as conducive, as it really is, to a proper deportment in matters that appear the most remote from it. A man of learning and sense is distinguished from others as he is such, though he never runs upon points too difficult for the rest of the world: in like manner, the reaching out of the arm, and the most ordinary motion, discovers whether a man ever learned to know what is the true harmony and composure of his limbs and countenance. Whoever has seen Booth in the character of Pyrrhus march to his throne to receive Orestes, is convinced that majestic and great conceptions are expressed in the very step; but perhaps, though no other man could perform that incident as well as he does, he himself would do it with a yet greater elevation were he a dancer. This is so dangerous a subject to treat with gravity, that I shall not at

present enter into it any farther: but the author of the following letter has treated it in the essay he speaks of, in such a manner, that I am beholden to him for a resolution that I will never hereafter think meanly of any thing, till I have heard what they who have another opinion of it have to say in its defence.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Since there are scarce any of the arts or sciences that have not been recommended to the world by the pens of some of the professors, masters, or lovers of them, whereby the usefulness, excellence, and benefit arising from them, both as to the speculative and practical part, have been made public, to the great advantage and improvement of such arts and sciences; why should dancing, an art celebrated by the ancients in so extraordinary a manner, be totally neglected by the moderns, and left destitute of any pen to recommend its various excellencies and substantial merit to mankind?

'The low ebb to which dancing is now fallen is altogether owing to this silence. The art is esteemed only as an amusing trifle; it lies altogether uncultivated, and is unhappily fallen under the imputation of illiterate and mechanic: and as Terence, in one of his prologues, complains of the rope-dancers drawing all the spectators from his play, so may we well say, that capering and tumbling is now preferred to, and supplies the place of just and regular dancing on our theatres. It is, therefore, in my opinion, high time, that some one should come to its assistance, and relieve it from the many gross and growing errors

that have crept into it, and overcast its real beauties; and to set dancing in its true light, would show the usefulness and elegance of it, with the pleasure and instruction produced from it; and also lay down some fundamental rules, that might so tend to the improvement of its professors, and information of the spectators, that the first might be the better enabled to perform, and the latter rendered more capable of judging, what is (if there be any thing) valuable in this art.

'To encourage therefore some ingenious pen capable of so generous an undertaking, and in some measure to relieve dancing from the disadvantages it at present lies under, I, who teach to dance, have attempted a small treatise as an essay towards a history of dancing; in which I have inquired into its antiquity, origin, and use, and shown what esteem the ancients had for it. I have likewise considered the nature and perfection of all its several parts; and how beneficial and delightful it is, both as a qualification and an exercise; and endeavoured to answer all objections that have been maliciously raised against it. I have proceeded to give an account of the particular dances of the Greeks and Romans, whether religious, warlike, or civil; and taken particular notice of that part of dancing relating to the ancient stage, in which the pantomimes had so great a share; nor have I been wanting in giving an historical account of some particular masters excellent in that surprising art. After which I have advanced some observations on the modern dancing, both as to the stage, and that part of it so absolutely necessary for the qualification of gentlemen and ladies; and have conclud-

ed with some short remarks on the origin and progress of the character by which dances are writ down, and communicated to one master from another. If some great genius after this would arise, and advance this art to that perfection it seems capable of receiving, what might not be expected from it? For if we consider the origin of arts and sciences, we shall find that some of them took rise from beginnings so mean and unpromising, that it is very wonderful to think that ever such surprising structures should have been raised upon such ordinary foundations. But what can not a great genius effect? Who would have thought that the clangorous noise of a smith's hammer should have given the first rise to music? Yet Macrobius in his second book relates, that Pythagoras, in passing by a smith's shop, found that the sounds proceeding from the hammers were either more grave or acute, according to the different weights of the hammers. The philosopher, to improve this hint, suspends different weights by strings of the same bigness, and found in like manner that the sounds answered to the weights. This being discovered, he finds out those numbers which produced sounds that were consonant; as, that two strings of the same substance and tension, the one being double the length of the other, gave that interval which is called *diapason*, or an eighth; the same was also effected from two strings of the same length and size, the one having four times the tension of the other. By these steps, from so mean a beginning, did this great man reduce, what was only before noise, to one of the most delightful sciences, by marrying it to the mathematics; and by

that means caused it to be one of the most abstract and demonstrative of sciences. Who knows therefore but motion, whether decorous or representative, may not (as it seems highly probable it may) be taken into consideration by some person capable of reducing it into a regular science, though not so demonstrative as that proceeding from sounds, yet sufficient to entitle it to a place among the magnified arts?

'Now, Mr. Spectator, as you have declared yourself a visiter of dancing schools, and this being an undertaking which more immediately respects them, I think myself indispensably obliged, before I proceed to the publication of this my essay, to ask your advice; and hold it absolutely necessary to have your approbation; and in order to recommend my treatise to the perusal of the parents of such as learn to dance, as well as to the young ladies, to whom as visiter you ought to be guardian. I am, sir,

'Your most humble servant.'

Salop, March 19, 1711-12.

See Nos. 370, 466.

STEELE. T.

No. 335. TUESDAY, MARCH 25.

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces. HOR.

Those are the likest copies, which are drawn
From the original of human life. ROSCOMMON.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had

a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me, at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. 'The last I saw,' said Sir Roger, 'was The Committee, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good church-of-England comedy.' He then proceeded to inquire of me who this Distressed Mother was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. I assure you, says he, I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet-street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know, continued the knight with a smile, I fancied they had a mind to hunt me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighbourhood, who was served such a trick in king Charles the Second's time, for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this been their design; for as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turn'd and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before. Sir Roger added, that if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it; for I threw them out, says he, at the end of Norfolk-street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodg-

ings before they could imagine what was become of me. However, says the knight, if captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me has got the fore-wheels mended.

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk.* Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the play-house, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up, and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper

* Gentlemen wore about this time a neckcloth called a *Steenkirk;* in the same manner wigs were at first called *Ramilies,* because first worn about the time of that battle in 1706.

centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the king of France himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism; and was well pleased to hear him at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache, and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, 'You can't imagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow.' Upon Pyrrhus's threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head, and muttering to himself, 'Ay, do if you can.' This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear, 'These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray,' says he, 'you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of.'

The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer. 'Well,' says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, 'I suppose we are now to see Hec-

tor's ghost.' He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the widow. He made indeed a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax; but he quickly set himself right in that particular, though at the same time he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy; who, says he, must needs be a very fine child, by the account that is given of him. Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap; to which Sir Roger added, 'On my word, a notable young baggage!'

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts, to express their opinion of the players, and of their respective parts. Sir Roger hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man: as they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time; 'And let me tell you,' says he, 'though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them.' Captain Sentry seeing two or three wags who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus's death; and at the conclusion of it told me, it was such a bloody piece of work, that he was glad it was not done

upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinarily serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the just ling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man.

ADDISON. L.

No 336. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26.

——Clament periisse pudorem
Cuncti penè patres: eùa cm reprehendere conor,
Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit:
Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt:
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quæ
Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri. HOR.

IMITATED.

One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignified,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
(Though but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names)
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear all shame is lost in George's age!
You'd think no fools disgrac'd the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father's skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be so still. POPE

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'As you are the daily endeavourer to promote learning and good sense, I think myself obliged to suggest to your consideration whatever may promote or prejudice them. There is an evil which has prevailed from generation to genera tion, which gray hairs and tyrannical custom continue to support; I hope your spectatorial au thority will give a seasonable check to the spread of the infection; I mean old men's overbearing the strongest sense of their juniors by the mere force of seniority; so that for a young man in the bloom of life and vigour of age, to give a reason able contradiction to his elders, is esteemed an unpardonable insolence, and regarded as revers ing the decrees of nature. I am a young man,

I confess; yet I honour the gray head as much as any one: however, when in company with old men, I hear them speak obscurely, or reason preposterously (into which absurdities, prejudice, pride, or interest will sometimes throw the wisest) I count it no crime to rectify their reasonings, unless conscience must truckle to ceremony, and truth fall a sacrifice to complaisance. The strongest arguments are enervated, and the brightest evidence disappears, before those tremendous reasonings and dazzling discoveries of venerable old age. 'You are young giddy-headed fellows; you have not yet had experience of the world.' Thus we young folks find our ambition cramped and our laziness indulged, since, while young, we have little room to display ourselves; and, when old, the weakness of nature must pass for strength of sense, and we hope that hoary heads will raise us above the attacks of contradiction. Now, sir, as you would enliven our activity in the pursuit of learning, take our case into consideration; and, with a gloss on brave Elihu's sentiments, assert the rights of youth, and prevent the pernicious encroachments of age. The generous reasonings of that gallant youth would adorn your paper; and I beg you would insert them, not doubting but that they will give good entertainment to the most intelligent of your readers.

'"So these three men ceased to answer Job, because he was righteous in his own eyes. Then was kindled the wrath of Elihu, the son of Barachel the Buzite, of the kindred of Ram: against Job was his wrath kindled, because he justified nimself rather than God. Also against his three

friends was his wrath kindled, because they had found no answer, and yet had condemned Job Now Elihu had waited till Job had spoken, because they were elder than he. When Elihu saw there was no answer in the mouth of these three men, then his wrath was kindled. And Elihu, the son of Barachel the Buzite, answered, and said, I am young, and ye are very old, wherefore I was afraid, and durst not show you mine opinion. I said, days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom. But there is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding. Great men are not always wise: neither do the aged understand judgment. Therefore, I said, hearken to me, I also will show mine opinion. Behold, I waited for your words; I gave ear to your reasons, whilst you searched out what to say. Yes, I attended unto you: and behold there was none of you that convinced Job, or that answered his words; lest ye should say, we have found out wisdom: God thrusteth him down, not man. Now he hath not directed his words against me; neither will I answer him with your speeches. They were amazed, they answered no more: they left off speaking. When I had waited (for they spake not, but stood still, and answered no more) I said, I will answer also my part, I also will show mine opinion. For I am full of matter, the spirit within me constraineth me. Behold my belly is as wine which hath no vent, it is ready to burst like new bottles. I will speak that I may be refreshed; I will open my lips and answer. Let me not, I pray you, accept any man's person, neither let me give flattering titles unto man

For I know not to give flattering titles; in so doing my Maker would soon take me away."'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I have formerly read, with great satisfaction, your papers about idols,* and the behaviour of gentlemen in those coffee-houses where women officiate; and impatiently waited to see you take India and China shops into consideration: but since you have passed us over in silence, either that you have not as yet thought us worth your notice, or that the grievances we lie under have escaped your discerning eye, I must make my complaints to you; and am encouraged to do it, because you seem a little at leisure at this present writing. I am, dear sir, one of the top china-women about town; and, though I say it, keep as good things, and receive as fine company as any of this end of the town, let the other be who she will: in short, I am in a fair way to be easy, were it not for a club of female rakes, who, under pretence of taking their innocent rambles, forsooth, and diverting the spleen, seldom fail to plague me twice or thrice a day to cheapen tea, or buy a screen; *what else should they mean?* as they often repeat it. These rakes are your idle ladies of fashion, who having nothing to do, employ themselves in tumbling over my ware. One of these no-customers (for by the way they seldom or never buy any thing) calls for a set of tea-dishes, another for a basin, a third for my best green tea, and even to the punch-bowl, there's scarce a piece in my shop but must be

* See Nos. 73, 79, 87, 155.

displaced, and the whole agreeable architecture disordered; so that I can compare them to nothing but to the night-goblins that take a pleasure to overturn the disposition of plates and dishes in the kitchens of your housewifely maids. Well, after all this racket and clutter, this is too dear, that is their aversion; another thing is charming, but not wanted: the ladies are cured of the spleen, but I am not a shilling the better of it. Lord! what signifies one poor pot of tea, considering the trouble they put me to? Vapours, Mr. Spectator, are terrible things; for though I am not possessed by them myself, I suffer more from them than if I were. Now I must beg you to admonish all such day-goblins to make fewer visits, or to be less troublesome when they come to one's shop; and to convince them that we honest shop-keepers have something better to do than to cure folks of the vapours *gratis*. A young son of mine, a school-boy, is my secretary; so I hope you will make allowances. 'I am, sir

'Your constant reader,

'And very humble servant,

'REBECCA, *the distressed.*

March the 22d.

STEELE. T.

No. 337. THURSDAY, MARCH 27.

Fingit equum tenerâ docilem cervice magister,
Ire viam quam monstrat eques—— HOR.

The jockey trains the young and tender horse,
While yet soft mouth'd, and breeds him to the course.
CREECH.

I HAVE lately received a third letter from the gentleman who has already given the public two essays upon education. As his thoughts seem to be very just and new upon this subject, I shall communicate them to the reader. (Nos. 307, 313.)

'SIR,

'If I had not been hindered by some extraordinary business, I should have sent you sooner my further thoughts upon education. You may please to remember, that in my last letter I endeavoured to give the best reasons that could be urged in favour of a private or public education. Upon the whole, it may perhaps be thought that I seemed rather inclined to the latter, though at the same time I confessed, that virtue, which ought to be our first and principal care, was more usually acquired in the former.

'I intend, therefore, in this letter, to offer at methods by which I conceive boys might be made to improve in virtue as they advance in letters.

'I know that in most of our public schools vice is punished and discouraged whenever it is found out; but this is far from being sufficient,

unless our youth are at the same time taught to form a right judgment of things, and to know what is properly virtue.

'To this end, whenever they read the lives and actions of such men as have been famous in their generation, it should not be thought enough to make them barely understand so many Greek or Latin sentences, but they should be asked their opinion of such an action or saying, and obliged to give their reasons why they take it to be good or bad. By this means they would insensibly arrive at proper notions of courage, temperance, honour, and justice.

'There must be great care taken how the example of any particular person is recommended to them in gross: instead of which, they ought to be taught wherein such a man, though great in some respects, was weak and faulty in others. For want of this caution, a boy is often so dazzled with the lustre of a great character, that he confounds its beauties with its blemishes, and looks even upon the faulty parts of it with an eye of admiration.

'I have often wondered how Alexander, who was naturally of a generous and merciful disposition, came to be guilty of so barbarous an action as that of dragging the governor of a town after his chariot. I know this is generally ascribed to his passion for Homer; but I lately met with a passage in Plutarch, which, if I am not very much mistaken, still gives us a clearer light into the motives of this action. Plutarch tells us, that Alexander in his youth had a master named Lysimachus, who, though he was a man destitute of all politeness, ingratiated himself both

with Philip and his pupil, and became the second man at court, by calling the king Peleus, the prince Achilles, and himself Phœnix. It is no wonder if Alexander, having been thus used not only to admire, but to personate Achilles, should think it glorious to imitate him in this piece of cruelty and extravagance.

'To carry this thought yet further, I shall submit it to your consideration, whether, instead of a theme or copy of verses, which are the usual exercises, as they are called in the school phrase, it would not be more proper that a boy should be tasked once or twice a week, to write down his opinion of such persons and things as occur to him in his reading; that he should descant upon the actions of Turnus or Æneas, show wherein they excelled or where defective, censure or approve any particular action, observe how it might have been carried to a greater degree of perfection, and how it exceeded or fell short of another. He might at the same time mark what was moral in any speech, and how far it agreed with the character of the person speaking. This exercise would soon strengthen his judgment in what is blameable or praiseworthy, and give him an early seasoning of morality.

'Next to those examples which may be met with in books, I very much approve Horace's way of sitting before youth the infamous or honourable characters of their contemporaries: that poet tells us, this was the method his father made use of to incline him to any particular virtue, or give him an aversion to any particular vice. "If," says Horace, "my father advised me to live within bounds, and be contented with the

fortune he should leave me; do not you see," says he, "the miserable condition of Burru, and the son of Albus? Let the misfortunes of those two wretches teach you to avoid luxury and extravagance." If he would inspire me with an abhorrence of debauchery: "Do not," says he, "make yourself like Sectanus, when you may be happy in the enjoyment of lawful pleasures. How scandalous" says he, "is the character of Trebonius, who was lately caught in bed with another man's wife!" To illustrate the force of this method, the poet adds, that as a headstrong patient, who will not at first follow his physician's prescription, grows orderly when he hears that his neighbours die all about him, so youth is often frighted from vice by hearing the ill report it brings upon others.

'Xenophon's schools of equity, in his life of Cyrus the Great, are sufficiently famous: he tells us, that the Persian children went to school, and employed their time as diligently in learning the principles of justice and sobriety, as the youth in other countries did to acquire the most difficult arts and sciences: their governors spent most part of the day in hearing their mutual accusations one against the other, whether for violence, cheating, slander, or ingratitude, and taught them how to give judgment against those who were found to be any ways guilty of these crimes. I omit the story of the long and short coat, for which Cyrus himself was punished, as a case equally known with any in Littleton.

'The method which Apuleius tells us the Indian Gymnosophists took to educate their disciples, is still more curious and remarkable. His

words are as follow: When their dinner is ready, before it is served up, the masters inquire of every particular scholar how he has employed his time since sun-rising: some of them answer, that having been chosen as arbiters between two persons, they have composed their differences, and made them friends; some, that they have been executing the orders of their parents; and others, that they have either found out something new by their own application, or learned it from the instructions of their fellows. But if there happens to be any one among them, who can not make it appear that he has employed the morning to advantage, he is immediately excluded from the company, and obliged to work while the rest are at dinner.

'It is not impossible that, from these several ways of producing virtue in the minds of boys, some general method might be invented. What I would endeavour to inculcate is, that our youth can not be too soon taught the principles of virtue, seeing the first impressions which are made on the mind are always the strongest.

'The archbishop of Cambray makes Telemachus say, that though he was young in years, he was old in the art of knowing how to keep both his own and his friends' secrets. When my father, says the prince, went to the siege of Troy, he took me on his knees, and after having embraced and blessed me, as he was sourrounded by the noblest of Ithaca, O my friend, says he, into your hands I commit the education of my son; if you ever loved his father, show it in your care towards him: but, above all, do not omit to form him just, sincere, and faithful in keeping a

secret. These words of my father, says Telemachus, were continually repeated to me by his friends in his absence; who made no scruple of communicating to me their uneasiness to see my mother surrounded with lovers, and the measures they designed to take on that occasion. He adds, that he was so ravished at being thus treated like a man, and at the confidence reposed in him, that he never once abused it; nor could all the insinuations of his father's rivals ever get him to betray what was committed to him under the seal of secrecy.

'There is hardly any virtue which a lad might not thus learn by practice and example.

'I have heard of a good man, who used at certain times to give his scholars sixpence a-piece, that they might tell him the next day how they had employed it. The third part was always to be laid out in charity; and every boy was blamed or commended as he could make it appear that he had chosen a fit object.

'In short, nothing is more wanting to our public schools, than that the masters of them should use the same care in fashioning the manners of their scholars as in forming their tongues to the learned languages. Wherever the former is omitted, I can not help agreeing with Mr Locke, that a man must have a very strange value for words, when preferring the languages of the Greeks and Romans to that which made them such brave men, he can think it worth while to hazard the innocence and virtue of his son for a little Greek and Latin.

'As the subject of this essay is of the highest importance, and what I do not remember to have

yet seen treated by any author, I have sent you what occurred to me on it from my own observation or reading, and which you may either suppress or publish, as you think fit.

'I am, sir, yours, &c.'

BUDGELL. X.

No. 338. FRIDAY, MARCH 28.

——Nil fuit unquam
Tam dispar sibi. HOR.

Made up of nought but inconsistencies.

I FIND the tragedy of the Distressed Mother is published to-day. The author of the prologue, I suppose, pleads an old excuse I have read somewhere, of *being dull with design;* and the gentleman who writ the epilogue has, to my knowledge, so much of greater moment to value himself upon, that he will easily forgive me for publishing the exceptions made against gaiety at the end of serious entertainments, in the following letter: I should be more unwilling to pardon him than any body, a practice which can not have any ill consequence, but from the abilities of the person who is guilty of it.*

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I had the happiness the other night of sitting very near you and your worthy friend Sir Roger,

* Steele was the author of the prologue to the Distressed Mother. The epilogue was written by Mr. Budgell. For remarks on this play, see Nos. 290, 335, 555.

at the acting of the new tragedy which you have in a late paper or two so justly recommended. I was highly pleased with the advantageous situation fortune had given me, in placing me so near two gentlemen, from one of which I was sure to hear such reflections on the several incidents of the play as pure nature suggested, and from the other, such as flowed from the exactest art and judgment; though I must confess, that my curiosity led me so much to observe the knight's reflections, that I was not so well at leisure to improve myself by yours. Nature, I found, played her part in the knight pretty well, till at the last concluding lines she entirely forsook him. You must know, sir, that it is always my custom, when I have been well entertained at a new tragedy, to make my retreat before the facetious epilogue enters; not but that those pieces are often very well written; but having paid down my half-crown, and made a fair purchase of as much of the pleasing melancholy as the poet's art can afford me, or my own nature admit of, I am willing to carry some of it home with me; and can not endure to be at once tricked out of all. though by the wittiest dexterity in the world. However, I kept my seat the other night, in hopes of finding my own sentiments of this matter favoured by your friend's; when, to my great surprise, I found the knight entering with equal pleasure into both parts, and as much satisfied with Mrs. Oldfield's gaiety as he had been before with Andromache's greatness. Whether this were no other than an effect of the knight's peculiar humanity, pleased to find at last, that after all the tragical doings, every thing was safe and

well, I don't know; but for my own part, I must confess, I was so dissatisfied, that I was sorry the poet had saved Andromache, and could heartily have wished that he had left her stone-dead upon the stage. For you can not imagine, Mr. Spectator, the mischief she was reserved to do me. I found my soul, during the action, gradually worked up to the highest pitch; and felt the exalted passion which all generous minds conceive at the sight of virtue in distress. The impression, believe me, sir, was so strong upon me, that, I am persuaded, if I had been let alone in it, I could, at an extremity, have ventured to defend yourself and Sir Roger against half a score of the fiercest Mohocks; but the ludicrous epilogue in the close extinguished all my ardour, and made me look upon all such noble achievements as downright silly and romantic. What the rest of the audience felt I can not so well tell; for myself, I must declare, that at the end of the play, I found my soul uniform, and all of a piece; but at the end of the epilogue, it was so jumbled together, and divided between jest and earnest, that if you will forgive me an extravagant fancy, I will here set it down. I could not but fancy, if my soul had at that moment quitted my body, and descended to the poetical shades in the posture it was then in, what a strange figure it would have made among them. They would not have known what to have made of my motley spectre, half comic and half tragic, all over resembling a ridiculous face, that at the same time laughs on one side, and cries on the other. The only defence, I think, I have ever heard made for this, as it seems to me the most unnatural tack of the

comic tail to the tragic head, is this, that the minds of the audience must be refreshed, and gentlemen and ladies not sent away to their own homes with too dismal and melancholy thoughts about them; for who knows the consequence of this? We are much obliged indeed to the poets for the great tenderness they express for the safety of our persons, and heartily thank them for it: but if that be all, pray, good sir, assure them, that we are none of us like to come to any great harm; and that, let them do their best, we shall in all probability live out the length of our days, and frequent the theatres more than ever. What makes me more desirous to have some reformation of this matter is, because of an ill consequence or two attending it; for a great many of our church musicians being related to the theatre, they have, in imitation of these epilogues, introduced in their farewell voluntaries a sort of music quite foreign to the design of church-services, to the great prejudice of well disposed people. Those fingering gentlemen should be informed, that they ought to suit their airs to the place and business; and that the musician is obliged to keep to the text as much as the preacher. For want of this, I have found by experience a great deal of mischief; for when the preacher has often, with great piety and art enough, handled his subject, and the judicious clerk has, with the utmost diligence, culled out two staves proper to the discourse, and I have found in myself, and in the rest of the pew, good thoughts and dispositions, they have been all in a moment dissipated by a merry jig from the organ-loft. One knows not what further ill effects the epilogues I have been

speaking of may in time produce: but this I am credibly informed of, that Paul Lorrain* has resolved upon a very sudden reformation in his tragical dramas; and that at the next monthly performance, he designs, instead of a penitential psalm, to dismiss his audience with an excellent new ballad of his own composing. Pray, sir, do what you can to put a stop to these growing evils, and you will very much oblige

'Your humble servant

'PHYSIBULUS.'

[The Author uncertain.]

No. 339. SATURDAY, MARCH 29.

——Ut his exordia primis
Omnia, et ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis.
Tum durare solum et discludere Nerea ponto
Cœperit, et rerum paulatim sumere formas. VIRG.

He sung the secret seeds of nature's frame:
How seas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
Fell thro' the mighty void, and in their fall
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.
The tender soil then stiff'ning by degrees,
Shut from the bounded earth the bounding seas.
Then earth and ocean various forms disclose,
And a new sun to the new world arose. DRYDEN.

LONGINUS has observed, that there may be a loftiness in sentiments where there is no passion;

* At that time ordinary of Newgate; and who, in his accounts of the convicts executed at Tyburn, generally represented them as true penitents, and dying very well,

and brings instances out of ancient authors to support this his opinion. The pathetic, as that great critic observes, may animate and inflame the sublime, but is not essential to it. Accordingly, as he further remarks, we very often find that those who excel most in stirring up the passions, very often want the talent of writing in the great and sublime manner, and so on the contrary. Milton has shown himself a master in both these ways of writing. The seventh book which we are now entering upon, is an instance of that sublime which is not mixed and worked up with passion. The author appears in a kind of composed and sedate majesty; and though the sentiments do not give so great an emotion as those in the former book, they abound with as magnificent ideas. The sixth book, like a troubled ocean, represents greatness in confusion; the seventh affects the imagination like the ocean in a calm, and fills the mind of the reader, without producing in it any thing like tumult or agitation.

The critic abovementioned, among the rules which he lays down for succeeding in the sublime way of writing, proposes to his reader, that he should imitate the most celebrated authors who have gone before him, and have been engaged in works of the same nature; as in particular, that if he writes on a poetical subject, he should consider how Homer would have spoken on such an occasion. By this means one great genius often catches the flame from another, and writes in his spirit, without copying servilely

after having lived for the most part very ill. In the Tatler No. 63, they are humorously styled Lorrain's saints.

after him. There are a thousand shining passages in Virgil which have been lighted up by Homer.

Milton, though his own natural strength of genius was capable of furnishing out a perfect work, has doubtless very much raised and ennobled his conceptions by such an imitation as that which Longinus has recommended.

In this book, which gives us an account of the six days works, the poet received but very few assistances from heathen writers, who were strangers to the wonders of creation. But as there are many glorious strokes of poetry upon this subject in holy writ, the author has numberless allusions to them through the whole course of this book. The great critic I have before mentioned, though a heathen, has taken notice of the sublime manner in which the lawgiver of the Jews has described the creation in the first chapter of Genesis; and there are many other passages in scripture, which rise up to the same majesty, where this subject is touched upon. Milton has shown his judgment very remarkably in making use of such of these as were proper for his poem, and in duly qualifying those high strains of Eastern poetry which were suited to readers whose imaginations were set to a higher pitch than those of colder climates.

Adam's speech to the angel, wherein he desires an account of what had passed within the regions of nature before the creation, is very great and solemn. The following lines, in which he tells him that the day is not too far spent for him to enter upon such a subject, are exquisite in their kind.

> And the great light of day yet wants to run
> Much of his race, though steep; suspense in heaven
> Held by thy voice; thy potent voice he hears
> And longer will delay, to hear thee tell
> His generation, &c.

The angels encouraging our first parents in a modest pursuit after knowledge, with the causes which he assigns for the creation of the world, are very just and beautiful. The Messiah, by whom, as we are told in scripture, the heavens were made, goes forth in the power of his Father, surrounded with a host of angels, and clothed with such a majesty as becomes his entering upon a work, which, according to our conceptions, appears the utmost exertion of omnipotence. What a beautiful description has our author raised upon that hint in one of the prophets! 'And behold there came four chariots out from between two mountains, and the mountains were mountains of brass.'

> About his chariot numberless were pour'd
> Cherub and Seraph, potentates and thrones,
> And virtues, wing'd spirits, and chariots wing'd,
> From the armory of God, where stand of old
> Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd,
> Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand:
> Celestial equipage! And now came forth
> Spontaneous (for within them spirit liv'd)
> Attendant on their Lord: heaven open'd wide
> Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound!
> On golden hinges moving———

I have before taken notice of these chariots of God, and of these gates of heaven; and shall here only add, that Homer gives us the same idea of the latter, as opening of themselves; though he

afterwards takes off from it, by telling us that the hours first of all removed those prodigious heaps of clouds which lay as a barrier before them.

I do not know any thing in the whole poem more sublime than the description which follows, where the Messiah is represented at the head of his angels, as looking down into the chaos, calming its confusion, riding into the midst of it, and drawing the first outline of the creation.

> On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
> They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss,
> Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild;
> Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
> And surging waves, as mountains to assault
> Heav'ns height, and with the centre mix the pole.
> Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,
> Said then th' Omnific word, your discord end:
> Nor staid; but on the wings of cherubim
> Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
> Far into chaos, and the world unborn;
> For chaos heard his voice. Him all his train
> Follow'd in bright procession, to behold
> Creation, and the wonders of his might.
> Then staid the fervid wheels, and in his hand
> He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
> In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
> This universe, and all created things:
> One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
> Round through the vast profundity obscure:
> And said, thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
> This be thy just circumference, O world!

The thought of the golden compasses is conceived altogether in Homer's spirit, and is a very noble incident in this wonderful description. Homer, when he speaks of the gods, ascribes to

them several arms and instruments with the same greatness of imagination. Let the reader only peruse the description of Minerva's ægis, or buckler, in the fifth book, with her spear, which would overturn whole squadrons, and her helmet, that was sufficient to cover an army drawn out of an hundred cities. The golden compasses in the abovementioned passage appear a very natural instrument in the hand of him, whom Plato somewhere calls the divine geometrician. As poetry delights in clothing abstracted ideas in allegories and sensible images, we find a magnificent description of the creation formed after the same manner in one of the prophets, wherein he describes the almighty Architect as measuring the waters in the hollow of his hand, meteing out the heavens with his span, comprehending the dust of the earth in a measure, weighing the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance. Another of them, describing the Supreme Being in this great work of creation, represents him as laying the foundations of the earth, and stretching a line upon it. And in another place, as garnishing the heavens, stretching out the north over the empty place, and hanging the earth upon nothing. This last noble thought Milton has expressed in the following verse:

And earth self-balanc'd on her centre hung.

The beauties of description in this book lie so very thick, that it is impossible to enumerate them in this paper. The poet has employed on them the whole energy of our tongue. The several great scenes of the creation rise up to view, one after another, in such a manner, that the reader

seems present at this wonderful work, and to assist among the choirs of angels, who are the spectators of it. How glorious is the conclusion of the first day!

——Thus was the first day ev'n and morn:
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung,
By the celestial choirs, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of heav'n and earth! with joy and shout
The hollow universal orb they fill'd.

We have the same elevation of thought in the third day, when the mountains were brought forth, and the deep was made.

Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs up-heave
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky;
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters——

We have also the rising of the whole vegetable world described in this day's work, which is filled with all the graces that other poets have lavished on their description of the Spring, and leads the reader's imagination into a theatre equally surprising and beautiful.

The several glories of the heavens make their appearance on the fourth day.

First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all the horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude thro' heav'n's high road; the gray
Dawn and the Pleiades before him danc'd,
Shedding sweet influence: less bright the moon,

But opposite in levell'd west was set
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him, for other lights she needed none
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
Till night; then in the east her turn she shines,
Revolv'd on heav'n's great axle, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand stars! that then appear'd
Spangling the hemisphere——

One would wonder how the poet could be so concise in his description of the six days works, as to comprehend them within the bounds of an episode; and at the same time so particular as to give us a lively idea of them. This is still more remarkable in his account of the fifth and sixth days, in which he has drawn out to our view the whole animal creation, from the reptile to the behemoth. As the lion and the leviathan are two of the noblest productions in the world of living creatures, the reader will find a most exquisite spirit of poetry in the account which our author gives us of them. The sixth day concludes with the formation of man; upon which the angel takes occasion, as he did after the battle in heaven, to remind Adam of his obedience, which was the principal design of this his visit.

The poet afterwards represents the Messiah returning into heaven, and taking a survey of his great work. There is something inexpressibly sublime in this part of the poem, where the author describes that great period of time, filled with so many glorious circumstances; when the heavens and earth were finished, when the Messiah ascended up in triumph through the everlasting gates; when he looked down with plea

sure upon his new creation; when every part of nature seemed to re'oice in its existence; when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day:
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the heav'n of heav'ns, his high abode;
Thence to behold this new created world,
Th' addition to his empire, how it show'd
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea; up he rode,
Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tun'd
Angelic harmonies; the earth, the air
Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st)
The heav'ns and all the constellations rung,
The planets in their station list'ning stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung:
Open, ye heav'ns, your living doors; let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six days work, a world!

I can not conclude this book upon the creation, without mentioning a poem which has lately appeared under that title.* The work was undertaken with so good an intention, and is executed with so great a mastery, that it deserves to be ooked upon as one of the most useful and noble productions in our English verse. The reader can not but be pleased to find the depths of philosophy enlivened with all the charms of poetry, and to see so great a strength of reason amidst so beautiful a redundancy of the imagination.

* A poem by Sir Richard Blackmore, M. D.

The author has shown us that design in all the works of nature, which necessarily leads us to the knowledge of its first cause. In short, he has illustrated, by numberless and incontestable instances, that divine wisdom, which the son of Sirach has so nobly ascribed to the Supreme Being in his formation of the world, when he tells us, that *he created her, and saw her, and numbered her, and poured her out upon all his works.*

ADDISON. L.

No. 340. MONDAY, MARCH 31.

Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes?
Quem sese ore ferens! quam forti pectore et armis! VIRG.

What chief is this that visits us from far,
Whose gallant mien bespeaks him train'd to war?

I TAKE it to be the highest instance of a noble mind, to bear great qualities without discovering in a man's behaviour any consciousness that he is superior to the rest of the world. Or, to say it otherwise, it is the duty of a great person so to demean himself, as that, whatever endowments he may have, he may appear to value himself upon no qualities but such as any man may arrive at; he ought to think no man valuable but for his public spirit, justice and integrity; and all other endowments to be esteemed only as they contribute to the exerting those virtues. Such a man, if he is wise or valiant, knows it is of no consideration to other men that he is so, but as

he employs those high talents for their use and service. He who affects the applauses and addresses of a multitude, or assumes to himself a pre-eminence upon any other consideration, must soon turn admiration into contempt. It is certain, that there can be no merit in any man who is not conscious of it; but the sense that it is valuable only according to the application of it, makes that superiority amiable, which would otherwise be invidious. In this light it is considered as a thing in which every man bears a share: it annexes the ideas of dignity, power, and fame, in in an agreeable and familiar manner, to him who is possessor of it; and all men who are strangers to him are naturally incited to indulge a curiosity in beholding the person, behaviour, feature and shape of him, in whose character, perhaps, each man had formed something in common with himself. Whether such, or any other, are the causes, all men have a yearning curiosity to behold a man of heroic worth; and I have had many letters from all parts of this kingdom, that request I would give them an exact account of the stature, the mien, the aspect, of the prince who lately visited England, and has done such wonders for the liberty of Europe. (See No. 241). It would puzzle the most curious to form to himself the sort of man my several correspondents expects to hear of, by the action mentioned, when they desire a description of him; there is always something that concerns themselves, and growing out of their own circumstances in all their inquiries. A friend of mine in Wales beseeches me to be very exact in my account of that wonderful man who had marched an army and

all its baggage over the Alps; and, if possible, to learn whether the peasant who showed him the way, and is drawn in the map, be yet living. A gentleman from the university, who is deeply intent on the study of humanity, desires me to be as particular, if I had an opportunity, in observing the whole interview between his highness and our late general. Thus do men's fancies work according to their several educations and circumstances; but all pay a respect, mixed with admiration, to this illustrious character. I have waited for his arrival in Holland, before I would let my correspondents know that I have not been so uncurious a spectator as not to have seen prince Eugene. It would be very difficult, as I said just now, to answer every expectation of those who have written to me on that head; nor is it possible for me to find words to let one know what an artful glance there is in his countenance who surprised Cremona; how daring he appears who forced the trenches at Turin: but, in general, I can say, that he who beholds him, will easily expect from him any thing that is to be imagined or executed by the wit or force of man. The prince is of that stature which makes a man most easily become all parts of exercise, has height to be graceful on occasions of state and ceremony, and no less adapted for agility and despatch; his aspect is erect and composed; his eye lively and thoughtful, yet rather vigilant than sparkling; his action and address the most easy imaginable, and his behaviour in an assembly peculiarly graceful, in a certain art of mixing insensibly with the rest and becoming one of the company, instead of receiving the courtship of it.

The shape of his person, and composure of his limbs, are remarkably exact and beautiful. There is in his look something sublime, which does not seem to arise from his quality or character, but the innate disposition of his mind. It is apparent that he suffers the presence of much company, instead of taking delight in it: and he appeared in public, while with us, rather to return goodwill, or satisfy curiosity, than to gratify any taste he himself had of being popular. As his thoughts are never tumultuous in danger, they are as little discomposed on occasions of pomp and magnificence; a great soul is affected, in either case, no further than in considering the properest methods to extricate itself from them. If this hero has the strong incentives to uncommon enterprises that were remarkable in Alexander, he prosecutes and enjoys the fame of them with the justness, propriety, and good sense of Cæsar. It is easy to observe in him a mind as capable of being entertained with contemplation as enterprise; a mind ready for great exploits, but not impatient for occasion to exert itself. The prince has wisdom and valour in as high perfection as man can enjoy it; which noble faculties in conjunction banish all vain glory, ostentation, ambition, and all other vices which might intrude upon his mind to make it unequal. These habits and qualities of soul and body render this personage so extraordinary, that he appears to have nothing in him but what every man should have in him, the exertion of his very self, abstracted from the circumstances in which fortune has placed him. Thus, were you to see prince Eugene, and were told he was a private gentleman,

you would say he is a man of modesty and merit. Should you be told that was Prince Eugene, he would be diminished no otherwise, than that part of your distant admiration would turn into familiar good will.

This I thought fit to entertain my reader with, concerning an hero who never was equalled but by one man;* over whom also he has this advantage, that he has had an opportunity to manifest an esteem for him in his adversity.

STEELE. T.

No. 341. TUESDAY, APRIL 1.

——Revocate animos, mœstumque timorem
Mittite. VIRG.

Resume your courage, and dismiss your care. DRYDEN.

HAVING, to oblige my correspondent Physibulus, printed his letter last Friday, (No. 338) in relation to the new epilogue, he can not take it amiss, if I now publish another, which I have just received from a gentleman who does not agree with him in his sentiments upon that matter.

'SIR,

'I am amazed to find an epilogue attacked in your last Friday's paper, which has been so generally applauded by the town, and received such

* The Duke of Marlborough.

honours as were never before given to any in an English theatre.

'The audience would not permit Mrs. Oldfield to go off the stage the first night till she had repeated it twice; the second night the noise of *ancora* was as loud as before, and she was again obliged to speak it twice; the third night it was still called for a second time; and, in short, contrary to all other epilogues, which are dropt after the third representation of the play, this has already been repeated nine times.

'I must own I am the more surprised to find this censure in opposition to the whole town, in a paper which has hitherto been famous for the candour of its criticisms.

'I can by no means allow your melancholy correspondent, that the new epilogue is unnatural because it is gay. If I had a mind to be learned, I could tell him that the prologue and epilogue were real parts of the ancient tragedy, but every one knows that on the British stage they are distinct performances by themselves, pieces entirely detached from the play, and no way essential to it.

'The moment the play ends, Mrs. Oldfield is no more Andromache, but Mrs. Oldfield: and though the poet had left Andromache *stone-dead upon she stage*, as your ingenious correspondent phrases it, Mrs. Oldfield might still have spoke a merry epilogue. We have an instance of this in a tragedy where there is not only a death but a martyrdom. St. Catherine was there personated by Nell Gwin: she lies *stone dead upon the stage;* but, upon those gentlemen's offering to remove her body, whose business it is to carry

off the slain in our English tragedies, she breaks out into that abrupt beginning of what was a very ludicrous, but at the same time thought a very good, epilogue:

'Hold, are you mad? you damn'd confounded dog,
'I am to rise and speak the epilogue.'

'This diverting manner was always practised by Mr. Dryden, who, if he was not the best writer of tragedies in his time, was allowed by every one to have the happiest turn for a prologue or an epilogue. The epilogues to Cleomenes, Don Sebastian, the Duke of Guise, Aurengzebe, and Love Triumphant, are all precedents of this nature.

'I might further justify this practice by that excellent epilogue which was spoken a few years since, after the tragedy of Phædra and Hippolitus;* with a great many others in which the authors have endeavoured to make the audience merry. If they have not all succeeded so well as the writer of this, they have however shown that it was not for want of good-will.

'I must further observe, that the gayety of it may be still the more proper, as it is at the end of a French play; since every one knows that nation, who are generally esteemed to have as polite a taste as any in Europe, always close their tragic entertainments with what they call a *petite pièce*, which is purposely designed to raise mirth, and send away the audience well pleased. The

* A tragedy by Mr. E. Neal. Addison wrote a prologue to this play, in ridicule of Italian operas, and Prior wrote the epilogue here mentioned.

same person who has supported the chief character in the tragedy, very often plays the principal part in the *petite pièce;* so that I have myself seen at Paris, Orestes and Lubin acted the same night by the same man.

'Tragi-comedy, indeed, you have yourself in a former speculation found fault with very justly, because it breaks the tide of the passions while they are yet flowing; but this is nothing at all to the present case, where they have already had their full course. See Nos. 324, 332, 347.

'As the new epilogue is written conformably to the practice of our best poets, so it is not such a one, which, as the duke of Buckingham says in his rehearsal, might serve for any other play; but wholly rises out of the occurrences of the piece it was composed for.

'The only reason your mournful correspondent gives against this *facetious epilogue*, as he calls it, is, that he has a mind to go home *melancholy*. I wish the gentleman may not be more grave than wise. For my own part, I must confess I think it very sufficient to have the anguish of a fictitious piece remain upon me while it is representing, but I love to be sent home to bed in a good humour. If Physibulus is however resolved to be inconsolable, and not to have his tears dried up, he need only continue his old custom, and when he has had his half crown's worth of sorrow, slink out before the epilogue begins.

'It is pleasant enough to hear this tragical genius complaining of the *great mischief* Andromache had done him. What was that? Why, she made him laugh. The poor gentleman's

sufferings put me in mind of Harlequin's case, who was tickled to death. He tells us soon after, through a small mistake of sorrow for rage, that during the whole action he was so very sorry, that he thinks he could have attacked *half a score of the fiercest Mohocks* in the excess of his grief. I can not but look upon it as a happy accident, that a man who is so bloody-minded in his affliction, was diverted from this fit of outrageous melancholy. The valour of this gentleman in his distress brings to one's memory the *knight of the sorrowful countenance*, who lays about him at such an unmerciful rate in an old romance. I shall readily grant him that his soul, as he himself says, "would have made a very ridiculous figure, had it quitted the body, and descended to the poetical shades," in such an encounter.

'As to his conceit of tacking a *tragic head* with a *comic tail*, in order to *refresh the audience*, it is such a piece of *jargon*, that I don't know what to make of it.

'The elegant writer makes a very sudden transition from the playhouse to the church, and from thence to the gallows.

'As for what relates to the church, he is of opinion, that these epilogues have given occasion to those "merry jigs from the organ-loft, which have dissipated those good thoughts and dispositions he has found in himself, and the rest of the pew, upon the singing of two staves culled out by the judicious and diligent clerk."

'He fetched his next thought from Tyburn; and seems very apprehensive lest there should

happen any innovations in the tragedies of his friend Paul Lorrain. (See No. 338.)

'In the meantime, sir, this gloomy writer, who is so mightily scandalized at a gay epilogue after a serious play, speaking of the fate of those unhappy wretches who are condemned to suffer an ignominious death by the justice of our laws, endeavours to make the reader merry on so improper an occasion, by those poor burlesque expressions of *tragical dramas* and *monthly performances*. I am, sir, with great respect, your most obedient, most humble servant,

'PHILOMEDES.'

BUDGELL. X.

No. 342. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2.

Justitiæ partes sunt non violare homines; verecundiæ, non offendere. TULL.

Justice consists in doing no injury to men: decency in giving them no offence.

As regard to decency is a great rule of life in general, but more especially to be consulted by the female world, I can not overlook the following letter which describes an egregious offender.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I was this day looking over your papers, and reading, in that of December the 6th, with great delight, the amiable grief of Asteria for the absence of her husband. It threw me into a great deal of reflection. I can not say but this arose

very much from the circumstances of my own life, who am a soldier, and expect every day to receive orders which will oblige me to leave behind me a wife that is very dear to me, and that very deservedly. She is at present, I am sure, no way below your Asteria for conjugal affection but I see the behaviour of some women so little suited to the circumstances wherein my wife and I shall soon be, that it is with a reluctance I never knew before, I am going to my duty. What puts me to present pain, is the example of a young lady, whose story you shall have as well as I can give it you. Hortensius, an officer of good rank in her majesty's service, happened in a certain part of England, to be brought to a country gentleman's house, where he was received with that more than ordinary welcome, with which men of domestic lives entertain such few soldiers whom a military life, from the variety of adventures, has not rendered overbearing, but humane, easy, and agreeable. Hortensius staid here some time, and had easy access at all hours, as well as unavoidable conversation at some parts of the day, with the beautiful Sylvana, the gentleman's daughter. People who live in cities are wonderfully struck with every little country abode they see when they take the air; and it is natural to fancy they could live in every neat cottage (by which they pass) much happier than in their present circumstances. The turbulent way of life which Hortensius was used to, made him reflect with much satisfaction on all the advantages of a sweet retreat one day; and among the rest, you will think it not improbable, it might enter into his thought, that such a woman as Sylvana would

consummate the happiness. The world is so debauched with mean considerations, that Hortensius knew it would be received as an act of generosity, if he asked for a woman of the highest merit, without further questions, of a parent who had nothing to add to her personal qualifications The wedding was celebrated at her father's house: when that was over, the generous husband did not proportion his provision for her to the circumstances of her fortune, but considered his wife as his darling, his pride, and his vanity; or rather that it was in the woman he had chosen that a man of sense could show pride or vanity with an excuse, and therefore adorned her with rich habits and valuable jewels. He did not however omit to admonish her that he did his very utmost in this; that it was an ostentation he could not be guilty of but to a woman he had so much pleasure in, desiring her to consider it as such; and begged of her also to take these matters rightly, and believe the gems, the gowns, the laces, would still become her better, if her air and behaviour was such, that it might appear she dressed thus rather in compliance to his humour that way, than out of any value she herself had for the trifles. To this lesson, too hard for a woman, Hortensius added, that she must be sure to stay with her friends in the country till his return. As soon as Hortensius departed, Sylvana saw in her looking-glass, that the love he conceived for her was wholly owing to the accident of seeing her; and she was convinced it was only her misfortune the rest of mankind had not beheld her, or men of much greater quality and merit had contended for one so genteel, though

bred in obscurity: so very witty, though never acquainted with court or town. She therefore resolved not to hide so much excellence from the world, but, without any regard to the absence of the most generous man alive, she is now the gayest lady about this town, and has shut out the thoughts of her husband by a constant retinue of the vainest young fellows this age has produced; to entertain whom, she squanders away all Hortensius is able to supply her with, though that supply is purchased with no less difficulty than the hazard of his life.

'Now, Mr. Spectator, would it not be a work becoming your office to treat this criminal as she deserves? You should give it the severest reflections you can; you should tell women, that they are more accountable for behaviour in absence than after death. The dead are not dishonoured by their levities: the living may return, and be laughed at by empty fops, who will not fail to turn into ridicule the good man who is so unseasonable as to be still alive, and come and spoil good company. I am, sir,

'Your most obedient humble servant.'

All strictness of behaviour is so unmercifully laughed at in our age, that the other much worse extreme is the more common folly. But let any woman consider which of the two offences a husband would the more easily forgive, that of being less entertaining than she could to please company, or raising the desires of the whole room to his disadvantage; and she will easily be able to form her conduct. We have indeed carried women's characters too much into public life, and

you shall see them now-a-days affect a sort of fame: but I can not help venturing to disoblige them for their service, by telling them that the utmost of a woman's character is contained in domestic life; she is blameable or praiseworthy according as her carriage affects the house of her father or her husband. All she has to do in this world is contained within the duties of a daughter, a sister, a wife, and a mother; all these may be well performed, though a lady should not be the very finest woman at an opera or an assembly. They are likewise consistent with a moderate share of wit, a plain dress, and a modest air. But when the very brains of the sex are turned, and they place their ambition on circumstances, wherein to excel is no addition to what is truly commendable, where can this end, but, as it frequently does, in their placing all their industry, pleasure, and ambition, on things which will naturally make the gratifications of life last, at best, no longer than youth and good fortune? And when we consider the least ill consequence, it can be no less than looking on their own condition as years advance, with a disrelish of life, and falling into contempt of their own persons, or being the derision of others. But when they consider themselves as they ought, no other than an additional part of the species (for their own happiness and comfort, as well as that of those for whom they were born,) their ambition to excel will be directed accordingly; and they will in no part of their lives want opportunities of being shining ornaments to their fathers, husbands, brothers, or children.

STEELE. T.

No. 343. THURSDAY, APRIL 3.

——Errat, et illinc
Huc venit, hinc illuc, et quoslibet occupat artus
Spiritus; eque feris humana in corpora transit,
Inque feras noster—— PYTHAG. AP. OVID.

——All things are but alter'd, nothing dies,
And here and there th' unbody'd spirit flies,
By time, or force, or sickness dispossess'd,
And lodges where it lights, in man or beast. DRYDEN.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who loves to show upon occasion all the little learning he has picked up, told us yesterday at the club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the transmigration of souls, and that the eastern parts of the world believed in that doctrine to this day. Sir Paul Rycaut, says he, gives us an account of several well-disposed Mahometans that purchase the freedom of any little bird they see confined to a cage, and think they merit as much by it, as we should do here by ransoming any of our countrymen from their captivity at Algiers. 'You must know,' says Will, 'the reason is, because they consider every animal as a brother or sister in disguise, and therefore think themselves obliged to extend their charity to them, though under such mean circumstances. They'll tell you,' says Will, 'that the soul of a man, when he dies, immediately passes into the body of another man, or of some brute, which he resembled in his humour, or his fortune, when he was one of us.'

As I was wondering what this profusion of learning would end in, Will told us that 'Jack

Freelove, who was a fellow of whim, made love to one of those ladies who throw away all their fondness on parrots, monkeys, and lap-dogs. Upon going to pay her a visit one morning, he writ a very pretty epistle upon this hint. 'Jack,' says he, 'was conducted into the parlour, where he diverted himself for some time with her favourite monkey, which was chained in one of the windows; till at length observing a pen and ink lie by him, he writ the following letter to his mistress, in the person of the monkey; and upon her not coming down so soon as he expected, left it in the window, and went about his business.

'The lady soon after coming into the parlour, and seeing her monkey look upon a paper, with great earnestness, took it up, and to this day is in some doubt,' says Will, 'whether it was written by Jack or the monkey.'

'MADAM,

'Not having the gift of speech, I have a long time waited in vain for an opportunity of making myself known to you; and having at present the conveniences of pen, ink, and paper, by me, I gladly take the occasion of giving you my history in writing, which I could not do by word of mouth. You must know, Madam, that about a thousand years ago I was an Indian Brachman, and versed in all those mysterious secrets which your European philosopher, called Pythagoras, is said to have learned from our fraternity. I had so ingratiated myself by my great skill in the occult sciences with a dæmon whom I used to converse with, that he promised to grant me whatever I should ask of him. I desired that my

soul might never pass into the body of a brute creature; but this he told me was not in his power to grant me. I then begged that into whatever creature I should chance to transmigrate, I might still retain my memory, and be conscious that I was the same person who lived in different animals. This he told me was within his power, and accordingly promised, on the word of a dæmon, that he would grant me what I desired. From that time forth I lived so very unblameably, that I was made president of a college of Brachmans; an office which I discharged with great integrity until the day of my death.

'I was then shuffled into another human body, and acted my part so very well in it, that I became first minister to a prince who reigned upon the banks of the Ganges. I here lived in great honour for several years, but by degrees lost all the innocence of the Brachman, being obliged to rifle and oppress the people to enrich my sovereign: till at length I became so odious, that my master, to recover his credit with his subjects, shot me through the heart with an arrow as I was one day addressing myself to him at the head of his army.

'Upon my next remove I found myself in the woods, under the shape of a jackal, and soon listed myself in the service of a lion. I used to yelp near his den about midnight, which was his time of rousing and seeking after his prey. He always followed me in the rear, and when I had run down a fat buck, a wild goat, or a hare, after he had feasted very plentifully upon it himself, would now and then throw me a bone that was but half picked for my encouragement; but upon

my being unsuccessful in two or three chases, he gave me such a confounded gripe in his anger, that I died of it.

'In my next transmigration I was again set upon two legs, and became an Indian tax-gatherer; but having been guilty of great extravagancies, and being married to an expensive jade of a wife, I ran so cursedly in debt, that I durst not show my head. I could no sooner step out of my house, but I was arrested by somebody or other that lay in wait for me. As I ventured abroad one night in the dusk of the evening, I was taken up and hurried into a dungeon, where I died a few months after.

'My soul then entered into a flying fish, and in that state led a most melancholy life for the space of six years. Several fishes of prey pursued me when I was in the water; and if I betook myself to my wings, it was ten to one but I had a flock of birds aiming at me. As I was one day flying amidst a fleet of English ships, I observed a huge sea-gull whetting his bill and hovering just over my head: upon my dipping into the water to avoid him, I fell into the mouth of a monstrous shark that swallowed me down in an instant.

'I was some years afterwards, to my great surprise, an eminent banker in Lombard-Street; and remembering how I had formerly suffered for want of money, became so very sordid and avaricious that the whole town cried shame of me. I was a miserable little old fellow to look upon, for I had, in a manner, starved myself, and was nothing but skin and bone when I died.

'I was afterwards very much troubled and

amazed to find myself dwindled into an emmet. I was heartily concerned to make so insignificant a figure, and did not know but some time or other I might be reduced to a mite if I did not mend my manners. I therefore applied myself with great diligence to the offices that were allotted me, and was generally looked upon as the notablest ant in the whole mole-hill. I was at last picked up, as I was groaning under a burden, by an unlucky cock-sparrow that lived in the neighbourhood, and had before made great depredations upon our commonwealth

'I then bettered my condition a little, and lived a whole summer in the shape of a bee; but being tired with the painful and penurious life I had undergone in my two last transmigrations, I fell into the other extreme and turned drone. As I one day headed a party to plunder a hive, we were received so warmly by the swarm which defended it, that we were most of us left dead upon the spot.

'I might tell you of many other transmigrations which I went through: how I was a town-rake, and afterwards did penance in a bay gelding for ten years; as also how I was a tailor, a shrimp, and a tom-tit. In the last of these my shapes, I was shot in the Christmas holidays by a young jackanapes, who would needs try his new gun upon me.

'But I shall pass over these and several other stages of life, to remind you of the young beau who made love to you about six years since. You may remember, madam, how he masked, and danced, and sung, and played a thousand tricks to gain you; and how he was at last carried off

by a cold that he got under your window one night in a serenade. I was that unfortunate young fellow to whom you were then so cruel. Not long after my shifting that unlucky body, I found myself upon a hill in Æthiopia, where I lived in my present grotesque shape, till I was caught by a servant of the English factory, and sent over into Great Britain. I need not inform you how I came into your hands. You see, madam, this is not the first time that you have had me in a chain: I am, however, very happy in this my captivity, as you often bestow on me those kisses and caresses which I would have given the world for when I was a man: I hope this discovery of my person will not tend to my disadvantage, but that you will still continue your accustomed favours to your most devoted humble servant,

'PUGG.'

'P. S. I would advise your little shock-dog to keep out of my way; for as I look upon him to be the most formidable of my rivals, I may chance one time or other to give him such a snap as he won't like.'

ADDISON. L.

No. 344. FRIDAY, APRIL 4.

——*In solo vivendi causa palato est.* JUV.

Such, whose sole bliss is eating; who can give
But that one brutal reason why they live. CONGREVE.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I THINK it has not yet fallen into your way to discourse on little ambition, or the many whim-

sical ways men fall into to distinguish themselves among their acquaintances. Such observations, well pursued, would make a pretty history of low life. I myself am got into a great reputation, which arose (as most extraordinary occurrences in a man's life seem to do) from a mere accident. I was some days ago unfortunately engaged among a set of gentlemen, who esteem a man according to the quantity of food he throws down at a meal. Now I, who am ever for distinguishing myself according to the notions of superiority which the rest of the company entertain, ate so immoderately for their applause, as had like to have cost me my life. What added to my misfortune was, that having naturally a good stomach, and having lived soberly for some time, my body was as well prepared for this contention as if it had been by appointment. I had quickly vanquished every glutton in the company but one, who was such a prodigy in his way, and withal so very merry during the whole entertainment, that he insensibly betrayed me to continue his competitor, which, in a little time, concluded in a complete victory over my rival; after which, by way of insult, I ate a considerable proportion beyond what the spectators thought me obliged in honour to do. The effect, however, of this engagement has made me resolve never to eat more for renown; and I have, pursuant to this resolution, compounded three wagers I had depending on the strength of my stomach; which happened very luckily, because it was stipulated in our articles either to play or pay. How a man of common sense could be thus engaged, is hard to determine; but the occasion of

this is, to desire you to inform several gluttons of my acquaintance, who look upon me with envy, that they had best moderate their ambition in time, lest infamy or death attend their success. I forgot to tell you, sir, with what unspeakable pleasure I received the acclamations and applause of the whole board, when I had almost eat my antagonist into convulsions; it was then that I returned his mirth upon him with such success as he was hardly able to swallow, though prompted by a desire of fame, and a passionate fondness for distinction. I had not endeavoured to excel so far, had not the company been so loud in their approbation of my victory. I don't question but the same thirst after glory has often caused a man to drink quarts without taking breath, and prompted men to many other difficult enterprises; which if otherwise pursued, might turn very much to a man's advantage. This ambition of mine was indeed extravagantly pursued; however I can't help observing, that you hardly ever see a man commended for a good stomach, but he immediately falls to eating more (though he had before dined,) as well to confirm the person that commended him in his good opinion of him, as to convince any other at the table, who may have been inattentive enough not to have done justice to his character. I am, sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'EPICURE MAMMON.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I have written to you three or four times, to desire you would take notice of an impertinent custom the women, the fine women, have lately

fallen into of taking snuff. This silly trick is attended with such a coquette air in some ladies, and such a sedate masculine one in others, that I can not tell which most to complain of; but they are to me equally disagreeable. Mrs. Santer is so impatient of being without it, that she takes it as often as she does salt at meals; and as she affects a wonderful ease and negligence in all her manner, an upper lip mixed with snuff and the sauce is what is presented to the observation of all who have the honour to eat with her. The pretty creature her niece does all she can to be as disagreeable as her aunt; and if she is not as offensive to the eye, she is quite as much to the ear, and makes up all she wants in a confident air, by a nauseous rattle of the nose when the snuff is delivered, and the fingers make the stops and closes on the nostrils. This, perhaps, is not a very courtly image in speaking of ladies: that is very true, but where arises the offence? Is it in those who commit, or those who observe it? As for my part, I have been so extremely disgusted with this filthy physic hanging on the lip, that the most agreeable conversation, or person, has not been able to make up for it. As to those who take it for no other end but to give themselves occasion for pretty action, or to fill up little intervals of discourse, I can bear with them; but then they must not use it when another is speaking, who ought to be heard with too much respect, to admit of offering at that time from hand to hand the snuff-box. But Flavilla is so far taken with her behaviour in this kind, that she pulls out her box (which is indeed full of good Brazil) in the middle of the sermon; and to show

she has the audacity of a well-bred woman, she offers it the men as well as the women who sit near her: but since by this time, all the world knows she has a fine hand, I am in hopes she may give herself no further trouble in this matter On Sunday was sevennight, when they came about for the offering, she gave her charity with a very good air, but at the same time asked the church-warden, if he would take a pinch. Pray, sir, think of these things in time, and you will oblige, sir, your most humble servant.'

STEELE. T.

No. 345. SATURDAY, APRIL 5.

Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius altæ
Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cætera posset,
Natus homo est—— OVID.

A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was man design'd;
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest. DRYDEN.

THE accounts which Raphael gives of the battle of angels, and the creation of the world, have in them those qualifications which the critics judge requisite to an episode; they are nearly related to the principal action, and have a just connexion with the fable.

The eighth book opens with a beautiful description of the impression which this discourse of the archangel made on our first parents. Adam afterwards, by a very natural curiosity, inquires

concerning the motions of those celestial bodies which make the most glorious appearance among the six days work. The poet here, with a great deal of art, represents Eve as withdrawing from this part of their conversation, to amusements more suitable to her sex. He well knew that the episode in this book which is filled with Adam's account of his passion and esteem for Eve, would have been improper for her hearing, and has therefore devised very just and beautiful reasons for her retiring.

> So spake our sire, and by his count'nance seem'd
> Entering on studious thoughts abstruse; which Eve
> Perceiving, where she sat, retir'd in sight,
> With lowliness majestic, from her seat,
> And grace, that won who saw to wish her stay,
> Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
> To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
> Her nursery; they at her coming sprung,
> And touch'd by her fair tendance gladlier grew.
> Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
> Delighted, or not capable her ear
> Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,
> Adam relating, she sole auditress;
> Her husband the relater she preferr'd
> Before the angel, and of him to ask
> Chose rather; he, she knew, would intermix
> Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
> With conjugal caresses; from his lip
> Not words alone pleas'd her. O! when meet now
> Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd?

The angel's returning a doubtful answer to Adam's inquiries was not only proper for the moral reason which the poet assigns, but because it would have been highly absurd to have given the sanction of an archangel to any particular system of philosophy. The chief points in the

Ptolemaic and Copernican hypotheses are described with great conciseness and perspicuity, and at the same time dressed in very pleasing and poetical images.

Adam, to detain the angel, enters afterwards upon his own history, and relates to him the circumstances in which he found himself upon his creation; as also his conversation with his Maker, and his first meeting with Eve. There is no part of the poem more apt to raise the attention of the reader than this discourse of our great ancestor; as nothing can be more surprising and delightful to us, than to hear the sentiments that arose in the first man while he was yet new and fresh from the hands of his Creator. The poet has interwoven every thing which is delivered upon this subject in holy writ, with so many beautiful imaginations of his own, that nothing can be conceived more just and natural than this whole episode. As our author knew this subject could not but be agreeable to his reader, he would not throw it into the relation of the six days work, but reserved it for a distinct episode, that he might have an opportunity of expatiating upon it more at large. Before I enter on this part of the poem, I can not but take notice of two shining passages in the dialogue between Adam and the angel. The first is that wherein our ancestor gives an account of the pleasure he took in conversing with him, which contains a very noble moral.

> For while I sit with thee, I seem in heav'n,
> And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
> Than fruits of palm-tree (pleasantest to thirst
> And hunger both, from labour) at the hour

Of sweet repast: they satiate, and soon fill,
Tho' pleasant; but thy words, with grace divine
Imbu'd, bring to their sweetness no satiety.

The other I shall mention is that in which the angel gives a reason why he should be glad to hear the story Adam was about to relate.

For I that day was absent, as befel,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
Far on excursion towards the gates of hell,
Squar'd in full legion, (such command we had)
To see that none thence issu'd forth a spy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work;
Lest he, incens'd at such eruption bold,
Destruction with creation might have mix'd.

There is no question but our poet drew the image in what follows from that in Virgil's sixth book, where Æneas and the Sibyl stand before the adamantine gates, which are there described as shut upon the place of torments, and listen to the groans, the clank of chains, and the noise of iron whips, that were heard in those regions of pain and sorrow.

——Fast we found, fast shut
The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong;
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his condition and sentiments immediately after his creation. How agreeably does he represent the posture in which he found himself, the beautiful landscape that surrounded him, and the gladness of heart which grew up in him on that occasion!

——As new wak'd from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Straight towards heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd awhile the ample sky, till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet: about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams; by these,
Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling: all things smil'd
With fragrance; and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.

Adam is afterwards described as surprised at his own existence, and taking a survey of himself, and of all the works of nature. He likewise is represented as discovering by the light of reason, that he and every thing about him must have been the effect of some being infinitely good and powerful, and that this being had a right to his worship and adoration. His first address to the sun, and to those parts of the creation which made the most distinguished figure, is very natural and amusing to the imagination.

——'Thou sun,' said I, 'fair light,
And thou, enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus? how here?'

His next sentiments, when, upon his first going to sleep, he fancies himself losing his existence, and falling away into nothing, can never be sufficiently admired. His dream, in which he still preserves the consciousness of his existence,

together with his removal into the garden which was prepared for his reception, are also circumstances finely imagined, and grounded upon what is delivered in sacred story.

These, and the like wonderful incidents in this part of the work, have in them all the beauties of novelty, at the same time that they have all the graces of nature. They are such as none but a great genius could have thought of; though, upon the perusal of them, they seem to rise of themselves from the subject of which he treats. In a word, though they are natural, they are not obvious; which is the true character of all fine writing.

The impression which the interdiction of the tree of life left in the mind of our first parent, is described with great strength and judgment; as the image of the several beasts and birds passing in review before him is very beautiful and lively.

> ——Each bird and beast behold
> Approaching two and two, these cow'ring low
> With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing:
> I nam'd them as they pass'd——

Adam, in the next place, describes a conference which he held with his Maker upon the subject of solitude. The poet here represents the Supreme Being as making an essay of his own work, and putting to the trial that reasoning faculty with which he had endued his creature. Adam urges, in this divine colloquy, the impossibility of his being happy, though he was the inhabitant of Paradise, and lord of the whole creation, without the conversation and society of some rational creature, who should partake those bless-

ings with him. This dialogue, which is supported chiefly by the beauty of the thoughts, without other poetical ornament, is as fine a part as any in the whole poem: the more the reader examines the justness and delicacy of its sentiments, the more he will find himself pleased with it. The poet has wonderfully preserved the character of majesty and condescension in the Creator, and at the same time that of humility and adoration in the creature, as particularly in the following lines:

> Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
> As with a smile more brighten'd, thus replied, &c.
> ———I with leave of speech implor'd
> And humble deprecation, thus replied:
> Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Pow'r,
> My Maker, be propitious while I speak, &c.

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his second sleep, and of the dream in which he beheld the formation of Eve. The new passion that was awakened in him at the sight of her is touched very finely.

> Under his forming hands a creature grew,
> Manlike but diff'rent sex: so lovely fair
> That what seem'd fair in all the world seem'd now
> Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
> And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
> Sweetness into my heart unfelt before:
> And into all things from her air inspir'd
> The spirit of love and amorous delight.

Adam's distress upon losing sight of this beautiful phantom, with his exclamations of joy and gratitude at the discovery of a real creature, who resembled the apparition which had been presented to him in his dream; the approaches he

makes to her, and his manner of courtship, are all laid together in a most exquisite propriety of sentiments.

Though this part of the poem is worked up with great warmth and spirit, the love which is described in it is every way suitable to a state of innocence. If the reader compares the description which Adam here gives of his leading Eve to the nuptial bower, with that which Mr. Dryden has made on the same occasion in a scene of his Fall of Man, he will be sensible of the great care which Milton took to avoid all thoughts on so delicate a subject that might be offensive to religion or good manners. The sentiments are chaste, but not cold; and convey to the mind ideas of the most transporting passion, and of the greatest purity. What a noble mixture of rapture and innocence has the author joined together, in the reflection which Adam makes on the pleasures of love compared to those of sense!

Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the sum of earthly bliss,
Which I enjoy; and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed; but such
As, us'd or not, works in the mind no change
Nor vehement desire: these delicacies,
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flow'rs,
Walks, and the melody of birds: but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch: here passion first I felt,
Commotion strange! in all enjoyments else
Superior and unmov'd, here only weak
Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance:
Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain,
Or, from my side subducting, took perhaps

More than enough, at least on her bestow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward show
Elaborate, of inward less exact.
———When I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discount'nanc'd, and like folly shows;
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and, to consummate all,
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her as a guard angelic plac'd.

These sentiments of love in our first parents gave the angels such an insight into human nature, that he seems apprehensive of the evils which might befall the species in general, as well as Adam in particular, from the excess of his passion. He therefore fortifies him against it by timely admonitions; which very artfully prepare the mind of the reader for the occurrences of the next book where the weakness of which Adam here gives such distant discoveries, brings about the fatal event which is the subject of the poem. His discourse, which follows the gentle rebuke he received from the angel, shows that his love, however violent it might appear, was still founded in reason, and consequently not improper for paradise.

Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught
In procreation common to all kinds
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,

And with mysterious reverence I deem,)
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mixt with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair!

Adam's speech, at parting with the angel, has in it a deference and gratitude agreeable to an inferior nature, and at the same time a certain dignity and greatness suitable to the father of mankind in his state of innocence.

ADDISON. L.

No. 346. MONDAY, APRIL 7.

Consuetudinem benignitates largitioni munerum longé antepono. Hæc est gravium hominum atque magnorum; illa quasi assentatorum populi, multitudinis levitatem voluptate quasi titillantium. TULL.

I esteem a habit of benignity greatly preferable to munificence; the former is peculiar to great and distinguished persons; the latter belongs to flatterers of the people, who court the applause of the inconstant vulgar.

WHEN we consider the offices of human life, there is methinks, something in what we ordinarily call generosity, which, when carefully examined, seems to flow rather from a loose and unguarded temper than an honest and liberal mind. For this reason it is absolutely necessary that all liberality should have for its basis and support frugality. By this means the beneficent spirit works in a man from the convictions of

reason, not from the impulses of passion. The generous man, in the ordinary acceptation, without respect to the demands of his own family, will soon find, upon the foot of his account, that he has sacrificed to fools, knaves, flatterers, or the deservedly unhappy, all the opportunities of affording any future assistance where it ought to be. Let him therefore reflect, that if to bestow be in itself laudable, should not a man take care to secure an ability to do things praiseworthy as long as he lives? Or could there be a more cruel piece of raillery upon a man who should have reduced his fortune below the capacity of acting according to his natural temper, than to say of him, 'that gentleman was generous?' My beloved author therefore has, in the sentence on the top of my paper, turned his eye with a certain satiety from beholding the addresses to the people by largesses and public entertainments, which he asserts to be in general vicious, and are always to be regulated according to the circumstances of time, and a man's own fortune. A constant benignity in commerce with the rest of the world, which ought to run through all a man's actions, has effects more useful to those whom you oblige, and less ostentatious in yourself. He turns his recommendation of this virtue on commercial life; and according to him, a citizen who is frank in his kindnesses, and abhors severity in his demands; he who in buying, selling, lending, doing acts of good neighbourhood, is just and easy; he who appears naturally averse to disputes, and, above the sense of little sufferings, bears a nobler character, and does much more good to mankind than any other man's fortune, without com-

merce can possibly support. For the citizen, above all other men, has opportunities of arriving at 'that highest fruit of wealth, to be liberal without the least expense of a man's own fortune.' It is not to be denied but such a practice is liable to hazard; but this therefore adds to the obligation, that among traders, he who obliges is as much concerned to keep the favour a secret as he who receives it. The unhappy distinctions among us in England are so great, that to celebrate the intercourse of commercial friendship (with which I am daily made acquainted,) would be to raise the virtuous man so many enemies of the contrary party. I am obliged to conceal all I know of Tom the Bounteous, who lends at the ordinary interest, to give men of less fortune opportunities of making greater advantages. He conceals under a rough air and distant behaviour, a bleeding compassion and womanish tenderness. This is governed by the most exact circumspection, that there is no industry wanting in the person whom he is to serve, and that he is guilty of no improper expenses. This I knew of Tom; but who dare say it of so known a tory? The same care I was forced to use some time ago in the report of another's virtue, and said fifty instead of a hundred, because the man I pointed at was a whig. (No. 248.) Actions of this kind are popular without being invidious; for every man of ordinary circumstances looks upon a man who has this known benignity in his nature as a person ready to be his friend upon such terms as he ought to expect it; and the wealthy, who may envy such a character, can do no injury to its interests but by the imitation of it, in which the

good citizen will rejoice to be rivalled. I know not how to form to myself a greater idea of human life, than in what is the practice of some wealthy men whom I could name, that make no step to the improvement of their own fortunes, wherein they do not also advance those of other men, who would languish in poverty without that munificence. In a nation where there are so many public funds to be supported, I know not whether he can be called a good subject who does not embark some part of his fortune with the state, to whose vigilance he owes the security of the whole. This certainly is an immediate way of laying an obligation upon many, and extending his benignity the farthest a man can possibly, who is not engaged in commerce. But he who trades, besides giving the state some part of this sort of credit he gives his banker, may in all the occurrences of his life have his eye upon the removing want from the door of the industrious, and defending the unhappy upright man from bankruptcy. Without this benignity, pride or vengeance will precipitate a man to choose the receipt of half his demands from one whom he has undone, rather than the whole from one to whom he has shown mercy. This benignity is essential to the character of a fair trader, and any man who designs to enjoy his wealth with honour and self-satisfaction; nay, it would not be hard to maintain, that the practice of supporting good and industrious men, would carry a man further even to his profit, than indulging the propensity of serving and obliging the fortunate. My author argues on this subject, in order to incline men's minds to those who want them most, after this

manner: 'We must always consider the nature of things, and govern ourselves accordingly. The wealthy man, when he has repaid you, is upon a balance with you; but the person whom you favoured with a loan, if he be a good man, will think himself in your debt after he has paid you. The wealthy and the conspicuous are not obliged by the benefits you do them; they think they conferred a benefit when they received one. Your good offices are always suspected: and it is with them the same thing to expect their favour as to receive it. But the man below you, who knows, in the good you have done him, you respected himself more than his circumstances, does not act like an obliged man only to him from whom he has received a benefit, but also to all who are capable of doing him one. And whatever little offices he can do for you, he is so far from magnifying it, that he will labour to extenuate it in all his actions and expressions. Moreover, the regard to what you do to a great man, at best, is taken notice of no further than by himself or his family; but what you do to a man of an humble fortune (provided always that he is a good and a modest man) raises the affections towards you of all men of that character (of which there are many) in the whole city.'

There is nothing gains a reputation to a preacher so much as his own practice. I am therefore casting about what act of benignity is in the power of a Spectator. Alas! that lies but in a very narrow compass; and I think the most immediately under my patronage are either players, or such whose circumstances bear an affinity with theirs: all therefore I am able to do at this time of this

kind, is to tell the town, that on Friday the 11th of this instant April, there will be performed in York-buildings, a concert of vocal and instrumental music, for the benefit of Mr. Edward Keen, the father of twenty children: and that this day the haughty George Powell hopes all the good-natured part of the town will favour him, whom they applauded in Alexander, Timon, Lear, and Orestes, with their company this night, when he hazards all his heroic glory for their approbation in the humbler condition of honest Jack Falstaff.

STEELE. T.

No. 347. TUESDAY, APRIL 8.

Quis furor, ô cives! quæ tanta licentia ferri! LUCAN.

What blind detested madness could afford
Such horrid license to the murd'ring sword! ROWE.

I DO not question but my country readers have been very much surprised at the several accounts they have met with in our public papers of that species of men among us, lately known by the name of *Mohocks*. I find the opinions of the learned, as to their origin and designs, are altogether various, insomuch that very many begin to doubt whether indeed there were ever any such society of men. The terror which spread itself over the whole nation some years since on account of the Irish, is still fresh in most people's memories, though it afterwards appeared there

was not the least ground for that general consternation.

The late panic fear was, in the opinion of many deep and penetrating persons, of the same nature. These will have it, that the Mohocks are like those spectres and apparitions which frighten several towns and villages in her majesty's dominions, though they were never seen by any of the inhabitants. Others are apt to think that these Mohocks are a kind of bull-beggars, first invented by prudent married men, and masters of families, in order to deter their wives and daughters from taking the air at unseasonable hours; and that when they tell them *the Mohocks will catch them*, it is a caution of the same nature with that of our forefathers, when they bid their children have a care of *Raw-head and bloody-bones.*

For my own part, I am afraid there was too much reason for that great alarm the whole city has been in upon this occasion: though at the same time I must own, that I am in some doubt whether the following pieces are genuine and authentic; and the more so, because I am not fully satisfied that the name by which the emperor subscribes himself is altogether conformable to the Indian orthography.

I shall only farther inform my readers, that it was some time since I received the following letter and manifesto, though for particular reasons I did not think fit to publish them till now.

'SIR, TO THE SPECTATOR.

'Finding that our earnest endeavours for the good of mankind have been basely and malicious-

ly represented to the world, we send you enclosed our imperial manifesto, which it is our will and pleasure that you forthwith communicate to the public, by inserting it in your next daily paper. We do not doubt of your ready compliance in this particular, and therefore bid you heartily farewell.

(Signed)

'TAW WAW EBEN ZAN KALADAR,
'Emperor of the Mohocks.'

'*The Manifesto of Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar, Emperor of the Mohocks.*

'WHEREAS, we have received information from sundry quarters of this great and populous city, of several outrages committed on the legs, arms, noses, and other parts of the good people of England, by such as have styled themselves our subjects; in order to vindicate our imperial dignity from the false aspersions which have been cast on it, as if we ourselves might have encouraged or abetted any such practices, we have by these presents thought fit to signify our utmost abhorrence and detestation of all such tumultuous and irregular proceedings; and do hereby farther give notice, that if any person or persons has or have suffered any wound, hurt, damage, or detriment, in his or their limb or limbs, otherwise than shall be hereafter specified, the said person or persons, upon applying themselves to such as we shall appoint for the inspection and redress of the grievances aforesaid, shall be forthwith committed to the care of our principal surgeon, and be cured at our own expense, in some one or

other of those hospitals which we are now erecting for that purpose.

'And to the end that no one may, either through ignorance or inadvertency, incur those penalties which we have thought fit to inflict on persons of loose and dissolute lives, we do hereby notify to the public, that if any man be knocked down or assaulted while he is employed in his lawful business at proper hours, that it is not done by our order; and we do hereby permit and allow any such person so knocked down or assaulted, to rise again, and defend himself in the best manner that he is able.

'We do also command all and every our good subjects, that they do not presume, upon any pretext whatsoever, to issue and sally forth from their respective quarters till between the hours of eleven and twelve. That they never *tip the lion* upon man, woman, or child, till the clock at St. Dunstan's shall have struck one.

'That the *sweat* be never given but between the hours of one and two; always provided, that our *hunters* may begin to *hunt* a little after the close of the evening, any thing to the contrary herein notwithstanding. Provided also, that if ever they are reduced to the necessity of *pinking*, it shall always be in the most fleshy parts, and such as are least exposed to view.

'It is also our imperial will and pleasure, that our good subjects the *sweaters* do establish their *kummums* in such close places, alleys, nooks, and corners, that the patient or patients may not be in danger of catching cold.

'That the *tumblers*, to whose care we chiefly commit the female sex, confine themselves to

Drury-lane and the purlieus of the Temple; and that every other party and division of our subjects do each of them keep within their respective quarters we have allotted to them. Provided nevertheless, that nothing herein contained shall in any wise be construed to extend to the *hunters*, who have our full license and permission to enter into any part of the town wherever their game shall lead them.

'And whereas we have nothing more at our imperial heart than the reformation of the cities of London and Westminster, which to our unspeakable satisfaction we have in some measure already effected, we do hereby earnestly pray and exhort all husbands, fathers, house-keepers, and masters of families, in either of the aforesaid cities, not only to repair themselves to their respective habitations at early and seasonable hours, but also to keep their wives and daughters, sons, servants, and apprentices, from appearing in the streets at those times and seasons which may expose them to a military discipline, as it is practised by our good subjects the Mohocks: and we do farther promise, on our imperial word, that as soon as the reformation aforesaid shall be brought about, we will forthwith cause all hostilities to cease.

'*Given from our Court at the Devil Tavern, March* 15, 1712.'

BUDGELL. X.

No. 348. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9.

Invidiam placare paras, virtute relictâ? HOR.

To shun detraction, would'st thou virtue fly?

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE not seen you lately at any of the places where I visit, so that I am afraid you are wholly unacquainted with what passes among my part of the world, who are, though I say it, without controversy, the most accomplished and best bred of the town. Give me leave to tell you, that I am extremely discomposed when I hear scandal, and am an utter enemy to all manner of detraction, and think it the greatest meanness that people of distinction can be guilty of: however, it is hardly possible to come into company, where you do not find them pulling one another to pieces, and that from no other provocation but that of hearing any one commended. Merit, both as to wit and beauty, is become no other than the possession of a few trifling people's favour, which you can not possibly arrive at, if you have really any thing in you that is deserving. What they would bring to pass is, to make all good and evil consist in report, and with whispers, calumnies, and impertinencies, to have the conduct of those reports. By this means innocents are blasted upon their first appearance in town; and there is nothing more required to make a young woman the object of envy and hatred, than to deserve love and admiration. This abominable endeavour to suppress or lessen every thing that is praiseworthy, is as frequent among the men as the

women. If I can remember what passed at a visit last night, it will serve as an instance that the sexes are equally inclined to defamation, with equal malice, with equal impotence. Jack Triplett came into my lady Airy's about eight of the clock. You know the manner we sit at a visit, and I need not describe the circle: but Mr. Triplett came in, introduced by two tapers supported by a spruce servant, whose hair is under a cap till my lady's candles are all lighted up, and the hour of ceremony begins: I say, Jack Triplett came in, and singing, (for he is really good company) "Every feature, charming creature;" ——he went on, "It is a most unreasonable thing that people can not go peaceably to see their friends, but these murderers are let loose. Such a shape! Such an air! What a glance was that as her chariot passed by mine!"—My lady herself interrupted him: "Pray, who is this fine thing?"—"I warrant," says another, "it is the creature I was telling your ladyship of just now." "You were telling of?" says Jack; "I wish I had been so happy as to have come in and heard you, for I have not words to say what she is: but if an agreeable height, a modest air, a virgin shame, and impatience of being beheld, amidst a blaze of ten thousand charms"——The whole room flew out—"Oh Mr. Triplett!" When Mrs. Lofty, a known prude, said, "She believed she knew whom the gentleman meant, but she was indeed, as he civilly represented her, impatient of being beheld"——Then turning to the lady next to her——"The most unbred creature you ever saw." Another pursued the discourse: "As unbred, madam, as you may

think her, she is extremely belied if she is the novice she appears; she was last week at a ball till two in the morning; Mr. Triplett knows whether he was the happy man that took care of her home; but''——This was followed by some particular exception that each woman in the room made to some peculiar grace or advantage; so that Mr. Triplett was beaten from one limb and feature to another, till he was forced to resign the whole woman. In the end, I took notice Triplett recorded all this malice in his heart, and saw in his countenance, and a certain waggish shrug, that he designed to repeat the conversation; I therefore let the discourse die, and soon after took an occasion to commend a certain gentleman of my acquaintance for a person of singular modesty, courage, integrity; and withal as a man of an entertaining conversation, to which advantages he had a shape and manner peculiarly graceful. Mr. Triplett, who is a woman's man, seemed to hear me with patience enough to commend the qualities of his mind: he never heard indeed but that he was a very honest man, and no fool; but for a fine gentleman, he must ask pardon. Upon no other foundation than this, Mr. Triplett took occasion to give the gentleman's pedigree, by what methods some part of the estate was acquired, how much it was beholden to a marriage for the present circumstances of it; after all, he could see nothing but a common man in his person, his breeding, or understanding.

'Thus, Mr. Spectator, this impertinent humour of diminishing every one who is produced in conversation to their advantage, runs through

the world; and I am, I confess, so fearful of the force of ill tongues, that I have begged of all those who are my well-wishers never to commend me, for it will but bring my frailties into examination, and I had rather be unobserved, than conspicuous for disputed perfections. I am confident a thousand young people, who would have been ornaments to society, have, from fear of scandal, never dared to exert themselves in the polite arts of life. Their lives have passed away in an odious rusticity, in spite of great advantages of person, genius, and fortune. There is a vicious terror of being blamed in some well inclined people, and a wicked pleasure in suppressing them in others; both which I recommend to your Spectatorial wisdom to animadvert upon: and if you can be successful in it, I need not say how much you will deserve of the town; but new toasts will owe to you their beauty, and new wits their fame.

'I am, sir,

'Your most obedient humble servant,

'MARY.'

STEELE. T.

No. 349. THURSDAY, APRIL 10.

——*Quos ille timorum*
Maximus haud urget, lethi metus: inde ruendi
In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
Mortis—— LUCAN.

Thrice happy they beneath their northern skies,
Who that worst fear, the fear of death, despise!
Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,
But rush undaunted on the pointed steel,
Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn
To spare that life which must so soon return. ROWE.

I AM very much pleased with a consolatory letter of Phalaris, to one who had lost a son that was a young man of great merit. The thought with which he comforts the afflicted father is, to the best of my memory, as follows: That he should consider death had set a kind of seal upon his son's character, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy; that while he lived he was still within the possibility of falling away from virtue, and losing the fame of which he was possessed. Death only closes a man's reputation, and determines it as good or bad.

This, among other motives, may be one reason why we are naturally averse to the launching out into a man's praise till his head is laid in the dust. Whilst he is capable of changing, we may be forced to retract our opinions. He may forfeit the esteem we have conceived of him, and some time or other appear to us under a different light from what he does at present. In short, as the life of any man can not be called happy or un-

happy, so neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous, before the conclusion of it.

It was upon this consideration that Epaminondas, being asked, whether Chabrias, Iphicrates, or he himself, deserved most to be esteemed? 'You must first see us die,' said he, 'before that question can be answered.'

As there is not a more melancholy consideration to a good man than his being obnoxious to such a change, so there is nothing more glorious than to keep up an uniformity in his actions, and preserve the beauty of his character to the last.

The end of a man's life is often compared to the winding up of a well-written play, where the principal persons still act in character, whatever the fate is which they undergo. There is scarce a great person in the Grecian or Roman history, whose death has not been remarked upon by some writer or other, and censured or applauded according to the genius or principles of the person who has descanted upon it. Monsieur de St. Evremond is very particular in setting forth the constancy and courage of Petronius Arbiter during his last moments, and thinks he discovers in them a greater firmness of mind and resolution than in the death of Seneca, Cato, or Socrates. There is no question but this polite author's affectation of appearing singular in his remarks, and making discoveries which had escaped the observation of others, threw him into this course of reflection. It was Petronius's merit, that he died in the same gaiety of temper in which he lived; but as his life was altogether loose and dissolute, the indifference which he showed at the close of it is to be looked upon as a piece of na-

tural carelessness and levity rather than fortitude The resolution of Socrates proceeded from very different motives; the consciousness of a well spent life, and the prospect of a happy eternity. If the ingenious author abovementioned was so pleased with gaiety of humour in a dying man, he might have found a much nobler instance of it in our countryman Sir Thomas Moore.

This great and learned man was famous for enlivening his ordinary discourses with wit and pleasantry; and, as Erasmus tells him in an epistle dedicatory, acted in all parts of life like a second Democritus.

He died upon a point of religion, and is respected as a martyr by that side for which he suffered. That innocent mirth which had been so conspicuous in his life did not forsake him to the last; he maintained the same cheerfulness of heart upon the scaffold which he used to show at his table; and, upon laying his head on the block, gave instance of that good humour with which he had always entertained his friends in the most ordinary occurrences. His death was of a piece with his life; there was nothing in it new, forced, or affected. He did not look upon the severing of his head from his body as a circumstance that ought to produce any change in the disposition of his mind; and as he died under a fixed and settled hope of immortality, he thought any unusual degree of sorrow and concern improper on such an occasion, as had nothing in it which could deject or terrify him.

There is no great danger of imitation from this example: men's natural fears will be a sufficient guard against it. I shall only observe, that what

was philosophy in this extraordinary man would be frenzy in one who does not resemble him as well in the cheerfulness of his temper as in the sanctity of his life and manners.

I shall conclude this paper with the instance of a person who seems to me to have shown more intrepidity and greatness of soul in his dying moments, than what we meet with among any of the most celebrated Greeks and Romans. I met with this instance in the history of the Revolutions in Portugal, written by the Abbot de Vertot.

When Don Sebastian, king of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muli Moluc, emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that, if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter in which his corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle began, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, though he was very near his last

agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the Moors. He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement, but, finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his litter; where, laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin secrecy to his officers who stood about him, he died a few moments after in that posture.

ADDISON. L.

No. 350. FRIDAY, APRIL 11.

Ea animi elatio quæ cernitur in periculis, si justitiâ vacat, pugnatque pro suis commodis, in vitio est. TULL.

That courage and intrepidity of mind which distinguishes itself in danger, if it is void of all regard to justice, and supports a man only in the pursuit of his own interest, is vicious.

CAPTAIN SENTRY was last night at the club, and produced a letter from Ipswich, which his correspondent desired him to communicate to his friend the Spectator. It contained an account of an engagement between a French privateer, commanded by one Dominic Pottiere, and a little vessel of that place laden with corn, the master whereof, as I remember, was one Goodwin. The Englishman defended himself with incredible bravery, and beat off the French after having been boarded three or four times. The enemy still came on with greater fury, and hoped by his number of men to carry the prize; till, at last, the Englishman finding himself sink apace, and

ready to perish, struck: but the effect which this singular gallantry had upon the captain of the privateer was no other than an unmanly desire of vengeance for the loss he had sustained in his several attacks. He told the Ipswich man in a speaking-trumpet, that he would not take him aboard, and that he staid to see him sink. The Englishman at the same time observed a disorder in the vessel, which he rightly judged to proceed from the disdain which the ship's crew had of their captain's inhumanity. With this hope he went into his boat, and approached the enemy; he was taken in by the sailors in spite of their commander; but though they received him against his command, they treated him when he was in the ship in the manner he directed. Pottiere caused his men to hold Goodwin, while he beat him with a stick till he fainted with loss of blood and rage of heart; after which he ordered him into irons, without allowing him any food, but such as one or two of the men stole to him under peril of the like usage. After having kept him several days overwhelmed with the misery of stench, hunger, and soreness, he brought him into Calais. The governor of the place was soon acquainted with all that had passed, dismissed Pottiere from his charge with ignominy, and gave Goodwin all the relief which a man of honour would bestow upon an enemy barbarously treated, to recover the imputation of cruelty upon his prince and country.

When Mr. Sentry had read his letter, full of many other circumstances which aggravate the barbarity, he fell into a sort of criticism upon magnanimity and courage, and argued that they

were inseparable; and that courage, without regard to justice and humanity, was no other than the fierceness of a wild beast. A good and truly bold spirit, continued he, is ever actuated by reason and a sense of honour and duty; the affectation of such a spirit exerts itself in an impudent aspect, an overbearing confidence, and a certain negligence of giving offence. This is visible in all the cocking youths you see about this town, who are noisy in assemblies, unawed by the presence of wise and virtuous men; in a word, insensible of all the honours and decencies of human life. A shameless fellow takes advantage of merit clothed with modesty and magnanimity, and in the eyes of little people, appears sprightly and agreeable; while the man of resolution and true gallantry is overlooked and disregarded, if not despised. There is a propriety in all things; and, I believe, what you scholars call just and sublime, in opposition to turgid and bombast expression, may give you an idea of what I mean, when I say modesty is the certain indication of a great spirit, and impudence the affectation of it. He that writes with judgment, and never rises into improper warmths, manifests the true force of genius; in like manner, he who is quiet and equal in his behaviour is supported in that deportment by what we may call true courage. Alas! it is not so easy a thing to be a brave man as the unthinking part of mankind imagine: to dare is not all that there is in it. The privateer we were just now talking of had boldness enough to attack his enemy, but not greatness of mind enough to admire the same quality exerted by that enemy in defending himself. Thus

his base and little mind was wholly taken up in the sordid regard to the prize, of which he failed, and the damage done to his own vessel; and therefore he used an honest man who defended his own from him, in the manner as he would a thief that should rob him.

He was equally disappointed, and had not spirit enough to consider that one case would be laudable, and the other criminal. Malice, rancour, hatred, vengeance, are what tear the breast of mean men in fight; but fame, glory, conquests, desires of opportunities to pardon and oblige their opposers, are what glow in the minds of the gallant. The captain ended his discourse with a specimen of his book learning; and gave us to understand that he had read a French author on the subject of justness in point of gallantry. I love, said Mr. Sentry, a critic who mixes the rules of life with annotations upon writers. My author, added he in his discourse upon epic poem, takes occasion to speak to the same quality of courage drawn in the two different characters of Turnus and Æneas. He makes courage the chief and greatest ornament of Turnus, but in Æneas there are many others which outshine it, among the rest that of piety. Turnus is therefore all along painted by the poet full of ostentation, his language haughty and vain-glorious, as placing his honour in the manifestation of his valour: Æneas speaks little, is slow to action, and shows only a sort of defensive courage. If equipage and address make Turnus appear more courageous than Æneas, conduct and success prove Æneas more valiant than Turnus.

STEELE. T

No. 351. SATURDAY, APRIL 12.

In te omnis domus inclinata recumbit. VIRG.

On thee the fortunes of our house depend.

IF we look into the three great heroic poems which have appeared in the world, we may observe that they are built upon very slight foundations. Homer lived near three hundred years after the Trojan war, and as the writing of history was not then in use among the Greeks, we may very well suppose, that the tradition of Achilles and Ulysses had brought down but very few particulars to his knowledge; though there is no question but he has wrought into his two poems such of their remarkable adventures as were still talked of among his contemporaries.

The story of Æneas, on which Virgil founded his poem, was likewise very bare of circumstances, and, by that means afforded him an opportunity of embellishing it with fiction, and giving a full range to his own invention. We find, however, that he has interwoven, in the course of his fable, the principal particulars, which are generally believed among the Romans, of Æneas's voyage and settlement in Italy.

The reader may find an abridgment of the whole story, as collected out of the ancient historians, and as it was received among the Romans, in Dionysius Halicarnassus.

Since none of the critics have considered Virgil's fable, with relation to this history of Æneas, it may not perhaps be amiss to examine it in this

light, so far as regards my present purpose. Whoever looks into the abridgment abovementioned, will find that the character of Æneas is filled with piety to the gods, and a superstitious observation of prodigies, oracles, and predictions. Virgil has not only preserved this character in the person of Æneas, but has given a place in his poem to those particular prophecies which he found recorded of him in history and tradition. The poet took the matters of fact as they came down to him, and circumstanced them after his own manner, to make them appear the more natural, agreeable, or surprising. I believe very many readers have been shocked at that ludicrous prophecy, which one of the harpies pronounces to the Trojans in the third book; namely, that before they had built their intended city, they should be reduced by hunger to eat their very tables. But when they hear that this was one of the circumstances that had been transmitted to the Romans in the history of Æneas, they will think the poet did very well in taking notice of it. The historian abovementioned acquaints us, that a prophetess had foretold Æneas, that he should take his voyage westward, till his companions should eat their tables; and that accordingly, upon his landing in Italy, as they were eating their flesh upon cakes of bread for want of other conveniences, they afterwards fed on the cakes themselves; upon which one of the company said merrily, 'we are eating our tables.' They immediately took the hint, says the historian, and concluded the prophecy to be fulfilled. As Virgil did not think it proper to omit so material a particular in the history of Æneas, it may

be worth while to consider with how much judgment he has qualified it, and taken off every thing that might have appeared improper for a passage in a heroic poem. The prophetess who foretells it is a hungry harpy, as the person who discovers it is young Ascanius.

Heus etiam mensas consumimus, inquit Iulus! ÆN.

See, we devour the plates on which we fed! DRYDEN.

Such an observation, which is beautiful in the mouth of a boy, would have been ridiculous from any other of the company. I am apt to think that the changing of the Trojan fleet into water nymphs, which is the most violent machine in the whole Æneid, and has given offence to several critics, may be accounted for the same way. Virgil himself, before he begins that relation, premises that what he was going to tell appeared incredible, but that it was justified by tradition. What further confirms me that this change of the fleet was a celebrated circumstance in the history of Æneas, is, that Ovid has given a place to the same metamorphosis in his account of the heathen mythology.

None of the critics I have met with have considered the fable of the Æneid in this light, and taken notice how the tradition on which it was founded, authorizes those parts in it which appear most exceptionable. I hope the length of this reflection will not make it unacceptable to the curious part of my readers.

The history, which was the basis of Milton's poem, is still shorter than either that of the Iliad or Æneid. The poet has likewise taken care to

insert every circumstance of it in the body of his fable. The ninth book, which we are here to consider, is raised upon that brief account in scripture, wherein we are told that the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field, that he tempted the woman to eat of the forbidden fruit, that she was overcome by this temptation, and that Adam followed her example. From these few particulars, Milton has formed one of the most entertaining fables that invention ever produced. He has disposed of these several circumstances among so many beautiful and natural fictions of his own, that his whole story looks only like a comment upon sacred writ, or rather seems to be a full and complete relation of what the other is only an epitome. I have insisted the longer on this consideration, as I look upon the disposition and contrivance of the fable to be the principal beauty of the ninth book, which has more story in it, and is fuller of incidents, than any other in the whole poem. Satan's traversing the globe, and still keeping within the shadow of the night, as fearing to be discovered by the angel of the sun, who had before detected him, is one of those beautiful imaginations with which he introduces this his second series of adventures. Having examined the nature of every creature, and found out one which was the most proper for his purpose, he again returns to Paradise, and, to avoid discovery, sinks by night with a river that ran under the garden, and rises up again through a fountain that issued from it by the tree of life. The poet, who, as we have before taken notice, speaks as little as possible in his own person, and, after the example of Homer, fills every

part of his work with manners and characters, introduces a soliloquy of this infernal agent, who was thus restless in the destruction of man. He is then described as gliding through the garden under the resemblance of a mist, in order to find out that creature in which he designed to tempt our first parents. This description has something in it very poetical and surprising.

> So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,
> Like a black mist, low creeping, he held on
> His midnight search, where soonest he might find
> The serpent; him fast sleeping soon he found,
> In labyrinth of many a round self roll'd:
> His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles.

The author afterwards gives us a description of the morning, which is wonderfully suitable to a divine poem, and peculiar to that first season of nature; he represents the earth, before it was curst, as a great altar, breathing out its incense from all parts, and sending up a pleasant savour to the nostrils of its Creator; to which he adds a noble idea of Adam and Eve, as offering their morning worship, and filling up the universal concert of praise and adoration.

> Now when as sacred light began to dawn
> In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breath'd
> Their morning incense, when all things that breathe
> From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise
> To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
> With grateful smell; forth came the human pair,
> And join'd their vocal worship to the choir
> Of creatures wanting voice——

The dispute which follows between our two first parents is represented with great art: it pro

ceeds from a difference of judgment, not of passion, and is managed with reason, not with heat; it is such a dispute as we may suppose might have happened in Paradise, had man continued happy and innocent. There is a great delicacy in the moralities which are interspersed in Adam's discourse, and which the most ordinary reader can not but take notice of. That force of love which the father of mankind so finely describes in the eighth book, and which is inserted in my last Saturday's paper, shows itself here in many fine instances: as in those fond regards he casts towards Eve at her parting from him.

> Her long with ardent look his eye pursu'd
> Delighted, but desiring more her stay:
> Oft he to her his charge of quick return
> Repeated; she to him as oft engag'd
> To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r.

In his impatience and amusement during her absence:

> ——Adam the while,
> Waiting desirous her return, had wove
> Of choicest flow'rs a garland to adorn
> Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,
> As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.
> Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
> Solace in her return, so long delay'd.

But particularly in that passionate speech, where, seeing her irrecoverably lost, he resolves to perish with her rather than to live without her.

> ——Some cursed fraud
> Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown:
> And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee
> Certain my resolution is to die.

How can I live without thee? how forego
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart; no, no! I feel
The link of nature draw me; flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone, thou art: and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or wo!

The beginning of this speech, and the preparation to it, are animated with the same spirit as the conclusion, which I have here quoted.

The several wiles which are put in practice by the tempter, when he found Eve separated from her husband, the many pleasing images of nature which are intermixed in this part of the story, with its gradual and regular progress to the fatal catastrophe, are so very remarkable, that it would be superfluous to point out their respective beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular similitudes in my remarks on this great work, because I have given a general account of them in my paper on the first book. There is one, however, in this part of the poem, which I shall here quote, as it is not only very beautiful, but the closest of any in the whole poem; I mean that where the serpent is described as rolling forward in all his pride, animated by the evil spirit, and conducting Eve to her destruction, while Adam was at too great a distance from her to give her his assistance. These several particulars are all of them wrought into the following similitude.—

——Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest, as when a wand'ring fire

Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame
(Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends,)
Hov'ring and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads th' amaz'd night-wand'rer from his way
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.

That secret intoxication of pleasure, with all those transient flushings of guilt and joy which the poet compares in our first parents upon their eating the forbidden fruit, to those flaggings of spirit, damps of sorrow, and mutual accusations, which succeed it, are conceived with a wonderful imagination, and described in very natural sentiments.

When Dido in the fourth Æneid yielded to that fatal temptation which ruined her, Virgil tells us, the earth trembled, the heavens were filled with flashes of lightning, and the nymphs howled upon the mountain-tops. Milton in the same poetical spirit, has described all nature as disturbed upon Eve's eating the forbidden fruit.

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:
Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of wo,
That all was lost———

Upon Adam's falling into the same guilt, the whole creation appears a second time in convulsions.

——He scrupled not to eat
Against his better knowledge; not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome with female charm.

Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and nature gave a second groan;
Sky lour'd, and, mutt'ring thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin.

As all nature suffered by the guilt of our first parents, these symptoms of trouble and consternation are wonderfully imagined, not only as prodigies, but as marks of her sympathizing in the fall of man.

Adam's converse with Eve, after having eaten the forbidden fruit, is an exact copy of that between Jupiter and Juno in the fourteenth Iliad. Juno there approaches Jupiter with the girdle which she had received from Venus; upon which he tells her, that she appeared more charming and desirable than she had ever done before, even when their loves were at the highest. The poet afterwards describes them as reposing on a summit of mount Ida, which produced under them a bed of flowers, the lotus, the crocus, and the hyacinth; and concludes his description with their falling asleep.

Let the reader compare this with the following passage in Milton, which begins with Adam's speech to Eve:

For never did thy beauty, since the day
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, so inflame my sense
With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree!
So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well understood
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank,
Thick over-head with verdant roof embower'd,

He led her nothing loth: flow'rs were the couch,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinth, earth's freshest softest lap.
There they their fill of love, and love's disport,
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep
Oppress'd them———

As no poet seems ever to have studied Homer more, or to have more resembled him in the greatness of genius, than Milton, I think I should have given but a very imperfect account of its beauties, if I had not observed the most remarkable passages which look like parallels in these two great authors. I might in the course of these criticisms, have taken notice of many particular lines and expressions which are translated from the Greek poet; but as I thought this would have appeared too minute and over-curious, I have purposely omitted them. The greater incidents, however, are not only set off by being shown in the same light with several of the same nature in Homer, but by that means may be also guarded against the cavils of the tasteless or ignorant.

ADDISON. I.

No. 352. MONDAY, APRIL 14.

——*Si ad honestatem nati sumus, ea aut sola expetenda est, aut certè omni pondere gravior est habenda quam reliqua omnia.* TULL.

If virtue be the end of our being, it must either engross our whole concern, or at least take place of all our other interests.

WILL HONEYCOMB was complaining to me yesterday that the conversation of the town is so altered of late years, that a fine gentleman is at a loss for matter to start discourse, as well as unable to fall in with the talk he generally meets with. Will takes notice, that there is now an evil under the sun which he supposes to be entirely new, because not mentioned by any satirist or moralist in any age. 'Men,' said he, 'grow knaves sooner than ever they did since the creation of the world before.' If you read the tragedies of the last age, you find the artful men, and persons of intrigue, are advanced very far in years, and beyond the pleasures and sallies of youth; but now Will observes, that the young have taken in the vices of the aged, and you shall have a man of five-and-twenty, crafty, false, and intriguing, not ashamed to overreach, cozen, and beguile. My friend adds, that till about the latter end of King Charles's reign, there was not a rascal of any eminence under forty; in the places of resort for conversation, you now hear nothing but what relates to the improving men's fortunes, without regard to the methods toward it. This is so fashionable, that young men form them

selves upon a certain neglect of every thing that is candid, simple, and worthy of true esteem; and affect being yet worse than they are, by acknowledging in their general turn of mind and discourse, that they have not any remaining value for true honour and honesty; preferring the capacity of being artful to gain their ends, to the merit of despising those ends when they come in competition with their honesty. All this is due to the very silly pride that generally prevails, of being valued for the ability of carrying their point; in a word, from the opinion that shallow and unexperienced people entertain of the short-lived force of cunning. But I shall, before I enter upon the various faces which folly, covered with artifice, puts on to impose upon the unthinking, produce a great authority* for asserting that nothing but truth and ingenuousness has any lasting good effect even upon a man's fortune and interest.

'Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? For to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that, it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality as to have it; and if a man have

* From the sermon of Archbishop Tillotson.

it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

'It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; so that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use, and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

'Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop

out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow and unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them: he is the last man that finds himself to be found out; and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

'Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in a few words: it is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever conveniences may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

'And I have often thought, that God hath in his great wisdom hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs; these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they can not look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they can not see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantage which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the Divine Providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

'Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concernments of this world) if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions: for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end; all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.'

STEELE. T.

No. 353. TUESDAY, APRIL 15.

In tenui labor—— VIRG.

Tho' low the subject, it deserves our pains.

THE gentleman who obliges the world in general, and me in particular, with his thoughts upon education, has just sent me the following letter:

'SIR,

'I take the liberty to send you a fourth letter* upon the education of youth. In my last I gave you my thoughts about some particular tasks which I conceived it might not be amiss to mix with their usual exercises, in order to give them an early seasoning of virtue; I shall in this propose some others, which I fancy might contribute to give them a right turn for the world, and enable them to make their way in it.

'The design of learning is, as I take it, either to render a man an agreeable companion to himself, and teach him to support solitude with pleasure, or, if he is not born to an estate, to supply that defect, and furnish him with the means of acquiring one. A person who applies himself to learning with the first of these views, may be said to study for ornament, as he who proposes to himself the second, properly studies for use. The one does it to raise himself a fortune, the other to set off that which he is already possessed of. But as far the greater part of mankind are

* See Nos 307, 313, and 337.

included in the latter class, I shall only propose some methods at present for the service of such who expect to advance themselves in the world by their learning: in order to which, I shall premise, that many more estates have been acquired by little accomplishments than by extraordinary ones; those qualities which make the greatest figure in the eye of the world, not being always the most useful in themselves, or the most advantageous to their owners.

'The posts which require men of shining and uncommon parts to discharge them are so very few, that many a great genius goes out of the world without ever having had an opportunity to exert itself; whereas persons of ordinary endowments meet with occasions fitted to their parts and capacities every day in the common occurrences of life.

'I am acquainted with two persons who were formerly school-fellows, and have been good friends ever since. One of them was not only thought an impenetrable blockhead at school, but still maintained his reputation at the university; the other was the pride of his master, and the most celebrated person in the college of which he was a member. The man of genius is at present buried in a country parsonage of eight score pounds a-year; while the other, with the bare abilities of a common scrivener, has got an estate of above a hundred thousand pounds.

'I fancy from what I have said it will almost appear a doubtful case to many a wealthy citizen, whether or no he ought to wish his son should be a great genius; but this I am sure of, that nothing is more absurd than to give a lad the edu-

cation of one, whom nature has not favoured with any particular marks of distinction.

'The fault therefore of our grammar schools is, that every boy is pushed on to works of genius; whereas it would be far more advantageous for the greatest part of them to be taught such little practical arts and sciences as do not require any great share of parts to be master of them, and yet may come often into play during the course of a man's life.

'Such are all the parts of practical geometry. I have known a man contract a friendship with a minister of state upon cutting a dial in his window: and remember a clergyman who got one of the best benefices in the west of England, by setting a country gentleman's affairs in some method, and giving him an exact survey of his estate.

'While I am upon this subject, I can not forbear mentioning a particular which is of use in every station of life, and which methinks every master should teach his scholars; I mean the writing of English letters. To this end, instead of perplexing them with Latin epistles, themes, and verses, there might be a punctual correspondence established between two boys, who might act in any imaginary parts of business, or be allowed sometimes to give range to their own fancies, and communicate to each other whatever trifles they thought fit, provided neither of them ever failed at the appointed time to answer his correspondent's letter.

'I believe I may venture to affirm, that the generality of boys would find themselves more advantaged by this custom, when they come to

be men, than by all the Greek and Latin their masters can teach them in seven or eight years.

'The want of it is very visible in many learned persons, who, while they are admiring the styles of Demosthenes or Cicero, want phrases to express themselves on the most common occasions. I have seen a letter from one of these Latin orators, which would have been deservedly laughed at by a common attorney.

'Under this head of writing I can not omit accounts and short-hand, which are learned with little pains, and very properly come into the number of such arts as I have been here recommending.

'You must doubtless, sir, observe, that I have hitherto chiefly insisted upon these things for such boys as do not appear to have any thing extraordinary in their natural talents, and consequently are not qualified for the finer parts of learning; yet I believe I might carry this matter still further, and venture to assert, that a lad of genius has sometimes occasion for these little acquirements, to be as it were the forerunners of his parts, and to introduce him into the world.

'History is full of examples of persons, who, though they have had the largest abilities, have been obliged to insinuate themselves into the favour of great men by these trivial accomplishments; as the complete gentleman, in some of our modern comedies, makes his first advances to his mistress under the disguise of a painter or a dancing-master.

'The difference is, that in a lad of genius these are only so many accomplishments, which in another are essentials; the one diverts himself with

them, the other works at them. In short, I look upon a great genius, with these little additions, in the same light as I regard the grand seignior, who is obliged, by an express command in the Alcoran, to learn and practise some handicraft trade: though I need not have gone for my instance farther than Germany, where several emperors have voluntarily done the same thing Leopold the last worked in wood; and I have heard there are several handicraft works of his making to be seen at Vienna, so neatly turned, that the best joiner in Europe might safely own them, without any disgrace to his profession.

'I would not be thought by any thing I have said, to be against improving a boy's genius to the utmost pitch it can be carried. What I would endeavour to show in this essay is, that there may be methods taken to make learning advantageous even to the meanest capacities.

'I am, sir,
'Your's, &c.'

BUDGELL. X.

No. 354. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16.

——*Cum magnis vertutibus affers*
Grande supercilium—— JUV.

We own thy virtues; but we blame beside
Thy mind, elate with insolence and pride.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'You have in some of your discourses described most sorts of women in their distinct and pro-

per classes, as the *ape*, the *coquette*, and many others; but I think you have never yet said any thing of a *devotee*. A *devotee* is one of those who disparage religion by their indiscreet and unseasonable introduction of the mention of virtue on all occasions; she professes she is what nobody ought to doubt she is; and betrays the labour she is put to, to be what she ought to be with cheerfulness and alacrity. She lives in the world, and denies herself none of the diversions of it, with a constant declaration how insipid all things in it are to her. She is never herself but at church; there she displays her virtue, and is so fervent in her devotions, that I have frequently seen her pray herself out of breath. While other young ladies in the house are dancing or playing at questions and commands, she reads aloud in her closet. She says, all love is ridiculous except it be celestial; but she speaks of the passion of one mortal to another with too much bitterness, for one that had no jealousy mixed with her contempt of it. If at any time she sees a man warm in his addresses to his mistress, she will lift up her eyes to heaven, and cry, what nonsense is that fool talking! Will the bell never ring for prayers? We have an eminent lady of this stamp in our country, who pretends to amusements very much above the rest of her sex. She never carries a white shock-dog with bells under her arm, nor a squirrel or dormouse in her pocket, but always an abridged piece of morality to steal out when she is sure of being observed. When she went to the famous ass-race, (which I must confess was but an odd diversion to be encouraged by people of rank and figure,) it was not, like

other ladies, to hear these poor animals bray, nor to see fellows run naked, or to hear country 'squires in bob wigs and white girdles make love at the side of a coach, and cry, "Madam, this is dainty weather." Thus she described the diversion; for she went only to pray heartily that nobody might be hurt in the crowd, and to see if the poor fellow's face, which was distorted with grinning, might any way be brought to itself again. She never chats over her tea, but covers her face, and is supposed in an ejaculation before she takes a sup. This ostentatious behaviour is such an offence to true sanctity, that it disparages it, and makes virtue not only unamiable, but also ridiculous. The sacred writings are full of reflections which abhor this kind of conduct; and a *devotee* is so far from promoting goodness, that she deters others by her example. Folly and vanity in one of these ladies is like vice in a clergyman; it does not only debase him, but makes the inconsiderate part of the world think the worse of religion. I am, sir,

'Your humble servant,

'HOTSPUR.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Xenophon, in his short account of the Spartan commonwealth, speaking of the behaviour of their young men in the streets, says, "There was so much modesty in their looks, that you might as soon have turned the eyes of a marble statue upon you as theirs; and that in all their behaviour they were more modest than a bride when put to bed upon her wedding-night." This virtue, which is always subjoined to magnanimity, had such an

influence upon their courage, that in battle an enemy could not look them in the face, and they durst not but die for their country.

'Whenever I walk into the streets of London and Westminster, the countenances of all the young fellows that pass by me make me wish myself in Sparta: I meet with such blustering airs, big looks, and bold fronts, that to a superficial observer would bespeak a courage above those Grecians. I am arrived to that perfection in speculation, that I understand the language of the eyes, which would be a great misfortune to me had I not corrected the testiness of old age by philosophy. There is scarce a man in a red coat who does not tell me, with a full stare, he is a bold man: I see several swear inwardly at me, without any offence of mine, but the oddness of my person: I meet contempt in every street, expressed in different manners, by the scornful look, the elevated eye-brow, and the swelling nostrils, of the proud and prosperous. The 'prentice speaks his disrespect by an extended finger, and the porter by stealing out his tongue. If a country gentleman appears a little curious in observing the edifices, signs, clocks, coaches, and dials, it is not to be imagined how the polite rabble of this town, who are acquainted with these objects, ridicule his rusticity. I have known a fellow with a burden on his head steal a hand down from his load, and slily twirl the cock of a 'squire's hat behind him; while the offended person is swearing, or out of countenance, all the wag-wits in the highway are grinning in applause of the ingenious rogue that gave him the tip, and the folly of him who had not eyes all round his head to prevent re-

ceiving it. These things arise from a general affectation of smartness, wit, and courage. Wycherly somewhere rallies the pretensions this way, by making a fellow say, red breeches are a certain sign of valour; and Otway makes a man, to boast his agility, trip up a beggar on crutches. From such hints I beg a speculation on this subject; in the meantime, I shall do all in the power of a weak old fellow in my own defence. For as Diogenes, being in quest of an honest man, sought for him when it was broad day-light with a lantern and candle, so I intend for the future to walk the streets with a dark lantern, which has a convex crystal in it; and if any man stares at me, I give fair warning that I'll direct the light full into his eyes. Thus, despairing to find men modest, I hope by this means to evade their impudence. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

'SOPHROSUNIUS.'

STEELE. T.

No. 355. THURSDAY, APRIL 17.

Non ego mordaci distrinxi carmine quenquam. OVID.

I ne'er in gall dipp'd my envenom'd pen,
Nor branded the bold front of shameless men.

I HAVE been very often tempted to write invectives upon those who have detracted from my works; or spoke in derogation of my person; but I look upon it as a particular happiness, that I have always hindered my resentments from proceeding to this extremity. I once had gone

through half a satire, but found so many motions of humanity rising in me towards the persons whom I had severely treated, that I threw it into the fire without ever finishing it. I have been angry enough to make several little epigrams and lampoons; and, after having admired them a day or two, have likewise committed them to the flames. These I look upon as so many sacrifices to humanity, and have received much greater satisfaction from the suppressing such performances than I could have done from any reputation they might have procured me, or from any mortification they might have given my enemies in case I had made them public. If a man has any talent in writing, it shows a good mind to forbear answering calumnies and reproaches in the same spirit of bitterness with which they are offered; but when a man has been at some pains in making suitable returns to an enemy, and has the instruments of revenge in his hands, to let drop his wrath, and stifle his resentments, seems to have something in it great and heroical. There is a particular merit in such a way of forgiving an enemy; and the more violent and unprovoked the offence has been, the greater still is the merit of him who thus forgives it.

I never met with a consideration that is more finely spun, and what has better pleased me, than one in Epictetus, which places an enemy in a new light, and gives us a view of him altogether different from that in which we are used to regard him. The sense of it is as follows:—'Does a man reproach thee for being proud or ill-natured, envious or conceited, ignorant, or detracting?

Consider with thyself whether his reproaches are true. If they are not, consider that thou art not the person whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an imaginary being, and perhaps loves what thou really art, though he hates what thou appearest to be: if his reproaches are true, if thou art the envious ill-natured man he takes thee for, give thyself another turn, become mild, affable, and obliging, and his reproaches of thee naturally cease; his reproaches may indeed continue, but thou art no longer the person whom he reproaches.

I often apply this rule to myself; and when I hear of a satirical speech or writing that is aimed at me, I examine my own heart, whether I deserve it or not. If I bring in a verdict against myself, I endeavour to rectify my conduct for the future in those particulars which have drawn the censure upon me; but if the whole invective be grounded upon a falsehood, I trouble myself no further about it, and look upon my name at the head of it to signify no more than one of those fictitious names made use of by an author to introduce an imaginary character. Why should a man be sensible of the sting of a reproach, who is a stranger to the guilt that is implied in it? Or subject himself to the penalty, when he knows he has never committed the crime? This is a piece of fortitude which every one owes to his own innocence, and without which it is impossible for a man of any merit or figure to live at peace with himself in a country that abounds with wit and liberty.

The famous Monsieur Balzac, in a letter to the chancellor of France, who had prevented the pub

lication of a book against him, has the following words, which are a lively picture of the greatness of mind so visible in the works of that author: 'If it was a new thing, it may be I should not be displeased with the suppression of the first libel that should abuse me: but since there are enough of them to make a small library, I am secretly pleased to see the number increased, and take delight in raising a heap of stones, that envy has cast at me without doing me any harm.'

The author here alludes to those monuments of the eastern nations, which were mountains of stones raised upon the dead bodies by travellers, that used to cast every one his stone upon it as they passed by. It is certain, that no monument is so glorious as one which is thus raised by the hands of envy. For my part, I admire an author for such a temper of mind, as enables him to bear an undeserved reproach without resentment, more than for all the wit of any the finest satirical reply.

Thus far I thought necessary to explain myself in relation to those who have animadverted on this paper, and to show the reasons why I have not thought fit to return them any formal answer. I must further add, that the work would have been of very little use to the public, had it been filled with personal reflections and debates; for which reason I have never once turned out of my way to observe those little cavils which have been made against it by envy or ignorance. The common fry of scribblers, who have no other way of being taken notice of but by attacking what has gained some reputation in the world, would have furnished me with bu-

siness enough, had they found me disposed to enter the lists with them.

I shall conclude with the fable of Boccolini's traveller, who was so pestered with the noise of grasshoppers in his ears, that he alighted from his horse in great wrath to kill them all. 'This,' says the author, 'was troubling himself to no manner of purpose: had he pursued his journey without taking notice of them, the troublesome insects would have died of themselves in a very few weeks, and he would have suffered nothing from them. (See No. 262.)

ADDISON. L.

No. 356. FRIDAY, APRIL 18.

——Aptissima quæque dabunt dii,
Charior est illis homo quam sibi! JUV.

——The gods will grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want.
In goodness, as in greatness they excel:
Ah, that we lov'd ourselves but half so well! DRYDEN.

IT is owing to pride, and a secret affectation of a certain self-existence, that the noblest motive for action that ever was proposed to man is not acknowledged the glory and happiness of their being. The heart is treacherous to itself; and we do not let our reflections go deep enough to receive religion as the most honourable incentive to good and worthy actions. It is our natural weakness to flatter ourselves into a belief, that if we search into our inmost thoughts, we find our-

selves wholly disinterested, and divested of any views arising from self-love and vain-glory. But however spirits of superficial greatness may disdain at first sight to do any thing but from a noble impulse in themselves, without any future regards in this or any other being; upon stricter inquiry they will find, to act worthily, and expect to be rewarded only in another world, is as heroic a pitch of virtue as human nature can arrive at. If the tenor of our actions have any other motive than the desire to be pleasing in the eye of the Deity, it will necessarily follow, that we must be more than men, if we are not too much exalted in prosperity and depressed in adversity. But the Christian world has a leader, the contemplation of whose life and sufferings must administer comfort in affliction, while the sense of his power and omnipotence must give them humiliation in prosperity.

It is owing to the forbidding and unlovely constraint with which men of low conceptions act when they think they conform themselves to religion, as well as to the more odious conduct of hypocrites, that the word Christian does not carry with it at first view all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous, and heroic. The man who suspends his hopes of the reward of worthy actions till after death, who can bestow unseen, who can overlook hatred, do good to his slanderer, who can never be angry at his friend, never revengeful to his enemy, is certainly formed for the benefit of society: yet these are so far from heroic virtues, that they are but the ordinary duties of a Christian.

When a man with a steady faith looks back on

the great catastrophe of this day,* with what bleeding emotions of heart must he contemplate the life and sufferings of his Deliverer! When his agonies occur to him, how will he weep to reflect that he has often forgot them for the glance of a wanton, for the applause of a vain world, for a heap of fleeting past pleasures, which are at present aching sorrows!

How pleasing is the contemplation of the lowly steps our almighty Leader took in conducting us to his heavenly mansions! In plain and apt parable, similitude, and allegory, our great Master enforced the doctrine of our salvation: but they of his acquaintance, instead of receiving what they could not oppose, were offended at the presumption of being wiser than they: they could not raise their little ideas above the consideration of him, in those circumstances familiar to them, or conceive that he who appeared not more terrible or pompous, should have any thing more exalted than themselves: he in that place therefore would no longer ineffectually exert a power which was incapable of conquering the prepossession of their narrow and mean conceptions.

Multitudes followed him, and brought him the dumb, the blind, the sick, and maimed; whom, when their Creator had touched, with a second life, they saw, spoke, leaped, and ran. In affection to him, and admiration of his actions, the crowd could not leave him, but waited near him, till they were almost as faint and helpless as others they brought for succour. He had compassion on them, and by a miracle supplied their neces-

* Good Friday.

sities. Oh, the ecstatic entertainment, when they could behold their food immediately increase to the distributer's hand, and see their God in person feeding and refreshing his creatures! Oh, envied happiness! But why do I say envied? as if our God did not still preside over our temperate meals, cheerful hours, and innocent conversations.

But though the sacred story is every where full of miracles not inferior to this, and though in the midst of those acts of divinity he never gave the least hint of a design to become a secular prince, yet had not hitherto the apostles themselves any other than hopes of worldly power, preferment, riches and pomp; for Peter, upon an accident of ambition among the apostles, hearing his Master explain that his kingdom was not of this world, was so scandalized that he whom he had so long followed should suffer the ignominy, shame, and death, which he foretold, that he took him aside and said, 'Be it far from thee, Lord, this shall not be unto thee;' for which he suffered a severe reprehension from his Master, as having in his view the glory of man rather than that of God.

The great change of things began to draw near, when the Lord of nature thought fit as a Saviour and a Deliverer to make his public entry into Jerusalem, with more than the power and joy, but none of the ostentation and pomp of a triumph: he came humble, meek, and lowly; with an unfelt new ecstacy, multitudes strewed his way with garments and olive branches, crying with loud gladness and acclamation, 'Hosannah to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!' At this great King's accession to

his throne, men were not ennobled, but saved; crimes were not remitted, but sins forgiven; he did not bestow medals, honours, favours, but health, joy, sight, speech. The first object the blind ever saw was the Author of sight; while the lame ran before, and the dumb repeated the hosannah. Thus attended, he entered into his own house, the sacred temple, and by his divine authority expelled traders and worldlings that profaned it; and thus did he for a time use a great and despotic power, to let unbelievers understand that it was not want of, but superiority to all worldly dominion, that made him not exert it. But is this then the Saviour? Is this the Deliverer? Shall this obscure Nazarene command Israel and sit on the throne of David? Their proud and disdainful hearts, which were petrified with the love and pride of this world, were impregnable to the reception of so mean a benefactor, and were now enough exasperated with benefits to conspire his death. Our Lord was sensible of their design, and prepared his disciples for it, by recounting to them now more distinctly what should befall him; but Peter, with an ungrounded resolution, and in a flush of temper, made a sanguine protestation, that though all men were offended in him, yet would not he be offended. It was a great article of our Saviour's business in the world, to bring us to a sense of our inability without God's assistance, to do any thing great or good: he therefore told Peter, who thought so well of his courage and fidelity, that they would both fail him, and even he should deny him thrice that very night.

'But what heart can conceive, what tongue

utter the sequel? Who is that yonder, buffeted, mocked, and spurned? Whom do they drag like a felon? Whither do they carry my Lord, my King, my Saviour, and my God? And will he die to expiate these very injuries? See where they have nailed the Lord and Giver of life? How his wounds blacken, his body writhes, his heart heaves with pity and with agony! Oh, Almighty Sufferer, look down, look down from thy triumphant infamy. Lo, he inclines his head to his sacred bosom! Hark, he groans! see, he expires! The earth trembles, the temple rends, the rocks burst, the dead arise. Which are the quick? which are the dead? Sure nature, all nature, is departing with her Creator.'

STEELE. T.

No. 357. SATURDAY, APRIL 19.

——Quis talia fando
Temperet à lachrymis?—— VIRG. ÆN.

Who can relate such woes without a tear?

THE tenth book of *Paradise Lost* has a greater variety of persons in it than any other in the whole poem. The author, upon the winding up of his action, introduces all those who had any concern in it, and shows, with great beauty the influence which it had upon each of them. It is like the last act of a well-written tragedy, in which all who had a part in it are generally drawn up before the audience, and represented under those circumstances in which the determination of the action places them.

I shall therefore consider this book under four neads; in relation to the celestial, the infernal, the human, and the imaginary persons who have their respective parts allotted in it.

To begin with the celestial persons: the guardian angels of Paradise are described as returning to heaven upon the fall of man, in order to approve their vigilance; their arrival, their manner of reception, with the sorrow which appeared in themselves, and in those spirits who are said to rejoice at the conversion of a sinner, are very finely laid together in the following lines:

> Up into heaven from Paradise in haste
> Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad
> For man; for of his state by this they knew;
> Much wond'ring how the subtle fiend had stol'n
> Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
> From earth arriv'd at heaven-gate, displeas'd
> All were who heard: dim sadness did not spare
> That time celestial visages; yet mixt
> With pity, violated not their bliss.
> About the new arrived, in multitudes
> Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know
> How all befel. They towards the throne supreme
> Accountable made haste, to make appear,
> With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,
> And easily approv'd; when the Most High
> Eternal Father, from his secret cloud
> Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice.

The same divine person who, in the foregoing parts of this poem, interceded for our first parents before their fall, overthrew the rebel angels, and created the world, is now represented as descending to Paradise, and pronouncing sentence upon the three offenders. The cool of the evening being a circumstance with which holy writ

introduces this great scene, it is poetically described by our author, who has also kept religiously to the form of words in which the three several sentences were passed upon Adam, Eve, and the serpent. He has rather chosen to neglect the numerousness of his verse than to deviate from those speeches which are recorded on this great occasion. The guilt and confusion of our first parents standing naked before their Judge, is touched with great beauty. Upon the arrival of Sin and Death into the works of the creation, the Almighty is again introduced as speaking to his angels that surrounded him.

> See! with what heat these dogs of hell advance,
> To waste and havoc yonder world, which I
> So fair and good created, &c.

The following passage is formed upon that glorious image in holy writ, which compares the voice of an innumerable host of angels, uttering hallelujahs, to the voice of mighty thunderings, or of many waters:

> He ended, and the heavenly audience loud
> Sung hallelujah, as the sound of seas,
> Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,
> Righteous are thy decrees in all thy works,
> Who can extenuate thee?——

Though the author in the whole course of his poem, and particularly in the book we are now examining, has infinite allusions to places of scripture, I have only taken notice, in my remarks, of such as are of a poetical nature, and which are woven with great beauty into the

body of this fable. Of this kind is that passage in the present book, where, describing Sin as marching through the works of nature, he adds,

> ——Behold her Death,
> Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
> On his pale horse——

Which alludes to that passage in scripture so wonderfully poetical and terrifying to the imagination. 'And I looked, and behold a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him: and power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with the sword, and with hunger, and with sickness, and with the beasts of the earth.' Under this first head of celestial persons, we must likewise take notice of the command which the angels received, to produce the several changes in nature, and sully the beauty of the creation. Accordingly, they are represented as infecting the stars and planets with malignant influences, weakening the light of the sun, bringing down the winter into the milder regions of nature, planting winds and storms in several quarters of the sky, storing the clouds with thunder, and, in short, perverting the whole frame of the universe to the condition of its criminal inhabitants. As this is a noble incident in the poem, the following lines, in which we see the angels heaving up the earth, and placing it in a different posture to the sun from what it had before the fall of man, is conceived with that sublime imagination which was so peculiar to this great author:

> Some say he bid his angels turn askance
> The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
> From the sun's axle; they with labour push'd
> Oblique the centric globe——

We are, in the second place, to consider the infernal agents under the view which Milton has given us of them in this book. It is observed by those who would set forth the greatness of Virgil's plan, that he conducts his reader through all the parts of the earth which were discovered in his time. Asia, Africa, and Europe, are the several scenes of his fable. The plan of Milton's poem is of an infinitely greater extent, and fills the mind with many more astonishing circumstances. Satan, having surrounded the earth seven times, departs at length from Paradise. We then see him steering his course among the constellations; and after having traversed the whole creation, pursuing his voyage through the chaos and entering into his own infernal dominions.

His first appearance in the assembly of fallen angels is worked up with circumstances which give a delightful surprise to the reader; but there is no incident in the whole poem which does this more than the transformation of the whole audience, that follows the account their leader gives them of his expedition. The gradual change of Satan himself is described after Ovid's manner, and may vie with any of those celebrated transformations which are looked upon as the most beautiful parts in that poet's works. Milton never fails of improving his own hints, and bestowing the last finishing touches in every incident which is admitted into his poem. The un-

expected hiss which arises in this episode, the dimensions and bulk of Satan, so much superior to those of the infernal spirits who lay under the same transformation, with the annual change which they are supposed to suffer, are instances of this kind. The beauty of the diction is very remarkable in this whole episode, as I have observed in the sixth paper of these remarks the great judgment with which it was contrived.

The parts of Adam and Eve, or the human persons, come next under our consideration. Milton's art is no where more shown than in his conducting the parts of these our first parents. The representation he gives of them, without falsifying the story, is wonderfully contrived to influence the reader with pity and compassion towards them.

Though Adam involves the whole species in misery, his crime proceeds from a weakness which every man is inclined to pardon and commiserate, as it seems rather the frailty of human nature, than of the person who offended. Every one is apt to excuse a fault which he himself might have fallen into. It was the excess of love for Eve that ruined Adam and his posterity. I need not add, that the author is justified in this particular by many of the fathers and the most orthodox writers. Milton has, by this means, filled a great part of his poem with that kind of writing which the French critics call the *tendre*, and which is in a particular manner engaging to all sorts of readers.

Adam and Eve, in the book we are now considering, are likewise drawn with such sentiments as do not only interest the reader in their

afflictions, but raise in him the most melting passions of humanity and commiseration. When Adam sees the several changes of nature produced about him, he appears in a disorder of mind suitable to one who had forfeited both his innocence and his happiness; he is filled with horror, remorse, despair; in the anguish of his heart he expostulates with his Creator for having given him an unasked existence.

> Did I request thee, Maker, from the clay
> To mould me man? Did I solicit thee
> From darkness to promote me? Or here place
> In this delicious garden? As my will
> Concurr'd not to my being, 'twere but right
> And equal to reduce me to my dust,
> Desirous to resign, and render back
> All I receiv'd——

He immediately after recovers from his presumption, owns his doom to be just, and begs that the death which is threatened him may be inflicted on him.

> ——Why delays
> His hand to execute what his decree
> Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive?
> Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
> To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet
> Mortality my sentence, and be earth
> Insensible! how glad would lay me down,
> As in my mother's lap! there should I rest
> And sleep secure, his dreadful voice no more
> Would thunder in my ears: no fear of worse
> To me and to my offspring would torment me
> With cruel expectation——

This whole speech is full of the like emotion, and varied with all those sentiments which we

may suppose natural to a mind so broken and disturbed. I must not omit that generous concern which our first father shows in it for his posterity, and which is so proper to affect the reader.

———Hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happiness! Yet well, if here would end
The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear
My own deservings: but this will not serve;
All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
Delightfully, 'Increase and multiply;'
Now death to hear!———

———In me all
Posterity stands curs'd! Fair patrimony,
That I must leave ye, sons! O were I able
To waste it all myself, and leave you none!
So disinherited, how would you bless
Me now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind,
For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,
If guiltless? but from me what can proceed,
But all corrupt?———

Who can afterwards behold the father of mankind extended upon the earth, uttering his midnight complaints, bewailing his existence and wishing for death, without sympathizing with him in his distress?

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
Through the still night, not now (as ere man fell)
Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black air,
Accompanied with damps and dreadful gloom:
Which to his evil conscience represented
All things with double terror. On the ground
Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground! And oft
Curs'd his creation; death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution———

The part of Eve in this book is no less passionate, and apt to sway the reader in her favour. She is represented with great tenderness as approaching Adam, but is spurned from him with a spirit of upbraiding and indignation, conformable to the nature of man, whose passions had now gained the dominion over him. The following passage, wherein she is described as renewing her addresses to him, with the whole speech that follows it, have something in them exquisitely moving and pathetic.

> He added not, and from her turn'd: but Eve,
> Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
> And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
> Fell humble; and embracing them, besought
> His peace and thus proceeded in her plaint:
> 'Forsake me not thus, Adam! Witness heav'n
> What love sincere, and rev'rence in my heart,
> I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
> Unhappily deceiv'd! Thy suppliant
> I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
> Whereon I live! thy gentle looks, thy aid,
> Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
> My only strength and stay! Forlorn of thee,
> Whither shall I betake me, where subsist!
> While yet we live (scarce one short hour perhaps)
> Between us two let there be peace,' &c.

Adam's reconcilement to her is worked up in the same spirit of tenderness. Eve afterwards proposes to her husband, in the blindness of her despair, that to prevent their guilt from descending upon posterity, they should resolve to live childless; or, if that could not be done, they should seek their own deaths by violent methods. As those sentiments naturally engage the reader to regard the mother of mankind with more than

ordinary commiseration, they likewise contain a very fine moral. The resolution of dying to end our miseries, does not show such a degree of magnanimity, as a resolution to bear them, and submit to the dispensations of Providence. Our author has therefore, with great delicacy, represented Eve as entertaining this thought, and Adam as disapproving it.

We are, in the last place, to consider the imaginary persons, as Death and Sin, who act a large part in this book. Such beautiful extended allegories are certainly some of the finest compositions of genius, but, as I have before observed, are not agreeable to the nature of a heroic poem. This of Sin and Death is very exquisite in its kind, if not considered as a part of such a work. The truths contained in it are so clear and open, that I shall not lose time in explaining them, but shall only observe, that a reader who knows the strength of the English tongue, will be amazed to think how the poet could find such apt words and phrases to describe the actions of those two imaginary persons, and particularly in that part where Death is exhibited as forming a bridge over the chaos; a work suitable to the genius of Milton.

Since the subject I am upon gives me an op portunity of speaking more at large of such sha dowy and imaginary persons as may be introduced into heroic poems, I shall beg leave to explain myself in a matter which is curious in its kind, and which none of the critics have treated of. It is certain Homer and Virgil are full of imaginary persons, who are very beautiful in poetry when they are just shown, without being

engaged in any series of action. Homer indeed represents *Sleep* as a person, and ascribes a short part to him in his Iliad; but we must consider, that though we now regard such a person as entirely shadowy and unsubstantial, the heathens made statues of him, placed him in their temples, and looked upon him as a real deity. When Homer makes use of other such allegorical persons, it is only in short expressions, which convey an ordinary thought to the mind in the most pleasing manner, and may rather be looked upon as poetical phrases than allegorical descriptions Instead of telling us, that men naturally fly when they are terrified, he introduces the persons of Flight and Fear, who, he tells us, are inseparable companions. Instead of saying that the time was come when Apollo ought to have received his recompense, he tells us, that the *hours* brought him his reward. Instead of describing the effects which Minerva's Ægis produced in battle, he tells us that the brims of it were encompassed by Terror, Rout, Discord, Fury, Pursuit, Massacre and Death. In the same figure of speaking, he represents Victory as following Diomedes; Discord as the mother of funerals and mourning; Venus as dressed by the Graces; Bellona as wearing Terror and Consternation like a garment. I might give several other instances out of Homer, as well as a great many out of Virgil. Milton has likewise very often made use of the same way of speaking; as where he tells us, that Victory sat on the right hand of the Messiah when he marched forth against the rebel angels; that, at the rising of the sun, the Hours unbarred the gates of light; that Discord was the daughter of

Sin. Of the same nature are those expressions, where, describing the singing of the nightingale, he adds, *Silence was pleased;* and upon the Messiah's bidding peace to the chaos, *Confusion heard his voice.* I might add innumerable instances of our poet's writing in this beautiful figure. It is plain, that these I have mentioned, in which persons of an imaginary nature are introduced, are such short allegories as are not designed to be taken in the literal sense, but only to convey particular circumstances to the reader after an unusual and entertaining manner. But when such persons are introduced as principal actors, and engaged in a series of adventures, they take too much upon them, and are by no means proper for a heroic poem, which ought to appear credible in its principal parts. I can not forbear therefore thinking that Sin and Death are as improper agents in a work of this nature, as Strength and Necessity in one of the tragedies of Eschylus, who represented those two persons nailing down Prometheus to a rock, for which he has been justly censured by the greatest critics. I do not know any imaginary person made use of in a more sublime manner of thinking than that in one of the prophets, who, describing God as descending from heaven, and visiting the sins of mankind, adds that dreadful circumstance, 'Before him went the pestilence.' It is certain this imaginary person might have been described in all her purple spots. The Fever might have marched before her, Pain might have stood at her right had, Frenzy on her left, and Death in her rear. She might have been introduced as gliding down from the tail of a comet, or darted

upon the earth in a flash of lightning: she might have tainted the atmosphere with her breath; the very glaring of her eyes might have scattered infection. But I believe every reader will think, that in such sublime writings the mentioning of her as it is done in scripture has something in it more just, as well as great, than all that the most fanciful poet could have bestowed upon her in the richness of his imagination.

ADDISON. L.

No. 358. MONDAY, APRIL 21.

——*Desipere in loco.* HOR.

'Tis Wisdom's part sometimes to play the fool.

CHARLES LILLY attended me the other day, and made me a present of a large sheet of paper, on which is delineated a pavement in Mosaic work lately discovered at Stunsfield near Woodstock. A person who has so much the gift of speech as Mr. Lilly, and can carry on a discourse without a reply, had great opportunity on that occasion to expatiate upon so fine a piece of antiquity. Among other things, I remember he gave me his opinion, which he drew from the ornaments of the work, that this was the floor of a room dedicated to mirth and concord. Viewing this work made my fancy run over the many gay expressions I have read in ancient authors, which contained invitations to lay aside care and anxiety, and give a loose to that pleasing forgetfulness wherein men put off their characters of

business, and enjoy their very selves. These hours were generally passed in rooms adorned for that purpose and set out in such a manner, as the objects all around the company gladdened their hearts; which, joined to the cheerful looks of well chosen and agreeable friends, gave new vigour to the airy, produced the latent fire of the modest, and gave grace to the slow humour of the reserved. A judicious mixture of such company, crowned with chaplets of flowers, and the whole apartment glittering with gay lights, cheered with a profusion of roses, artificial falls of water, and intervals of soft notes to songs of love and wine, suspended the cares of human life, and made a festival of mutual kindness. Such parties of pleasure as these, and the reports of the agreeable passages in their jollities, have in all ages awakened the dull part of mankind to pretend to mirth and good humour, without capacity for such entertainments; for if I may be allowed to say so, there are a hundred men fit for any employment to one who is capable of passing a night in company of the first taste, without shocking any member of the society, overrating his own part of the conversation, but equally receiving and contributing to the pleasure of the whole company. When one considers such collections of companions in past times, and such as one might name in the present age, with how much spleen must a man needs reflect upon the awkward gaiety of those who affect the frolic with an ill grace? I have a letter from a correspondent of mine, who desires me to admonish all loud, mischievous, airy, dull companions, that they are mistaken in what they call

a frolic. Irregularity in itself is not what creates pleasure and mirth; but to see a man who knows what rule and decency are, descend from them agreeably in our company, is what denominates him a pleasant companion. Instead of that, you find many whose mirth consists only in doing things which do not become them, with a secret consciousness that all the world knows they know better; to this is always added something mischievous to themselves or others. I have heard of some very merry fellows among whom the frolic was started, and passed by a great majority, that every man should immediately draw a tooth; after which they have gone in a body and smoked a cobler. The same company at another night, has each man burned his cravat; and one perhaps, whose estate would bear it, has thrown a long wig and laced hat into the same fire. Thus they have jested themselves start naked, and run into the streets and frighted women very successfully. There is no inhabitant of any standing in Covent Garden, but can tell you a hundred good humours, where people have come off with a little bloodshed, and yet scoured all the witty hours of the night. I know a gentleman that has several wounds in the head by watch poles, and has been thrice run through the body to carry on a good jest. He is very old for a man of so much good humour; but to this day he is seldom merry but he has occasion to be valiant at the same time. But by the favour of these gentlemen, I am humbly of opinion, that a man may be a very witty man, and never offend one statute of this kingdom, not excepting even that of stabbing.

The writers of plays have what they call unity of time and place to give a justness to their representation; and it would not be amiss if all who pretend to be companions, would confine their actions to the place of meeting, for a frolic carried farther may be better performed by other animals than men. It is not to rid much ground, or do much mischief, that should denominate a pleasant fellow; but that is truly frolic which is the play of the mind, and consists of various and unforced sallies of the imagination. Festivity of spirit is a very uncommon talent, and must proceed from an assemblage of agreeable qualities in the same person: there are some few whom I think peculiarly happy in it; but it is a talent one can not name in a man, especially when one considers that it is never very graceful but where it is regarded by him who possesses it in the second place. The best man that I know of for heightening the revel gaiety of a company, is Estcourt, whose jovial humour diffuses itself from the highest person at an entertainment to the meanest waiter. Merry tales, accompanied with apt gestures and lively representations of circumstances and persons, beguile the gravest mind into a consent to be as humorous as himself. Add to this, that when a man is in his good graces, he has a mimicry that does not debase the person he represents; but which, taking from the gravity of the character, adds to the agreeableness of it. This pleasant fellow gives one some idea of the ancient *Pantomime*, who is said to have given the audience in dumb show an exact idea of any character or passion, or an intelligible relation of any public occurrence, with no other expression

than that of his looks and gestures. If all who have been obliged to these talents in Estcourt, will be at *Love for Love* to-morrow night, they will but pay him what they owe him, at so easy a rate as being present at a play which nobody would omit seeing, that had or had not ever seen it before.

STEELE. T.

No. 359. TUESDAY, APRIL 22.

Torva lœna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam;
Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella. VIRG.

The greedy lioness the wolf pursues,
The wolf the kid, the wanton kid the browse. DRYDEN.

As we were at the club last night, I observed that my old friend Sir Roger, contrary to his usual custom, sat very silent, and instead of minding what was said by the company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jogged Sir Andrew Freeport, who sat between us; and as we were both observing him, we saw the knight shake his head, and heard him say to himself *a foolish woman! I can't believe it.* Sir Andrew gave him a gentle pat upon the shoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the widow. My old friend started, and, recovering out of his brown study, told Sir Andrew that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation, Sir Roger told us in the fulness of his heart, that he had just received a letter

from his steward, which acquainted him that his old rival and antagonist in the country, Sir David Dundrum, had been making a visit to the widow. 'However,' says Sir Roger, 'I can never think that she'll have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted republican into the bargain.'

Will Honeycomb, who looks upon love as his particular province, interrupting our friend with a jaunty laugh, 'I thought, knight,' said he, 'thou hadst lived long enough in the world, not to pin thy happiness upon one that is a woman and a widow. I think, that without vanity I may pretend to know as much of the female world as any man in Great Britain, though the chief of my knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known.' Will immediately, with his usual fluency, rambled into an account of his own amours. 'I am now,' says he, 'upon the verge of fifty, (though by the way we all knew he was turned of threescore). 'You may easily guess,' continued Will, 'that I have not lived so long in the world without having had some thoughts of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my fortune that way, though I can't much boast of my success.

'I made my first addresses to a young lady in the country; but when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a surgeon, the old put forbade me his house, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a fox-hunter in the neighbourhood.

'I made my next application to a widow, and attacked her so briskly, that I thought myself

within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning, she told me, that she intended to keep her ready money and jointure in her own hand, and desired me to call upon her attorney in Lion's Inn, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture, that I never inquired either for her or her attorney afterwards.

'A few months after I addressed myself to a young lady, who was an only daughter, and of a good family. I danced with her at several balls, squeezed her by the hand, said soft things to her, and in short made no doubt of her heart; and though my fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one day to the house, in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion, and heard, to my unspeakable surprise, that Miss Jenny was that very morning run away with the butler.

'I then courted a second widow; and am at a loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behaviour. Her maid indeed told me one day, that her mistress said she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr. Honeycomb.

'After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively; and being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a breach in their hearts; but I don't know how it came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the daughter's consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side.

'I could give you an account of a thousand other

unsuccessful attempts, particularly of one which I made some years since upon an old woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying colours, if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of England; nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had not she been carried off by a hard frost.'

As Will's transitions are extremely quick, he turned from Sir Roger, and applying himself to me, told me there was a passage in the book I had considered last Saturday, which deserved to be writ in letters of gold; and taking out a pocket Milton, read the following lines, which are part of one of Adam's speeches to Eve after the fall.

——O! why did God,
Creator wise! that peopled highest heav'n
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature? and not fill the world at once
With men as angels, without feminine?
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind! This mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall; innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares,
And straight conjunction with this sex: for either
He shall never find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or, whom he wishes most, shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse: or if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet already link'd, and wedlock bound,
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound.

Sir Roger listened to this passage with great

attention; and desiring Mr. Honeycomb to fold down a leaf at the place, and lend him his book, the knight put it up in his pocket, and told us that he would read over those verses again before he went to bed.

BUDGELL. X.

No. 360. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23.

——De paupertate tacentes
Plus poscente ferent. HOR.

The man that's silent, nor proclaims his want,
Gets more than him that makes a loud complaint.
CREECH.

I HAVE nothing to do with the business of this day, any further than affixing the piece of Latin on the head of my paper; which I think a motto not unsuitable, since if silence of our poverty is a recommendation, still more commendable is his modesty who conceals it by a decent dress. (See Nos. 264, 280.)

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'There is an evil under the sun which has not yet come within your speculation, and is, the censure, disesteem, and contempt which some young fellows meet with from particular persons, for the reasonable methods they take to avoid them in general. This is by appearing in a better dress, than may seem to a relation regularly consistent with a small fortune; and therefore may occasion a judgment of a suitable extrava-

gance in other particulars; but the disadvantage with which the man of narrow circumstances acts and speaks, is so feelingly set forth in a little book called 'The Christian Hero,' that the appearing to be otherwise is not only pardonable, but necessary. Every one knows the hurry of conclusions that are made in contempt of a person that appears to be calamitous; which makes it very excusable to prepare one's self for the company of those that are of a superior quality and fortune, by appearing to be in a better condition than one is, so far as such appearance shall not make us really of worse.

'It is a justice due to the character of one who suffers hard reflections from any particular person upon this account, that such persons would inquire into his manner of spending his time: of which, though no further information can be had than that he remains so many hours in his chamber, yet if this is cleared, to imagine that a reasonable creature, wrung with a narrow fortune, does not make the best use of this retirement, would be a conclusion extremely uncharitable. From what has or will be said, I hope no consequence can be extorted implying that I would have any young fellow spend more time than the common leisure which his studies require, or more money than his fortune or allowance may admit of in the pursuit of an acquaintance with his betters; for as to his time, the gross of that ought to be sacred to more substantial acquisitions, for each irrevocable moment of which he ought to believe he stands religiously accountable. And as to his dress, I shall engage myself no further than in the modest defence of two

plain suits a year; for being perfectly satisfied in Eutrapelus's contrivance of making a Mohock of a man, by presenting him with laced and embroidered suits, I would by no means be thought to controvert the conceit, by insinuating the advantages of foppery. It is an assertion which admits of much proof, that a stranger of tolerable sense, dressed like a gentleman, will be better received by those of quality above him than one of much better parts whose dress is regulated by the rigid notions of frugality. A man's appearance falls within the censure of every one who sees him; his parts and learning very few are judges of; and even upon these few they can not at first be well intruded; for policy and good breeding will counsel him to be reserved among strangers, and to support himself only by the common spirit of conversation. Indeed, among the injudicious, the words delicacy, idiom, fine images, structure of periods, genius, fire, and the rest, made use of with a frugal and comely gravity, will maintain the figure of immense reading, and the depth of criticism.

'All gentlemen of fortune, at least the young and middle-aged, are apt to pride themselves a little too much upon their dress, and consequently to value others in some measure upon the same consideration. With what confusion is a man of figure obliged to return the civilities of the hat to a person whose air and attire hardly entitle him to it! For whom nevertheless the other has a particular esteem, though he is ashamed to have it challenged in so public a manner. It must be allowed, that any young fellow that affects to dress and appear genteelly, might, with artificial

management, save ten pounds a-year; as instead of fine holland he might mourn in sackcloth, and in other particulars be proportionably shabby: but of what service would this sum be to avert any misfortune, whilst it would leave him deserted by the little good acquaintance he has, and prevent his gaining any other? As the appearance of an easy fortune is necessary towards making one, I don't know but it might be of advantage sometimes to throw into one's discourse certain exclamations about bank-stock, and to show a marvellous surprise upon its fall, as well as the most affected triumph upon its rise. The veneration and respect which the practice of all ages has preserved to appearances, without doubt suggested to our tradesmen that wise and politic custom, to apply and recommend themselves to the public by all those decorations upon their sign-posts and houses which the most eminent hands in the neighbourhood can furnish them with. What can be more attractive to a man of letters, than that immense erudition of all ages and languages which a skilful bookseller, in conjunction with a painter, shall image upon his column and the extremities of his shop? The same spirit of maintaining a handsome appearance reigns among the grave and solid apprentices of the law, (here I could be particularly dull in proving the word apprentice to be significant of a barrister,) and you may easily distinguish who has most lately made his pretensions to business, by the whitest and most ornamental frame of his window: if indeed the chamber is a ground room, and has rails before it, the finery is of necessity more extended, and the pomp of business better maintained. And

what can be a greater indication of the dignity of dress than that burdensome finery which is the regular habit of our judges, nobles, and bishops, with which upon certain days we see them encumbered? And though it may be said this is awful, and necessary for the dignity of the state, yet the wisest of them have been remarkable, before they arrived at their present stations, for being very well dressed persons. As to my own part, I am near thirty; and since I left school have not been idle, which is a modern phrase for having studied hard. I brought off a clean system of moral philosophy, and a tolerable jargon of metaphysics, from the university; since that, I have been engaged in the clearing part of the perplexed style and matter of the law, which so hereditarily descends to all its professors: to all which severe studies I have thrown in, at proper interims, the pretty learning of the classics. Notwithstanding which, I am what Shakspeare calls a fellow of no mark or likelihood; which makes me understand the more fully, that since the regular methods of making friends and a fortune by the mere force of a profession is so very slow and uncertain, a man should take all reasonable opportunities, by enlarging a good acquaintance, to court that time and chance which is said to happen to every man.'

STEELE. T.

No. 361. THURSDAY, APRIL 24.

Tartaream intendit vocem, quâ protinùs omnis
Contremuit domus—— VIRG. ÆN.

The blast Tartarean spreads its notes around;
The house astonish'd trembles at the sound.

I HAVE lately received the following letter from a country gentleman.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'The night before I left London I went to see a play called the Humorous Lieutenant. Upon the rising of the curtain I was very much surprised with the great concert of cat-calls which was exhibited that evening, and began to think with myself that I had made a mistake, and gone to a music-meeting instead of the play-house. It appeared indeed a little odd to me to see so many persons of quality of both sexes, assembled together at a kind of caterwauling; for I can not look upon that performance to have been any thing better, whatever the musicians themselves might think of it. As I had no acquaintance in the house to ask questions of, and was forced to go out of town early the next morning, I could not learn the secret of this matter. What I would therefore desire of you is, to give me some account of this strange instrument, which I found the company called a *cat-call;* and particularly to let me know whether it be a piece of music lately come from Italy. For my own part, to be free with you, I would rather hear an English fiddle: though I durst not show my

dislike whilst I was in the play-house, it being my chance to sit the very next man to one of the performers. I am, sir, your most affectionate friend and servant,

'JOHN SHALLOW, ESQ.'

In compliance with 'squire Shallow's request, I design this paper as a dissertation upon the cat-call. In order to make myself a master of the subject, I purchased one the beginning of last week, though not without great difficulty, being informed at two or three toyshops that the players had lately bought them all up. I have since consulted many learned antiquaries in relation to its original, and find them very much divided among themselves upon that particular. A fellow of the Royal Society, who is my good friend, and a great proficient in the mathematical part of music, concludes from the simplicity of its make, and the uniformity of its sound, that the cat-call is older than any of the inventions of Jubal. He observes very well, that musical instruments took their first rise from the notes of birds and other melodious animals: and what, says he, was more natural than for the first ages of mankind to imitate the voice of a cat that lived under the same roof with them? He added, that the cat had contributed more to harmony than any other animal; as we are not only beholden to her for this wind-instrument, but for our string-music in general.

Another virtuoso of my acquaintance will not allow the cat-call to be older than Thespis, and is apt to think it appeared in the world soon after the ancient comedy: for which reason it has still

a place in our dramatic entertainments. Nor must I here omit what a very curious gentleman, who is lately returned from his travels, has more than once assured me, namely, that there was lately dug up at Rome the statue of a Momus, who holds an instrument in his right hand very much resembling our modern cat-call.

There are others who ascribe this invention to Orpheus, and look upon the cat-call to be one of those instruments which that famous musician made use of to draw the beasts about him. It is certain, that the roasting of a cat does not call together a greater audience of that species than this instrument, if dexterously played upon in proper time and place.

But notwithstanding these various and learned conjectures, I can not forbear thinking that the cat-call is originally a piece of English music. Its resemblance to the voice of some of our British songsters, as well as the use of it, which is peculiar to our nation, confirms me in this opinion. It has at least received great improvements among us, whether we consider the instrument itself, or those several quavers and graces which are thrown into the playing of it. Every one might be sensible of this who heard that remarkable overgrown cat-call, which was placed in the centre of the pit, and presided over all the rest at the celebrated performance lately exhibited at Drury-Lane.

Having said thus much concerning the original of the cat-call, we are in the next place to consider the use of it. The cat-call exerts itself to most advantage in the British theatre; it very much improves the sound of nonsense; and often

goes along with the voice of the actor who pronounces it, as the violin or harpsichord accompanies the Italian recitativo.

It has often supplied the place of the ancient chorus, in the words of Mr.***. In short, a bad poet has as great an antipathy to a catcall as many people have to a real cat.

Mr. Collier, in his ingenious essay upon music has the following passage:

'I believe it is possible to invent an instrument that shall have a quite contrary effect to those martial ones now in use; an instrument that shall sink the spirits, and shake the nerves, and curdle the blood, and inspire despair, and cowardice, and consternation, at a surprising rate. It is probable the roaring of lions, the warbling of cats and screech-owls, together with a mixture of the howling of dogs, judiciously imitated and compounded, might go a great way in this invention. Whether such anti-music as this might not be of service in a camp, I shall leave to the military men to consider.'

What this learned gentleman supposes in speculation I have known actually verified in practice. The cat-call has struck a damp into generals, and frighted heroes off the stage. At the first sound of it, I have seen a crowned head tremble, and a princess fall into fits. The humorous lieutenant himself could not stand it; nay, I am told that even Almanzor looked like a mouse, and trembled at the voice of this terrifying instrument.

As it is of a dramatic nature, and peculiarly appropriated to the stage, I can by no means approve the thought of that angry lover, who, after

an unsuccessful pursuit of some years, took leave of his mistress in a serenade of cat-calls.

I must conclude this paper with the account I have lately received of an ingenious artist, who has long studied this instrument, and is very well versed in all the rules of the drama. He teaches to play on it by book, and to express by it the whole art of criticism. He has his bass and his treble cat-call; the former for tragedy, the latter for comedy; only in tragi-comedies they may both play together in concert. He has a particular squeak to denote the violation of each of the unities, and has different sounds to show whether he aims at the poet or the player. In short, he teaches the smut-note, the fustian-note, the stupid-note, and has composed a kind of air that may serve as an act-tune to an incorrigible play, and which takes in the whole compass of the cat-call.

ADDISON. L.

No. 362. FRIDAY, APRIL 25.

Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus—— HOR.

The man who praises drinking, stands from thence
Convict a sot on his own evidence.

'MR. SPECTATOR, *Temple, April* 24.

'SEVERAL of my friends were this morning got together over a dish of tea in very good health, though we had celebrated yesterday* with more glasses than we could have dispensed with, had

* April 23; the Anniversary of the Queen's Coronation.

we not been beholden to Brooke and Hellier. In gratitude therefore to those good citizens, I am, in the name of the company, to accuse you of great negligence in overlooking their merit, who have imported true and generous wine, and taken care that it should not be adulterated by the retailers before it comes to the tables of private families, or the clubs of honest fellows. I can not imagine how a Spectator can be supposed to do his duty, without frequent resumption of such subjects as concern our health, the first thing to be regarded, if we have a mind to relish any thing else. It would therefore very well become your Spectatorial vigilance to give it in orders to your officer for inspecting signs, (See No. 28) that in his march he would look into the itinerants who deal in provisions, and inquire where they buy their several wares. Ever since the decease of Colly-Molly-Puff (See No. 251) of agreeable and noisy memory, I can not say I have observed any thing sold in carts, or carried by horse or ass, or in fine, in any moving market, which is not perished or putrefied; witness the wheel-barrows of rotten raisins, almonds, figs and currants, which you see vended by a merchant, dressed in a second-hand suit of a foot soldier. You should consider that a child may be poisoned for the worth of a farthing; but except his poor parents send to one certain doctor in town, they can have no advice for him under a guinea. When poisons are thus cheap, and medicines thus dear, how can you be negligent in inspecting what we eat and drink, or take no notice of such as the abovementioned citizens, who have been so serviceable to us of late in that

particular? it was a custom among the old Romans, to do him particular honours who had saved the life of a citizen; how much more does the world owe to those who prevent the death of multitudes? As these men deserve well of your office, so such as act to the detriment of our health, you ought to represent to themselves and their fellow-subjects in the colours which they deserve to wear. I think it would be for the public good, that all who vend wines should be under oath in that behalf. The chairman at the quarter-sessions should inform the country, that the vintner who mixes wine to his customers, shall (upon proof that the drinker thereof died within a year and a day after taking it) be deemed guilty of wilful murder, and the jury shall be instructed to inquire and present such delinquents accordingly. It is no mitigation of the crime, nor will it be conceived that it can be brought in chance medley or man-slaughter, upon proof that it shall appear wine joined to wine, or right Herefordshire poured into Port O Port; but his selling it for one thing, knowing it to be another, must justly bear the foresaid guilt of wilful murder, for that he, the said vintner, did an unlawful act willingly in the false mixture, and is therefore with equity liable to all the pains to which a man would be, if it were proved he designed only to run a man through the arm, whom he whipped through the lungs. This is my third year at the Temple, and this is or should be law. An ill intention well proved should meet with no alleviation because it outran itself. There can not be too great severity used against the injustice as well as cruelty of those who play with men's lives, by pre-

paring liquors whose nature, for aught they know, may be noxious when mixed, though innocent when apart; and Brook and Hellier, who have insured our safety at our meals, and driven jealousy from our cups in conversation, deserve the custom and thanks of the whole town; and it is your duty to remind them of the obligation.

'I am, sir,
'Your humble servant,
'TOM POTTLE.'

'MR. SPECTATOR.

'I am a person who was long immured in a college, read much, saw little; so that I knew no more of the world than what a lecture or view of the map taught me. By this means I improved in my study; but became unpleasant in conversation. By conversing generally with the dead, I grew almost unfit for the society of the living; so by a long confinement I contracted an ungainly aversion to conversation, and ever discoursed with pain to myself, and little entertainment to others. At last I was in some measure made sensible of my failing; and the mortification of never being spoke to, or speaking, unless the discourse ran upon books, put me upon forcing myself amongst men. I immediately affected the politest company, by the frequent use of which I hoped to wear off the rust I had contracted; but by an uncouth imitation of men used to act in public, I got no further than to discover I had a mind to appear a finer thing than I really was.

'Such I was, and such was my condition, when I became an ardent lover and passionate admirer of the beauteous Belinda; then it was that I real-

ly began to improve. This passion changed all my fears and diffidences in my general behaviour to the sole concern of pleasing her. I had not now to study the action of a gentleman, but love possessing all my thoughts, made me truly be the thing I had a mind to appear. My thoughts grew free and generous: and the ambition to be agreeable to her I admired, produced in my carriage a faint similitude of that disengaged manner of my Belinda. The way we are in at present is, that she sees my passion, and sees I at present forbear speaking of it through prudential regards. This respect to her she returns with much civility, and makes my value for her as little a misfortune to me as is consistent with discretion. She sings very charmingly, and is readier to do so at my request, because she knows I love her: she will dance with me rather than another for the same reason. My fortune must alter from what it is, before I can speak my heart to her; and her circumstances are not considerable enough to make up for the narrowness of mine. But I write to you now, only to give you the character of Belinda, as a woman that has address enough to demonstrate a gratitude to her lover, without giving him hopes of success in his passion. Belinda has from a great wit, governed by as great prudence, and both adorned with innocence, the happiness of always being ready to discover her real thoughts. She has many of us who are now her admirers; but her treatment of us is so just, and proportioned to our merit towards her, and what we are in ourselves, that I protest to you I have neither jealousy nor hatred towards my rivals. Such is her goodness, and the acknow-

ledgment of every man who admires her, that he thinks he ought to believe she will take him who best deserves her. I will not say that this peace among us is not owing to self-love, which prompts each to think himself the best deserver. I think there is something uncommon and worthy of imitation in this lady's character. If you will please to print my letter, you will oblige the little fraternity of happy rivals, and in a more particular manner, sir, your most humble servant,

'WILL CYMON.'

STEELE. T.

No. 363. SATURDAY, APRIL 26.

——*Crudelis ubique*
Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago. VIRGIL.

All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and fears,
And grisly death in sundry shapes appears. DRYDEN.

MILTON has shown a wonderful art in describing that variety of passions which arise in our first parents upon the breach of the commandment that had been given them. We see them gradually passing from the triumph of their guilt through remorse, shame, despair, contrition, prayer, and hope, to a perfect and complete repentance. At the end of the tenth book they are represented as prostrating themselves upon the ground, and watering the earth with their tears: to which the poet joins this beautiful circumstance, that they offered up their penitentia[1]

prayers on the very place where their Judge appeared to them when he pronounced their sentence.

——They, forthwith to the place
Repairing, where he judg'd them, prostrate fell
Before him rev'rent, and both confess'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
Wat'ring the ground——

There is a beauty of the same kind in a tragedy of Sophocles; where Œdipus, after having put out his own eyes, instead of breaking his neck from the palace battlements (which furnishes so elegant an entertainment for our English audience,) desires that he may be conducted to mount Cithæron, in order to end his life in that very place where he was exposed in his infancy, and where he should then have died, had the will of his parents been executed.

As the author never fails to give a poetical turn to his sentiments, he describes in the beginning of this book the acceptance which these their prayers met with, in a short allegory, formed upon that beautiful passage in holy writ: 'And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar, which was before the throne: and the smoke of the incense which came with the prayers of the saints ascended up before God.'

—— To heav'n their prayers
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate; in they pass'd

Dimensionless through heav'nly doors, then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne——

We have the same thought expressed a second time in the intercession of the Messiah, which is conceived in very emphatical sentiments and expressions.

Among the poetical parts of scripture, which Milton has so finely wrought into this part of his narration, I must not omit that wherein Ezekiel, speaking of the angels who appeared to him in a vision, adds, 'that every one had four faces, and that their whole bodies, and their backs, and their hands, and their wings, were full of eyes round about.'

——The cohort bright
Of watchful cherubim, four faces each,
Had like a double Janus, all their shapes
Spangled with eyes——

The assembling of all the angels of heaven to hear the solemn decree passed upon man, is represented in very lively ideas. The Almighty is here described as remembering mercy in the midst of judgment, and commanding Michael to deliver his message in the mildest terms, lest the spirit of man, which was already broken with the sense of his guilt and misery should fail before him.

——Yet lest they faint
At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,
For I beheld them soften'd, and with tears
Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.

The conference of Adam and Eve is full of moving sentiments. Upon their going abroad after the melancholy night which they had passed together, they discover the lion and the eagle pursuing each of them their prey towards the eastern gates of Paradise. There is a double beauty in this incident, not only as it presents great and just omens, which are always agreeable in poetry, but as it expresses that enmity which was now produced in the animal creation. The poet, to show the like changes in nature, as well as to grace his fable with a noble prodigy, represents the sun in an eclipse. This particular incident has likewise a fine effect upon the imagination of the reader, in regard to what follows; for at the same time that the sun is under an eclipse, a bright cloud descends in the western quarter of the heavens, filled with a host of angels, and more luminous than the sun itself. The whole theatre of nature is darkened, that this glorious machine may appear in all its lustre and magnificence.

——Why in the east
Darkness ere day's mid-course? and morning light
More orient in that western cloud that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends with something heav'nly fraught?
He err'd not: for by this the heav'nly bands
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt;
A glorious apparition——

I need not observe how properly this author, who always suits his parts to the actors whom he introduces, has employed Michael in the expul-

sion of our first parents from Paradise. The archangel on this occasion neither appears in his proper shape, nor in that familiar manner with which Raphael the sociable spirit entertained the father of mankind before the fall. His person, his port and behaviour, are suitable to a spirit of the highest rank, and exquisitely described in the following passage.

——Th' archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial: but as man
Clad to meet man: over his lucid arms
A military vest of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce: Iris had dipt the woof:
His starry helm, unbuckled, show'd him prime
In manhood where youth ended; by his side,
As in a glist'ring Zodiac, hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.
Adam bow'd low; he kingly from his state
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.

Eve's complaint, upon hearing that she was to be removed from the garden of Paradise, is wonderfully beautiful. These sentiments are not only proper to the subject, but have something in them particularly soft and womanish.

Must I then leave thee, Paradise? Thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flow'rs,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation and my last
At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first op'ning bud, and gave you names

Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?
Thee, lastly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?

Adam's speech abounds with thoughts which are equally moving, but of a more masculine and elevated turn. Nothing can be conceived more sublime and poetical than the following passage in it:

This most afflicts me, that departing hence
As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd
His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent
With worship, place by place where he vouchsaf'd
Presence divine; and to my sons relate,
On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
Stood visible, among these pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd;
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet smelling gums and fruits and flow'rs.
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footsteps trace?
For tho' I fled him angry, yet recall'd
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

The angel afterwards leads Adam to the highest mount of Paradise, and lays before him a whole hemisphere, as a proper stage for those visions which were to be represented on it. I

have before observed how the plan of Milton's poem is in many particulars greater than that of the Iliad or Æneid. Virgil's hero, in the last of these poems, is entertained with a sight of all those who are to descend from him; but, though that episode is justly admired as one of the noblest designs in the whole Æneid, every one must allow that this of Milton is of a much higher nature. Adam's vision is not confined to any particular tribe of mankind, but extends to the whole species.

In this great review which Adam takes of all his sons and daughters, the first objects he is presented with, exhibit to him the story of Cain and Abel, which is drawn together with much closeness and propriety of expression. That curiosity and natural horror which arises in Adam at the sight of the first dying man is touched with great beauty:

> But have I now seen death? Is this the way
> I must return to native dust? O sight
> Of terror foul, and ugly to behold,
> Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!

The second vision sets before him the image of death in a great variety of appearances. The angel, to give him a general idea of those effects which his guilt had brought upon his posterity, places before him a large hospital, or lazar-house, filled with persons lying under all kinds of mortal diseases. How finely has the poet told us that the sick persons languished under lingering and incurable distempers, by an apt and judicious use of such imaginary beings as those I mentioned in my last Saturday's paper.

Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair
Tended the sick, busy from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, tho' oft invok'd
With vows, as their chief good and final hope.

The passion which likewise arises in Adam on this occasion is very natural.

Sight so deform, what heart of rock could long
Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Tho' not of woman born: compassion quell'd
His best of man, and gave him up to tears.

The discourse between the angel and Adam which follows, abounds with noble morals.

As there is nothing more delightful in poetry than a contrast and opposition of incidents, the author, after this melancholy prospect of death and sickness, raises up a scene of mirth, love, and jollity. The secret pleasure that steals into Adam's heart as he is intent upon this vision, is imagined with great delicacy. I must not omit the description of the loose female troop, who seduced the sons of God, as they are called in scripture.

For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise:
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troule the tongue, and roll the eye,
To these that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious, titled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of those fair Atheists——

The next vision is of a quite contrary nature, and filled with the horrors of war. Adam at the sight of it melts into tears, and breaks out into that passionate speech:—

——O what are these!
Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousand-fold the sin of him who slew
His brother: for of whom such massacre
Make they but of their brethren, men of men?

Milton, to keep up an agreeable variety in his visions, after having raised in the mind of his reader the several ideas of terror which are conformable to the description of war, passes on to those softer images of triumphs and festivals, in that vision of lewdness and luxury which ushers in the flood.

As it is visible that the poet had his eye upon Ovid's account of the universal deluge, the reader may observe with how much judgment he has avoided every thing that is redundant or puerile in the Latin poet. We do not here see the wolf swimming among the sheep, nor any of those wanton imaginations, which Seneca found fault with, as unbecoming the great catastrophe of nature. If our poet has imitated that verse in which Ovid tells us that there was nothing but sea, and that this sea had no shore to it, he has not set the thought in such a light as to incur the censure which critics have passed upon it. The latter part of that verse in Ovid is idle and superfluous, but just and beautiful in Milton.

Jamque mare et tellus nullum discrimen habebant,
Nil nisi ventus erat, deerant quoque littora ponto. OVID.

Now seas and earth were in confusion lost;
A world of waters, and without a coast. DRYDEN.

——Sea cover'd sea,
Sea without shore—— MILTON.

In Milton the former part of the description does not forestall the latter. How much more great and solemn on this occasion is that which follows in our English poet:

——And in their palaces,
Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd
And stabled——

than that in Ovid, where we are told that the sea-calves lay in those places where the goats were used to browse? The reader may find several other parallel passages in the Latin and English description of the deluge, wherein our poet has visibly the advantage. The sky's being over-charged with clouds, the descending of the rains, the rising of the seas, and the appearance of the rainbow, are such descriptions as every one must take notice of. The circumstance relating to Paradise is so finely imagined, and suitable to the opinions of many learned authors, that I can not forbear giving it a place in this paper:

—— Then shall this mount
Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd
Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,
With all his verdure spoil'd and trees adrift,
Down the great river to the opening gulf,
And there take root; an island salt and bare,
The haunt of seals, and orcs and sea-mews clang.

The transition which the poet makes from the vision of the deluge, to the concern it occasioned

in Adam, is exquisitely graceful, and copied after Virgil, though the first thought it introduces is rather in the spirit of Ovid:

> How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
> The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
> Depopulation! thee another flood
> Of tears and sorrow; a flood thee also drown'd,
> And sunk thee as thy sons: till gently rear'd
> By th' angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,
> Though comfortless, as when a father mourns
> His children, all in view destroy'd at once.

I have been the more particular in my quotations out of the eleventh book of Paradise Lost, because it is not generally reckoned among the most shining books of this poem; for which reason the reader might be apt to overlook those many passages in it which deserve our admiration. The eleventh and twelfth are indeed built upon that single circumstance of the removal of our first parents from Paradise; but though this is not in itself so great a subject as that in most of the foregoing books, it is extended and diversified with so many surprising incidents and pleasing episodes, that these two last books can by no means be looked upon as unequal parts of this divine poem. I must further add, that had not Milton represented our first parents as driven out of Paradise, his Fall of Man would not have been complete, and consequently his action would have been imperfect.

ADDISON. L.

No. 364. MONDAY, APRIL 28.

———Navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere. HOR. EP.

We ride and sail in quest of happiness. CREECH.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'A LADY of my acquaintance, for whom I have too much respect to be easy while she is doing an indiscreet action, has given occasion to this trouble: she is a widow, to whom the indulgence of a tender husband has intrusted the management of a very great fortune, and a son about sixteen, both which she is extremely fond of. The boy has parts of the middle size, neither shining nor despicable, and has passed the common exercises of his years with tolerable advantage, but is withal what you would call a forward youth; by the help of this last qualification, which serves as a varnish to all the rest, he is enabled to make the best use of his learning, and display it at full length upon all occasions. Last summer he distinguished himself two or three times very remarkably, by puzzling the vicar before an assembly of most of the ladies in the neighbourhood: and from such weighty considerations as these, as it too often unfortunately falls out, the mother is become invincibly persuaded that her son is a great scholar; and that to chain him down to the ordinary methods of education with others of his age, would be to cramp his faculties, and do an irreparable injury to his wonderful capacity.

'I happened to visit at the house last week, and missing the young gentleman at the tea-table,

where he seldom fails to officiate, could not upon so extraordinary a circumstance avoid inquiring after him. My lady told me, he was gone out with her woman in order to make some preparations for their equipage; for that she intended very speedily to carry him to travel. The oddness of the expression shocked me a little; however, I soon recovered myself enough to let her know, that all I was willing to understand by it was, that she designed this summer to show her son his estate in a distant county, in which he had never yet been. But she soon took care to rob me of that agreeable mistake, and let me into the whole affair. She enlarged upon young master's prodigious improvements, and his comprehensive knowledge of all book-learning; concluding that it was now high time that he should be made acquainted with men and things; that she had resolved he should make the tour of France and Italy; but could not bear to have him out of her sight, and therefore intended to go along with him.

'I was going to rally her for so extravagant a resolution, but found myself not in a fit humour to meddle with a subject that demanded the most soft and delicate touch imaginable. I was afraid of dropping something that might seem to bear hard either upon the son's abilities or the mother's discretion, being sensible that in both these cases, though supported with all the powers of reason, I should, instead of gaining her ladyship over to my opinion, only expose myself to her disesteem: I therefore immediately determined to refer the whole matter to the Spectator.

'When I came to reflect at night, as my cus-

tom is, upon the occurrences of the day, I could not but believe that this humour of carrying a boy to travel in his mother's lap, and that upon pretence of learning men and things, is a case of an extraordinary nature, and carries on it a particular stamp of folly. I did not remember to have met with its parallel within the compass of my observation, though I could call to mind some not extremely unlike it; from hence my thoughts took occasion to ramble into the general notion of travelling, as it is now made a part of education. Nothing is more frequent than to take a lad from grammar and taw, and under the tuition of some poor scholar, who is willing to be banished for thirty pounds a year and a little victuals, send him crying and snivelling into foreign countries. Thus he spends his time as children do at puppet-shows, and with much the same advantage, in staring and gaping at an amazing variety of strange things; strange indeed to one who is not prepared to comprehend the reasons and meaning of them; whilst he should be laying the solid foundations of knowledge in his mind, and furnishing it with just rules to direct his future progress in life under some skilful master of the art of instruction.

'Can there be a more astonishing thought in nature, than to consider how men should fall into so palpable a mistake! It is a large field, and may very well exercise a sprightly genius, but I do not remember you have yet taken a turn in it. I wish, sir, you would make people understand that *travel* is really the last step to be taken in the institution of youth; and to set out with it is to begin where they should end.

'Certainly the true end of visiting foreign parts is to look into their customs and policies, and observe in what particulars they excel or come short of our own: to unlearn some odd peculiarities in our manners, and wear off such awkward stiffnesses and affectations in our behaviour, as may possibly have been contracted from constantly associating with one nation of men, by a more free, general, and mixed conversation. But how can any of these advantages be attained by one who is a mere stranger to the customs and policies of his native country, and has not yet fixed in his mind the first principles of manners and behaviour? To endeavour it, is to build a gaudy structure without any foundation; or, if I may be allowed the expression, to work a rich embroidery upon a cobweb.

'Another end of travelling, which deserves to be considered, is the improving our taste of the best authors of antiquity, by seeing the places where they lived, and of which they wrote; to compare the natural face of the country with the descriptions they have given us, and observe how well the picture agrees with the original. This must certainly be a most charming exercise to the mind that is rightly turned for it; besides that it may in a good measure be made subservient to morality, if the person is capable of drawing just conclusions concerning the uncertainty of human things, from the ruinous alterations time and barbarity have brought upon so many palaces, cities, and whole countries, which make the most illustrious figures in history. And this hint may be not a little improved by examining every little spot of ground that we find celebrated as the scene

of some famous action, or retaining any footsteps of a Cato, Cicero, or Brutus, or some such great virtuous man. A nearer view of any such particular, though really little and trifling in itself, may serve the more powerfully to warm a generous mind to an emulation of their virtues, and a greater ardency of ambition to imitate their bright examples, if it comes duly tempered and prepared for the impression. Bet this I believe you will hardly think those to be, who are so far from entering into the sense and spirit of the ancients that they do not yet understand their language with any exactness.

'But I have wandered from my purpose, which was only to desire you to save, if possible, a fond English mother, and mother's own son, from being shown a ridiculous spectacle through the most polite parts of Europe. Pray tell them, that though to be sea-sick, or jumbled in an outlandish stage-coach, may perhaps be healthful for the constitution of the body, yet it is apt to cause such a dizziness in young empty heads, as too often lasts their lifetime. I am, sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'PHILIP HOMEBRED.'*

'SIR, *Birchin Lane.*

'I was married on Sunday last, and went peaceably to bed; but to my surprise was awakened the next morning by the thunder of a set of drums. These warlike sounds, methinks, are very improper in a marriage concert, and give great offence; they seem to insinuate that the

* This letter was written by the Earl of Hardwicke.

joys of this state are short, and that jars and discord soon ensue. I fear they have been ominous to many matches, and sometimes proved a prelude to a battle in the honey moon. A nod from you may hush them; therefore pray, sir, let them be silenced, that for the future none but soft airs may usher in the morning of a bridal night; which will be a favour not only to those who come after, but to me, who can still subscribe myself your most humble and most obedient servant,

'ROBIN BRIDEGROOM.'

'MR. SPECTATOR.

'I am one of that sort of women whom the gayer part of our sex are apt to call a prude. But to show them that I have very little regard to their raillery, I shall be glad to see them all at the Amorous Widow, or the Wanton Wife, which is to be acted for the benefit of Mrs. Porter on Monday the 28th instant. I assure you I can laugh at an amorous widow, or wanton wife, with as little temptation to imitate them, as I could at any other vicious character. Mrs. Porter obliged me so very much in the exquisite sense she seemed to have of the honourable sentiments and noble passions in the character of Hermione, that I shall appear in her behalf at a comedy, though I have no great relish for any entertainments where the mirth is not seasoned with a certain severity, which ought to recommend it to people who pretend to keep reason and authority over all their actions. I am, sir, your frequent reader, ALTAMIRA.'

T.

No. 365. TUESDAY, APRIL 29.

Vere magis, quia vere calor redit ossibus—— VIRG.

But most in spring: the kindly spring inspires
Reviving heat, and kindles genial fires.

THE author of the Menagiana acquaints us, that discoursing one day with several ladies of quality about the effects of the month of May, which infuses a kindly warmth into the earth and all its inhabitants, the marchioness of S——, who was one of the company, told him, 'That though she would promise to be chaste in every month besides, she could not engage for herself in May.' As the beginning therefore of this month is now very near, I design this paper for a caveat to the fair sex, and publish it before April is quite out, that if any of them should be caught tripping, they may not pretend they had not timely notice.

I am induced to this, being persuaded the abovementioned observation is as well calculated for our climate as for that of France, and that some of our British ladies are of the same constitution with the French marchioness.

I shall leave it among physicians to determine what may be the cause of such an anniversary inclination, whether or no it is that the spirits, after having been as it were, frozen and congealed by winter, are now turned loose, and set a rambling, or that the gay prospects of fields and meadows, with the courtship of the birds in every bush, naturally unbend the mind and soften it to pleasure; or that as some have imagin-

ed, a woman is prompted by a kind of instinct to throw herself on a bed of flowers, and not to let those beautiful couches which nature has provided lie useless. However it be, the effects of this month on the lower part of the sex, who act without disguise, are very visible. It is at this time that we see the young wenches in a country parish dancing round a May-pole, which one of our learned antiquaries supposes to be a relic of a certain pagan worship that I do not think fit to mention.

It is likewise on the first day of this month that we see the ruddy milk-maid exerting herself in a most sprightly manner under a pyramid of silver tankards, and like the virgin Tarpeia, oppressed by the costly ornaments which her benefactors lay upon her.

I need not mention the ceremony of the green gown, which is also peculiar to this gay season.

The same periodical love-fit spreads through the whole sex, as Mr. Dryden well observes in his description of this merry month.

> For thee, sweet month, the groves green liv'ries wear,
> If not the first, the fairest of the year;
> For thee the graces lead the dancing hours,
> And nature's ready pencil paints the flowers.
> The sprightly May commands our youth to keep
> The vigils of her night, and breaks their sleep;
> Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she moves,
> Inspires new flames, revives extinguish'd loves.

Accordingly, among the works of the great masters in painting, who have drawn this genial season of the year, we often observe Cupids confused with Zephyrs flying up and down promis-

cuously in several parts of the picture. I can not but add, from my own experience, that about this time of the year love-letters come up to me in great quantity from all quarters of the nation.

I received an epistle in particular by the last post from a Yorkshire gentleman, who makes heavy complaints of one Zelinda, whom it seems he has courted unsuccessfully these three years past. He tells me that he designs to try her this May, and if he does not carry his point, he will never think of her more.

Having thus fairly admonished the female sex, and laid before them the dangers they are exposed to in this critical month, I shall in the next place lay down some rules and directions for their better avoiding those calentures which are so very frequent in this season.

In the first place, I would advise them never to venture abroad in the fields, but in the company of a parent, a guardian, or some other sober discreet person. I have before shown how apt they are to trip in a flowery meadow; and shall further observe to them, that Proserpine was out a Maying when she met with that fatal adventure to which Milton alludes, when he mentions,

> ——That fair field
> Of Enna, where Proserpine gath'ring flowers,
> Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
> Was gather'd——

Since I am going into quotations, I shall conclude this head with Virgil's advice to young people, while they are gathering wild strawberries and nosegays, that they should have a care of the *snake in the grass*.

In the second place, I can not but approve those prescriptions which our astrological physicians give in their almanacs for this month; such as *a spare and simple diet, with the moderate use of phlebotomy.*

Under this head of abstinence, I shall also advise my fair readers to be in a particular manner careful how they meddle with romances, chocolate, novels, and the like inflamers, which I look upon as very dangerous to be made use of during this great carnival of nature.

As I have often declared, that I have nothing more at heart than the honour of my dear countrywomen, I would beg them to consider, whenever their resolutions begin to fail them, that there are but one and thirty days of this soft season, and that if they can but weather out this one month, the rest of the year will be easy to them. As for that part of the fair sex who stay in town, I would advise them to be particularly cautious how they give themselves up to their most innocent entertainments. If they can not forbear the playhouse, I would recommend *tragedy* to them rather than *comedy;* and should think the *puppet-show* much safer for them than the *opera*, all the while the sun is in *Gemini.*

The reader will observe that this paper is written for the use of those ladies who think it worth while to war against nature in the cause of honour. As for that abandoned crew, who do not think virtue worth contending for, but give up their reputation at the first summons, such warnings and premonitions are thrown away upon them. A prostitute is the same easy crea-

ture in all months of the year, and makes no difference between May and December. (See No 395.)

BUDGELL. X.

No. 366. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis,
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ,
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem. HOR. OD.

Set me where on some pathless plain,
The swarthy Africans complain,
To see the chariot of the sun
So near the scorching country run:
The burning zone, the frozen isles,
Shall hear me sing of Cælia's smiles;
All cold, but in her breast, I will despise,
And dare all heat but that of Celia's eyes. ROSCOMMON.

There are such wild inconsistencies in the thoughts of a man in love, that I have often reflected there can be no reason for allowing him more liberty than others possessed with frenzy, but that his distemper has no malevolence in it to any mortal. That devotion to his mistress kindles in his mind a general tenderness, which exerts itself towards every object as well as his fair one. When this passion is represented by writers, it is common with them to endeavour at certain quaintnesses and turns of imagination, which are apparently the work of a mind at ease; but the men of true taste can easily distinguish the exertion of a mind which overflows with tender sentiments, and the labour of one which is

only describing distress. In performances of this kind, the most absurd of all things is to be witty; every sentiment must grow out of the occasion, and be suitable to the circumstances of the character. Where this rule is transgressed, the humble servant, in all the fine things he says, is but showing his mistress how well he can dress instead of saying how well he loves. Lace and drapery is as much a man, as wit and turn is passion.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'The following verses are a translation of a Lapland love-song, which I met with in Scheffer's history of that country. I was agreeably surprised to find a spirit of tenderness and poetry in a region which I never suspected for delicacy. In hotter climates, though altogether uncivilized, I had not wondered if I had found some sweet wild notes among the natives, where they live in groves of oranges, and hear the melody of birds about them; but a Lapland lyric, breathing sentiments of love and poetry, not unworthy old Greece or Rome; a regular ode from a climate pinched with frost, and cursed with darkness so great a part of the year; where it is amazing that the poor natives should get food, or be tempted to propagate their species: this, I confess, seemed a greater miracle to me than the famous stories of their drums, their winds, and enchantments.

'I am the bolder in commending this northern song, because I have faithfully kept to the sentiments without adding or diminishing; and pretend to no greater praise from my translation, than they who smooth and clean the furs of that

country which have suffered by carriage. The numbers in the original are as loose and unequal as those in which the British ladies sport their Pindarics; and perhaps the fairest of them might not think it a disagreeable present from a lover; but I have ventured to bind it in stricter measures, as being more proper for our tongue; though perhaps wilder graces may better suit the genius of the Laponian language.

'It will be necessary to imagine, that the author of this song, not having the liberty of visiting his mistress at her father's house, was in hopes of spying her at a distance in the fields.

Thou rising sun, whose gladsome ray,
Invites my fair to rural play,
Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,
And bring my Orra to my eyes.

Oh! were I sure my dear to view,
I'd climb the pine tree's topmast bough,
Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
What wood conceals my sleeping maid?
Fast by the roots enrag'd I'd tear
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

Oh! could I ride the clouds and skies,
Or on the raven's pinnions rise!
Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay
And waft a lover on his way.

My bliss too long my bride denies,
Apace the wasting summer flies:
Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
Not storms or night shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare?
Oh! love has fetters stronger far;
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd;
But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast,
When thoughts torment, the first are best;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,
Away to Orra, haste away.

'MR. SPECTATOR, *April the 10th.*

'I am one of those despicable creatures called a chambermaid, and have lived with a mistress for some time, whom I love as my life, which has made my duty and pleasure inseparable. My greatest delight has been in being employed about her person, and indeed she is very seldom out of humour for a woman of her quality: but here lies my complaint, sir. To bear with me is all the encouragement she is pleased to bestow upon me; for she gives her cast-off clothes from me to others: some she is pleased to bestow in the house to those who neither want nor wear them, and some to hangers-on, that frequent the house daily, who come dressed out in them. This, sir, is a very mortifying sight to me, who am a little necessitous for clothes, and love to appear what I am, and causes an uneasiness, so that I can not serve with that cheerfulness as formerly; which my mistress takes notice of, and calls envy and ill-temper at seeing others preferred before me. My mistress has a younger sister lives in the house with her, that is some thousands below her in estate, who is continually heaping her favours on her maid: so that she can appear every Sunday, for the first quarter, in a

fresh suit of clothes of her mistress's giving, with all other things suitable: all this I see without envying, but not without wishing my mistress would a little consider what a discouragement it is to me to have my perquisites divided between fawners and jobbers, which others enjoy entire to themselves. I have spoken to my mistress, but to little purpose: I have desired to be discharged, (for indeed I fret myself to nothing,) but that she answers with silence. I beg, sir, your direction what to do, for I am fully resolved to follow your counsel; who am your admirer, and

'Humble servant,

'CONSTANTIA COMB-BRUSH.'

'I beg that you will put it in a better dress, and let it come abroad, that my mistress, who is an admirer of your speculations, may see it.'

STEELE. T.

No. 367. THURSDAY, MAY 1.

—— *Perituræ parcitæ chartæ.* JUV.

In mercy spare us, when we do our best
To make as much waste-paper as the rest.

I HAVE often pleased myself with considering the two kinds of benefits which accrue to the public from these my speculations, and which, were I to speak after the manner of logicians, I would distinguish into the material and the formal. By the latter I understand those advantages which my readers receive, as their minds

are either improved or delighted by these my daily labours: but having already several times descanted on my endeavours in this light, I shall at present wholly confine myself to the consideration of the former. By the word material, I mean those benefits which arise to the public from these my speculations, as they consume a considerable quantity of our paper-manufacture, employ our artizans in printing and find business for great numbers of indigent persons.

Our paper-manufacture takes into it several mean materials which could be put to no other use, and affords work for several hands in the collecting of them, which are incapable of any other employment. Those poor retailers, whom we see so busy in every street, deliver in their respective gleanings to the merchant: the merchant carries them in loads to the paper-mill, where they pass through a fresh set of hands, and give life to another trade. Those who have mills on their estates, by this means considerably raise their rents, and the whole nation is in a great measure supplied with a manufacture, for which formerly she was obliged to her neighbours.

The materials are no sooner wrought into paper, but they are distributed among the presses, where they again set innumerable artists at work, and furnish business to another mystery. From hence, accordingly, as they are stained with news or politics, they fly through the town in Postmen, Post-boys, Daily Courants, Reviews, Medleys, and Examiners. Men, women and children, contend who shall be the first bearers of them, and get their daily sustenance by spreading

them. In short, when I trace in my mind a bundle of rags to a quire of Spectators, I find so many hands employed in every step they take through their whole progress, that, while I am writing a Spectator, I fancy myself providing bread for a multitude.

If I do not take care to obviate some of my witty readers, they will be apt to tell me, that my paper, after it is thus printed and published, is still beneficial to the public on several occasions. I must confess, I have lighted my pipe with my own works for this twelvemonth past; my landlady often sends up her little daughter to desire some of my old Spectators, and has frequently told me, that the paper they are printed on is the best in the world to wrap spice in. They likewise make a good foundation for a mutton-pye, as I have more than once experienced, and were very much sought for last Christmas by the whole neighbourhood.

It is pleasant enough to consider the changes that a linen fragment undergoes, by passing through the several hands above mentioned. The finest pieces of Holland, when worn to tatters, assume a new whiteness more beautiful than their first, and often return in the shape of letters to their native country. A lady's shift may be metamorphosed into billet-doux, and come into her possession a second time. A beau may peruse his cravat after it is worn out, with greater pleasure and advantage than ever he did in a glass. In a word, a piece of cloth, after having officiated for some years as a towel or a napkin, may, by this means be raised from a dung-hill, and be-

come the most valuable piece of furniture in a prince's cabinet.

The politest nations of Europe have endeavoured to vie with one another for the reputation of the finest printing: absolute governments, as well as republics, have encouraged an art which seems to be the noblest and most beneficial that ever was invented among the sons of men. The present king of France, in his pursuits after glory, has particularly distinguished himself by the promoting of this useful art, insomuch that several books have been printed in the Louvre at his own expense, upon which he sets so great a value, that he considers them as the noblest presents he can make to foreign princes and ambassadors. If we look into the commonwealths of Holland and Venice, we shall find, that in this particular they have made themselves the envy of the greatest monarchies. Elzevir and Aldus are more frequently mentioned than any pensioner of the one or doge of the other.

The several presses which are now in England, and the great encouragement which has been given to learning for some years last past, has made our own nation as glorious upon this account as for its late triumphs and conquests. The new edition which is given us of Cæsar's Commentaries has already been taken notice of in foreign gazettes, and it is a work that does honour to the English press. It is no wonder that an edition should be very correct, which has passed through the hands of one of the most accurate, learned and judicious writers this age has produced. The beauty of the paper, of the character, and of the several cuts with which

this noble work is illustrated, makes it the finest book that I have ever seen; and is a true instance of the English genius, which, though it does not come the first into any art, generally carries it to greater heights than any other country in the world. I am particularly glad that this author comes from a British printing-house in so great a magnificence, as he is the first who has given us any tolerable account of our country.

My illiterate readers, if any such there are, will be surprised to hear me talk of learning as the glory of a nation, and of printing as an art that gains a reputation to a people among whom it flourishes. When men's thoughts are taken up with avarice and ambition, they can not look upon any thing as great or valuable, which does not bring with it an extraordinary power or interest to the person who is concerned in it. But as I shall never sink this paper so far as to engage with Goths and Vandals, I shall only regard such kind of reasoners with that pity which is due to so deplorable a degree of stupidity and ignorance.

ADDISON. L.

No. 368. FRIDAY, MAY 2.

——Nos decebat
Lugere ubi esset aliquis in lucem editus,
Humanæ vitæ, varia reputantes mala:
At qui labores morte finisset graves,
Omnes amicos laude et letitiâ exequi.
EURIP. APUD TULL.

When first an infant draws the vital air,
Officious grief should welcome him to care;
But joy should life's concluding scene attend,
And mirth be kept to grace a dying friend.

As the Spectator is, in a kind, a paper of news from the natural world, as others are from the busy and politic part of mankind, I shall translate the following letter, written to an eminent French gentleman in this town from Paris, which gives us the exit of a heroine who is a pattern of patience and generosity.

'SIR, *Paris, April* 18, 1712.

'It is so many years since you left your native country, that I am to tell you the characters of your nearest relations as much as if you were an utter stranger to them. The occasion of this is to give you an account of the death of Madam de Villacerfe, whose departure out of this life I know not whether a man of your philosophy will call unfortunate or not, since it was attended with some circumstances as much to be desired as to be lamented. She was her whole life happy in an uninterrupted health, and was always honoured for an evenness of temper and greatness of mind.

On the 10th inst. that lady was taken with an indisposition which confined her to her chamber, but was such as was too slight to make her take a sick bed, and yet too grievous to admit of any satisfaction in being out of it. It is notoriously known, that some years ago, Monsieur Festeau, one of the most considerable surgeons in Paris, was desperately in love with this lady; her quality placed her above any application to her on the account of his passion; but, as a woman always has some regard to the person whom she believes to be her real admirer, she now took it in her head (upon advice of some of her physicians to lose some of her blood) to send for Monsieur Festeau on that occasion. I happened to be there at that time, and my near relation gave me the privilege to be present As soon as her arm was stripped bare, and he began to press it in order to raise the vein, his colour changed, and I observed him seized with a sudden tremor, which made me take the liberty to speak of it to my cousin with some apprehension. She smiled, and said, she knew Mr. Festeau had no inclination to do her injury. He seemed to recover himself, and, smiling also, proceeded in his work. Immediately after the operation, he cried out that he was the most unfortunate of all men, for that he had opened an artery instead of a vein. It is as impossible to express the artist's distraction as the patient's composure. I will not dwell on little circumstances, but go on to inform you, that within three days time is was thought necessary to take off her arm. She was so far from using Festeau as it would be natural for one of a lower spirit to treat him, that she would not let him

be absent from any consultation about her present condition, and on every occasion asked whether he was satisfied in the measures that were taken about her. Before this last operation she ordered her will to be drawn, and, after having been about a quarter of an hour alone, she bade the surgeons, of whom poor Festeau was one, go on in their work. I know not how to give you the terms of art; but there appeared such symptoms after the amputation of her arm, that it was visible she could not live four-and-twenty hours. Her behaviour was so magnanimous throughout this whole affair, that I was particularly curious in taking notice of what passed, as her fate approached nearer and nearer, and took notes of what she said to all about her, particularly word for word what she spoke to Mr. Festeau, which was as follows:

'"Sir, you give me inexpressible sorrow for the anguish with which I see you overwhelmed. I am removed to all intents and purposes from the interests of human life, therefore I am to begin to think like one wholly unconcerned in it. I do not consider you as one by whose error I have lost my life; no, you are my benefactor, as you have hastened my entrance into a happy immortality. This is my sense of this accident; but the world in which you live may have thoughts of it to your disadvantage: I have therefore taken care to provide for you in my will, and have placed you above what you have to fear from their ill nature."

'While this excellent woman spoke these words, Festeau looked as if he received a condemnation to die, instead of a pension for his life.

Madam de Villacerfe lived till eight of the clock next night, and though she must have laboured under the most exquisite torments, she possessed her mind with so wonderful a patience, that one may rather say she ceased to breathe than that she died at that hour. You, who had not the happiness to be personally known to this lady, have nothing but to rejoice in the honour you had of being related to so great merit; but we, who have lost her conversation, can not so easily resign our own happiness by reflection upon hers. I am, sir, your affectionate kinsman, and most obedient humble servant,

'PAUL REGNAUD.'

There hardly can be a greater instance of a heroic mind, than the unprejudiced manner in which this lady weighed this misfortune. The regard of life itself could not make her overlook the contrition of the unhappy man, whose more than ordinary concern for her was all his guilt. It would certainly be of singular use to human society to have an exact account of this lady's ordinary conduct, which was crowned by so uncommon magnanimity. Such greatness was not to be acquired in the last article, nor is it to be doubted but it was a constant practice of all that is praiseworthy, which made her capable of beholding death, not as the dissolution, but consummation of her life.

STEELE. T.

END OF VOL. VII.

Painted by Hº Singleton.

Engraved by G.B Ellis

THE

SPECTATOR.

WITH

Sketches of the Lives of the Authors,

AN INDEX,

AND

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. VIII.

PHILADELPHIA:
CRISSY & MARKLEY,
AND THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT & CO.
1851.

Printed by T. K. & P. G. Collins.

THE SPECTATOR.

No. 369. SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1712.

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus——
HOR. ARS. POET.

What we hear moves less than what we see.
ROSCOMMON.

MILTON, after having represented in vision the history of mankind to the first great period of nature, despatches the remaining part of it in narration. He has devised a very handsome reason for the angel's proceeding with Adam after this manner, though doubtless the true reason was the difficulty which the poet would have found to have shadowed out so mixed and complicated a story in visible objects. I could wish, however, that the author had done it, whatever pains it might have cost him. To give my opinion freely, I think that the exhibiting part of the history of mankind in vision, and part in narrative, is as if a history-painter should put in colours one half of his subject, and write down the remaining part of it. If Milton's poem flags any where, it is in this narration: where, in some

places the author has been so attentive to his divinity, that he has neglected his poetry. The narration, however, rises very happily on several occasions, where the subject is capable of poetical ornaments, as particularly in the confusion which he describes among the builders of Babel, and in his short sketch of the plagues of Egypt. The storm of hail and fire, with the darkness that overspread the land for three days, are described with great strength. The beautiful passage which follows is raised upon noble hints in scripture.

'——Thus with ten wounds
The river-dragon tam'd, at length submits
To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart; but still, as ice,
More harden'd after thaw, till, in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea
Swallows him with his host, but them lets pass
As on dry land between two crystal walls,
Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand
Divided——'

The river-dragon is an allusion to the crocodile, which inhabits the Nile, from whence Egypt derives her plenty. This allusion is taken from that sublime passage in Ezekiel; 'Thus saith the Lord God, Behold I am against thee, Pharaoh, king of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers, which hath said, My river is mine own, and I have made it for myself.' Milton has given us another very noble and poetical image in the same description, which is copied almost word for word out of the history of Moses.

'All night he will pursue, but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning watch;
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
God looking forth, will trouble all his host,
And craze their chariot-wheels; when by command
Moses once more his potent rod extends
Over the sea: the sea his rod obeys:
On their embattl'd ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war——'

As the principal design of this episode was to give Adam an idea of the holy person who was to reinstate human nature in that happiness and perfection from which it had fallen, the poet confines himself to the line of Abraham, from whence the Messiah was to descend. The angel is described as seeing the patriarch actually travelling towards the Land of Promise, which gives a particular liveliness to this part of the narration.

'I see him, but thou canst not; with what faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, his native soil,
Ur of Chaldea, passing now the ford
To Haran; after him a cumbrous train
Of herds, and flocks, and num'rous servitude,
Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains; I see his tents
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighb'ring plain
Of Moreh: there by promise he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land,
From Hameth northward to the desert south,
(Things by their names I call, tho' yet unnam'd.')

As Virgil's vision in the sixth Æneid probably gave Milton the hint of this whole episode, the last line is a translation of that verse where

Anchises mentions the names of places which they were to bear after:

Hæc tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine terræ.

The poet has very finely represented the joy and gladness of heart which arises in Adam upon the discovery of the Messiah. As he sees his day at a distance through types and shadows, he rejoices in it; but when he finds the redemption of man completed, and Paradise again renewed, he breaks forth in rapture and transport.

'O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce,' &c.

I have hinted in my sixth paper on Milton, that an heroic poem, according to the opinion of the best critics, ought to end happily, and leave the mind of the reader, after having conducted it through many doubts and fears, sorrows and disquietudes, in a state of tranquillity and satisfaction. Milton's fable, which had so many other qualifications to recommend it, was deficient in this particular: it is here, therefore, that the poet has shown a most exquisite judgment, as well as the finest invention, by finding out a method to supply this natural defect in his subject. Accordingly he leaves the adversary of mankind in the last view which he gives us of him, under the lowest state of mortification and disappointment. We see him chewing ashes, grovelling in the dust, and loaden with supernumerary pains and torments. On the contrary, our two first parents are comforted by dreams and visions, cheered with promises of salvation,

and in a manner raised to a greater happiness than that which they had forfeited; in short, Satan is represented miserable in the height of his triumphs, and Adam triumphant in the height of misery.

Milton's poem ends very nobly. The last speeches of Adam and the archangel are full of moral and instructive sentiments. The sleep that fell upon Eve, and the effects it had in quieting the disorders of her mind, produces the same kind of consolation in the reader, who can not peruse the last beautiful speech, which is ascribed to the mother of mankind, without a secret pleasure and satisfaction.

> Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st I know;
> For God is also in sleep: and dreams advise,
> Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
> Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
> Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
> In me is no delay; with thee to go,
> Is to stay here: without thee here to stay,
> Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
> Art all things under heaven, all places thou,
> Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.
> This further consolation yet secure
> I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
> Such favour, I unworthy am vouchsaf'd;
> By me the promis'd seed shall all restore.

The following lines which conclude the poem, rise in a most glorious blaze of poetical images and expressions.

Heliodorus, in his Æthiopics, acquaints us that the motion of the gods differs from that of mortals, as the former do not stir their feet nor proceed step by step, but slide over the surface of

the earth by an uniform swimming of the whole body. The reader may observe with how poetical a description Milton has attributed the same kind of motion to the angels who were to take possession of Paradise.

> So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard
> Well pleas'd, but answered not; for now too nigh
> The archangel stood, and from the other hill
> To their fix'd station, all in bright array
> The cherubim descended, on the ground
> Gliding meteorous, as evening mist,
> Ris'n from a river, o'er the marish glides,
> And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel
> Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,
> The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd
> Fierce as a comet——

The author helped his invention in the following passage, by reflecting on the behaviour of the angel, who, in holy writ, has the conduct of Lot and his family. The circumstances drawn from that relation are very gracefully made use of on this occasion.

> In either hand the hast'ning angel caught
> Our ling'ring parents, and to the eastern gate
> Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
> To the subjected plain; then disappear'd,
> They looking back, &c.

The scene which our first parents are surprised with upon their looking back on Paradise, wonderfully strikes the reader's imagination, as nothing can be more natural than the tears they shed on that occasion.

They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.

If I might presume to offer at the smallest alteration in this divine work, I should think the poem would end better with the passage here quoted, than with the two verses which follow.

They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

These two verses, though they have their beauty, fall very much below the foregoing passage, and renew in the mind of the reader that anguish which was pretty well laid by that consideration.

The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.

The number of books in Paradise Lost is equal to those of the Æneid. Our author in his first edition had divided his poem into ten books, but afterwards broke the seventh and the eleventh, each of them into two different books by the help of some small additions. The second division was made with great judgment, as any one may see who will be at the pains of examining it. It was not done for the sake of such a chimerical beauty as that of resembling Virgil in this particular, but for the more just and regular disposition of this great work.

Those who have read Bossu, and many of the

critics who have written since his time, will not pardon me if I do not find out the particular moral which is inculcated in Paradise Lost. Though I can by no means think with the last mentioned French author, that an epic writer first of all pitches upon a certain moral as the ground-work and foundation of his poem, and afterwards finds out a story to it; I am, however, of opinion, that no just heroic poem ever was or can be made, from whence one great moral may not be deduced. That which reigns in Milton is the most universal and most useful that can be imagined. It is in short this, That obedience to the will of God makes men happy, and that disobedience makes them miserable. This is visibly the moral of the principal fable which turns upon Adam and Eve, who continued in Paradise while they kept the command that was given them, and were driven out of it as soon as they had transgressed. This is likewise the moral of the principal episode, which shows us how an innumerable multitude of angels fell from their state of bliss, and were cast into hell upon their disobedience. Besides this great moral, which may be looked upon as the soul of the fable, there are an infinity of under morals which are to be drawn from the several parts of the poem, and which makes this work more useful and instructive than any other poem in any language.

Those who have criticised on the Odyssey, the Iliad, and Æneid, have taken a great deal of pains to fix the number of months and days contained in the action of each of those poems. If any one thinks it worth his while to examine this particular in Milton, he will find that from

Adam's first appearance in the fourth book to his expulsion from Paradise on the twelfth, the author reckons ten days. As for that part of the action which is described in the three first books, as it does not pass within the regions of nature, I have before observed that it is not subject to any calculations of time.

I have now finished my observations on a work which does an honour to the English nation. I have taken a general view of it under these four heads, the fable, the characters, the sentiments, and the language, and made each of them the subject of a particular paper. I have in the next place spoken of the censures which our author may incur under each of these heads, which I have confined to two papers, though I might have enlarged the number, if I had been disposed to dwell on so ungrateful a subject. I believe, however, that the severest reader will not find any little fault in heroic poetry, which this author has fallen into, that does not come under one of those heads among which I have distributed his several blemishes. After having thus treated at large of Paradise Lost, I could not think it sufficient to have celebrated this poem in the whole without descending to particulars. I have therefore bestowed a paper upon each book, and endeavoured not only to prove that the poem is beautiful in general, but to point out its particular beauties, and to determine wherein they consist. I have endeavoured to show how some passages are beautified by being sublime, others by being soft, others by being natural; which of them are recommended by the passion, which by the moral, which by the sentiment, and which

by the expression. I have likewise endeavoured to show how the genius of the poet shines by a happy invention, a distant allusion, or a judicious imitation; how he has copied or improved Homer or Virgil, and raised his own imaginations by the use which he has made of several poetical passages in scripture. I might have inserted also several passages in Tasso, which our author has imitated; but as I do not look upon Tasso to be a sufficient voucher, I would not perplex my reader with such quotations as might do more honour to the Italian than the English poet. In short, I have endeavoured to particularize those innumerable kinds of beauty, which it would be tedious to recapitulate, but which are essential to poetry, and which may be met with in the works of this great author. Had I thought, at my first engaging in this design, that it would have led me to so great a length, I believe I should never have ventured upon it; but the kind reception which it has met with among those whose judgments I have a value for, as well as the uncommon demands which my bookseller tells me have been made for these particular discourses, give me no reason to repent of the pains I have been at in composing them.

ADDISON. L.

No. 370. MONDAY, MAY 5.

Totus mundus agit histrionem.

MANY of my fair readers, as well as very gay and well received persons of the other sex, are

extremely perplexed at the Latin sentences at the head of my speculations. I do not know whether I ought not to indulge them with translations of each of them:* however, I have to day taken down from the top of the stage in Drury-Lane a bit of Latin which often stands in their view, and signifies that 'The whole world acts the player.' It is certain that if we look all around us, and behold the different employments of mankind, you hardly see one, who is not, as the player is, in an assumed character. The lawyer who is vehement and loud in a cause wherein he knows he has not the truth of the question on his side, is a player as to the personated part, but incomparably meaner than he as to the prostitution of himself for hire, because the pleader's falsehood introduces injustice, the player feigns for no other end but to divert or instruct you. The divine, whose passions transport him to say any thing with any view but promoting the interests of true piety and religion, is a player with a still greater imputation of guilt in proportion to his depreciating a character more sacred. Consider all the different pursuits and employments of men, and you will find half their actions tend to nothing else but disguise and imposture; and all that is done which proceeds not from a man's very self, is the action of a player. For this reason it is that I make so frequent mention of the stage: it is with me a matter of the highest consideration what parts are well or ill performed, what passions or sentiments are indulged or cultivated, and con-

* It is scarcely necessary to observe, that in the original publication of the Spectator, the mottos were untranslated.

sequently what manners and customs are transfused from the stage to the world, which reciprocally imitate each other. As the writers of epic poems introduce shadowy persons, and represent vices and virtues under the characters of men and women; so I, who am a Spectator in the world, may perhaps sometimes make use of the names of the actors on the stage, to represent or admonish those who transact affairs in the world. When I am commending Wilkes for representing the tenderness of a husband and a father in 'Macbeth,' the contrition of a reformed prodigal in 'Harry the Fourth,' the winning emptiness of a young man of good nature and wealth in 'The Trip to the Jubilee,' the officiousness of an artful servant in 'The Fox;' when thus I celebrate Wilkes, I talk to all the world who are engaged in any of those circumstances. If I were to speak of merit neglected, misapplied, or misunderstood, might I not say, Estcourt has a great capacity? But it is not the interest of others who bear a figure on the stage that his talents were understood; it is their business to impose upon him what can not become him, or keep out of his hands any thing in which he would shine. Were one to raise a suspicion of himself in a man who passes upon the world for a fine thing in order to alarm him, one might say, if Lord Foppington were not on the stage, (Cibber acts the false pretensions to a genteel behaviour so very justly; he would in the generality of mankind have more that would admire than deride him. When we come to characters directly comical, it is not to be imagined what effect a well-regulated stage would have upon men's manners. The craft of

an usurer, the absurdity of a rich fool, the awkward roughness of a fellow of half courage, the ungraceful mirth of a creature of half wit, might be for ever put out of countenance by proper parts for Dogget. Johnson, by acting Corbacchio the other night, must have given all who saw him a thorough detestation of aged avarice. The petulancy of a peevish old fellow, who loves and hates he knows not why, is very excellently performed by the ingenious Mr. William Penkethman in the 'Fop's Fortune;' where, in the character of Don Choleric Snap Shorto de Testy, he answers no questions but to those whom he likes, and wants no account of any thing from those he approves. Mr. Penkethman is also master of as many faces in the dumb scene as can be expected from a man in the circumstances of being ready to perish out of fear and hunger; he wonders throughout the whole scene very masterly, without neglecting his victuals. If it be, as I have heard it sometimes mentioned, a great qualification for the world to follow business and pleasure too, what is it in the ingenious Mr. Penkethman to represent a sense of pleasure and pain at the same time, as you may see him do this evening?

As it is certain that a stage ought to be wholly suppressed or judiciously encouraged, while there is one in the nation, men turned for regular pleasure can not employ their thoughts more usefully for the diversion of mankind, than by convincing them that it is in themselves to raise this entertainment to the greatest height. It would be a great improvement, as well as embellishment to the theatre, if dancing were more regarded, and

taught to all the actors. One who has the advantage of such an agreeable girlish person as Mrs. Bicknell, joined with her capacity of imitation, could in proper gesture and motion represent all the decent characters of female life. An amiable modesty in one aspect of a dancer, and assumed confidence in another, a sudden joy in another, a falling off, with an impatience of being beheld, a return towards the audience with an unsteady resolution to approach them, and a well acted solicitude to please, would revive in the company all the fine touches of mind raised in observing all the objects of affection and passion they had before beheld. Such elegant entertainments as these would polish the town into judgment in their gratifications; and delicacy in pleasure is the first step people of condition take in reformation from vice. Mrs. Bicknell has the only capacity for this sort of dancing of any on the stage; and I dare say all who see her performance to-morrow night, (when sure the romp will do her best for her own benefit,) will be of my mind.

STEELE. T

No. 371. TUESDAY, MAY 6.

Jamne igitur laudas quod de sapientibus unus
Ridebat? JUV. SAT.

And shall the sage* your approbation win,
Whose laughing features wore a constant grin?

I SHALL communicate to my readers the following letter for the entertainment of this day.

'SIR,

'You know very well that our nation is more famous for that sort of men who are called whims and humourists than any other country in the world; for which reason it is observed that our English comedy excels that of all other nations in the novelty and variety of its characters.

'Among those innumerable sets of whims which our country produces, there are none whom I have regarded with more curiosity than those who have invented any particular kind of diversion for the entertainment of themselves or their friends. My letter shall single out those who take delight in sorting a company that has something of burlesque and ridicule in its appearance. I shall make myself understood by the following example. One of the wits of the last age,† who was a man of a good estate, thought he never laid out his money better than in a jest. As he was one year at the Bath, observing that in the great confluence of fine people, there were several among them with long chins, a part of

* Democritus.

† Villiers, the last duke of Buckingham.

the visage by which he himself was very much distinguished, he invited to dinner half a score of these remarkable persons, who had their mouths in the middle of their faces. They had no sooner placed themselves about the table, but they began to stare upon one another, not being able to imagine what had brought them together. Our English proverb says,

'Tis merry in the hall,
When beards wag all.

It proved so in the assembly I am now speaking of, who seeing so many peaks of faces agitated with eating, drinking, and discourse, and observing all the chins that were present meeting together very often over the centre of the table, every one grew sensible of the jest, and came into it with so much good humour, that they lived in strict friendship and alliance from that day forward.

'The same gentleman some time after packed together a set of oglers, as he called them, consisting of such as had an unlucky cast in their eyes. His diversion on this occasion was to see the cross bows, mistaken signs, and wrong connivances, that passed amidst so many broken and refracted rays of sight.

'The third feast which this merry gentleman exhibited was to the stammerers, whom he got together in a sufficient body to fill his table. He had ordered one of his servants, who was placed behind a screen, to write down their table-talk, which was very easy to be done without the help of short-hand. It appears by the notes which

were taken, that though their conversation never fell, there were not above twenty words spoken during the first course; that, upon serving up the second, one of the company was a quarter of an hour in telling them that the ducklings and asparagus were very good; and that another took up the same time in declaring himself of the same opinion. This jest did not, however, go off so well as either of the former; for one of the guests, being a brave man, and fuller of resentment than he knew how to express, went out of the room, and sent the facetious inviter a challenge in writing, which, though it was afterward dropped by the interposition of friends, put a stop to these ludicrous entertainments.

'Now, sir, I dare say you will agree with me, that as there is no moral in these jests, they ought to be discouraged, and looked upon rather as pieces of unluckiness than wit. However, as it is natural for one man to refine upon the thought of another, and impossible for any single person, how great soever his parts may be, to invent an art, and bring it to its utmost perfection, I shall here give you an account of an honest gentleman of my acquaintance, who upon hearing the character of the wit above-mentioned, has himself assumed it; and endeavoured to convert it to the benefit of mankind. He invited half a dozen of his friends one day to dinner, who were each of them famous for inserting several redundant phrases in their discourse, as, *d'ye hear me, d'ye see, that is, and so, sir.* Each of the guests, making frequent use of his particular elegance, appeared so ridiculous to his neighbour, that he could not but reflect upon himself as appearing

equally ridiculous to the rest of the company: by this means, before they had sat long together, every one talking with the greatest circumspection, and carefully avoiding his favourite expletive, the conversation was cleared of its redundancies, and had a greater quantity of sense, though less of sound in it.

'The same well-meaning gentleman took occasion, at another time, to bring together such of his friends as were addicted to a foolish habitual custom of swearing. In order to show them the absurdity of the practice, he had recourse to the invention above-mentioned, having placed an *amanuensis* in a private part of the room. After the second bottle, when men open their minds without reserve, my honest friend began to take notice of the many sonorous but unnecessary words that had passed in his house since their sitting down at table, and how much good conversation they had lost by giving way to such superfluous phrases. What a tax, says he, would they have raised for the poor, had we put the laws in execution upon one another? Every one of them took this gentle reproof in good part. Upon which he told them, that knowing their conversation would have no secrets in it, he had ordered it to be taken down in writing, and for the humour-sake would read it to them, if they pleased. There were ten sheets of it, which might have been reduced to two, had there not been those abominable interpolations I have before mentioned. Upon the reading of it in cold blood, it looked rather like a conference of fiends than of men. In short, every one trembled at himself upon hearing calmly what he had pro-

nounced amidst the heat and inadvertency of discourse.

'I shall only mention another occasion wherein he made use of the same invention to cure a different kind of men, who are the pests of all polite conversation, and murder time as much as either of the two former, though they do it more innocently; I mean that dull generation of story-tellers. My friend got together about half a dozen of his acquaintance who were infected with this strange malady. The first day, one of them sitting down entered upon the siege of Namur, which lasted till four o'clock, their time of parting. The second day a North Briton took possession of the discourse, which it was impossible to get out of his hands so long as the company stayed together. The third day was engrossed after the same manner by a story of the same length. They at last began to reflect upon this barbarous way of treating one another, and by this means awakened out of that lethargy with which each of them had been seized for several years.

'As you have somewhere declared, that extraordinary and uncommon characters of mankind are the game which you delight in, and as I look upon you to be the greatest sportsman, or, if you please, the Nimrod among this species of writers, I thought this discovery would not be unacceptable to you. 'I am, Sir, &c.'

ADDISON. I.

No. 372. WEDNESDAY, MAY 7.

——Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli. OVID.

To hear an open slander is a curse,
But not to find an answer is a worse. DRYDEN.

'MR. SPECTATOR, *May* 6, 1712.

'I AM sexton of the parish of Covent Garden, and complained to you some time ago, that as I was tolling into prayers at eleven in the morning, crowds of people of quality hastened to assemble at a puppet-show on the other side of the garden. I had at the same time a very great disesteem for Mr. Powell and his little thoughtless commonwealth, as if they had enticed the gentry into those wanderings: but let that be as it will, I am now convinced of the honest intentions of the said Mr. Powell and company; and send this to acquaint you, that he has given all the profits which shall arise to-morrow night by his play to the use of the poor charity-children of this parish. I have been informed, sir, that in Holland all persons who set up any show, or act any stage-play, be the actors either of wood and wire, or flesh and blood, are obliged to pay out of their gain such a proportion to the honest and industrious poor in the neighbourhood; by this means they make diversion and pleasure pay a tax to labour and industry. I have been told, also, that all the time of Lent, in Roman Catholic countries, the persons of condition administer to the necessities of the poor, and attend the beds of lazars and diseased persons. Our protestant ladies and gentlemen are so much to seek for proper ways

of passing time, that they are obliged to Punchinello for knowing what to do with themselves. Since the case is so, I desire only you would entreat our people of quality, who are not to be interrupted in their pleasure, to think of the practice of any moral duty, that they would at least fine for their sins, and give something to these poor children; a little out of their luxury and superfluity would atone, in some measure, for the wanton use of the rest of their fortunes. It would not, methinks, be amiss, if the ladies, who haunt the cloisters and passages of the playhouse, were, upon every offence, obliged to pay to this excellent institution of schools of charity: this method would make offenders themselves do service to the public, but in the mean time, I desire you would publish this voluntary reparation which Mr. Powell does our parish for the noise he has made in it by the constant rattling of coaches, drums, trumpets, triumphs and battles. The destruction of Troy, adorned with highland dances, are to make up the entertainment of all who are so well disposed as not to forbear a light entertainment, for no other reason but that it is to do a good action. I am, sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'RALPH BELLFRY.'

'I am credibly informed, that all the insinuations which a certain writer made against Mr. Powell at the Bath are false and groundless.' (See No. 277.)

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'My employment, which, is that of a broker, leading me often into taverns about the exchange,

has given me occasion to observe a certain enormity, which I shall here submit to your animadversion. In three or four of these taverns, I have, at different times, taken notice of a precise set of people with grave countenances, short wigs, black clothes, or dark camblet trimmed with black, and mourning gloves and hat-bands, who meet on certain days and at each tavern successively, and keep a sort of moving club. Having often met with their faces, and observed a certain slinking way in their dropping in one after another, I had the curiosity to inquire into their characters, being the rather moved to it by their agreeing in the singularity of their dress; and I find, upon due examination, they are a knot of parish clerks, who have taken a fancy to one another, and perhaps settle the bills of mortality over their half-pints. I have so great a value and veneration for any who have but even an assenting *Amen* in the service of religion, that I am afraid lest these persons should incur some scandal by this practice; and would therefore have them, without raillery, advised to send the Florence and pullets home to their own houses, and not pretend to live as well as the overseers of the poor. I am, sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'HUMPHREY TRANSFER.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, *May* 6.

'I was last Wednesday night at a tavern in the city among a set of men who call themselves The Lawyers' Club. You must know, sir, this club consists only of attorneys; and at this meeting every one proposes the cause he has then in

hand to the board, upon which each member gives his judgment according to the experience he has met with. If it happens that any one puts a case of which they have had no precedents, it is noted down by their clerk, Will Goosequill, who registers all their proceedings, that one of them may go the next day with it to a counsel. This indeed is commendable, and ought to be the principal end of their meeting; but had you been there to have heard them relate their methods of managing a cause, their manner of drawing out their bills, and, in short, their arguments upon the several ways of abusing their clients, with the applause that is given to him who has done it most artfully, you would before now have given your remarks on them. They are so conscious that their discourses ought to be kept a secret, that they are very cautious of admitting any person who is not of their profession. When any who are not of the law are let in, the person who introduces him, says he is a very honest gentleman, and he is taken in, as their cant is, to pay costs. I am admitted upon the recommendation of one of their principals, as a very honest good natured fellow, that will never be in a plot, and only desires to drink his bottle and smoke his pipe. You have formerly remarked upon several sorts of clubs, and as the tendency of this is only to increase fraud and deceit, I hope you will please to take notice of it.

'I am, with respect, sir,

'Your humble servant,

'H. R.'

STEELE. T.

No. 373. THURSDAY, MAY 8.

Fallit enim vitium specie virtutis et umbrâ.
JUV. SAT.

Vice oft is hid in virtue's fair disguise,
And in her borrow'd form escapes inquiring eyes.

MR. LOCKE, in his treatise of Human Understanding, has spent two chapters upon the abuse of words. The first and most palpable abuse of words, he says, is when they are used without clear and distinct ideas; the second, when we are so inconstant and unsteady in the application of them that we sometimes use them to signify one idea, sometimes another. He adds, that the result of our contemplations and reasonings, while we have no precise ideas fixed to our words, must needs be very confused and absurd. To avoid this inconvenience, more especially in moral discourses, where the same word should constantly be used in the same sense, he earnestly recommends the use of definitions. 'A definition,' says he, 'is the only way whereby the precise meaning of moral words can be known.' He therefore accuses those of great negligence who discourse of moral things with the least obscurity in the terms they make use of, since upon the forementioned ground he does not scruple to say, that he thinks 'morality is capable of demonstration as well as the mathematics.'

I know no two words that have been more abused by the different and wrong interpretations which are put upon them than those two, modesty and assurance. To say such a one is a

modest man, sometimes indeed passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish awkward fellow, who has neither good-breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again, a man of assurance, though at first it only denoted a person of free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

I shall endeavour therefore in this essay to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of modesty from being confounded with that of sheepishness, and to hinder impudence from passing for assurance.

If I was put to define modesty, I would call it, 'The reflection of an ingenuous mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censures of others.'

For this reason, a man truly modest is as much so when he is alone as in company, and as subject to a blush in his closet as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased as that celebrated one of the young prince, whose father being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The prince went to Rome to defend his father; but coming into the senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The

story tells us, that the fathers were more moved at this instance of modesty and ingenuousness than they could have been by the most pathetic oration; and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in the son.

I take 'assurance to be the faculty of possessing a man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any uneasiness or emotion in the mind.' That which generally gives a man assurance is a moderate knowledge of the world, but above all, a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and decency. An open and assured behaviour is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance and malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the modesty and assurance I have here mentioned.

A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill nature of every one he converses with. A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

It is more than probable, that the prince abovementioned possessed both these qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without assurance he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world, without modesty he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever so scandalous.

From what has been said, it is plain that mo-

desty and assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express when we say 'a modest assurance;' by which we understand the just mean between bashfulness and impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same person to be both impudent and bashful.

We have frequent instances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education; who, though they are not able to meet a man's eye, or pronounce a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villanies or the most indecent actions.

Such a person seems to have made a resolution to do ill even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those checks and restraints, his temper and complexion seem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to establish this maxim, that the practice of virtue is the most proper method to give a man a becoming assurance in his words and actions. Guilt always seeks to shelter itself in one of the extremes, and is sometimes attended with both.

BUDGELL. X.

No. 374. FRIDAY, MAY 9.

Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum. Luc.

He reckons not the past, while aught remain'd
Great to be done, or mighty to be gain'd. Rowe.

There is a fault which, though common, wants a name. It is the very contrary to procrastination: as we lose the present hour by delaying from day to day to execute what we ought to do immediately, so most of us take occasion to sit still and throw away the time in our possession, by retrospect on what is past, imagining we have already acquitted ourselves, and established our characters in the sight of mankind. But when we thus put a value upon ourselves for what we have already done, any farther than to explain ourselves in order to assist our future conduct, that will give us an over-weening opinion of our merit to the prejudice of our present industry. The great rule, methinks, should be to manage the instant in which we stand with fortitude, equanimity, and moderation, according to men's respective circumstances. If our past actions reproach us, they can not be atoned for by our own severe reflections so effectually as by a contrary behaviour. If they are praiseworthy, the memory of them is of no use but to act suitably to them. Thus a good present behaviour is an implicit repentance for any miscarriage in what is past; but present slackness will not make up for past activity. Time has swallowed up all that we contemporaries did yester-

day, as irrevocably as it has the actions of the antediluvians; but we are again awake, and what shall we do to-day, to-day which passes while we are yet speaking? Shall we remember the folly of last night, or resolve upon the exercise of virtue to-morrow? Last night is certainly gone, and to-morrow may never arrive: this instant make use of. Can you oblige any man of honour and virtue? Do it immediately. Can you visit a sick friend? Will it revive him to see you enter, and suspend your own ease and pleasure to comfort his weakness, and hear the impertinences of a wretch in pain? Don't stay to take coach, but be gone. Your mistress will bring sorrow, and your bottle madness: go to neither——Such virtues and diversions as these are mentioned, because they occur to all men. But every man is sufficiently convinced, that to suspend the use of the present moment, and resolve better for the future only, is an unpardonable folly. What I attempted to consider was, the mischief of setting such a value upon what is past, as to think we have done enough. Let a man have filled all the offices of life with the highest dignity till yesterday, and begin to live only to himself to-day, he must expect he will, in the effects upon his reputation, be considered as the man who died yesterday. The man who distinguishes himself from the rest, stands in a press of people; those before him intercept his progress, and those behind him, if he does not urge on, will tread him down. Cæsar, of whom it was said, *that he thought nothing done while there was any thing left for him to do*, went on in performing the greatest exploits, with-

out assuming to himself a privilege of taking rest upon the foundation of the merit of his former actions. It was the manner of that glorious captain to write down what scenes he had passed through; but it was rather to keep his affairs in method, and capable of a clear review in case they should be examined by others, than that he built a renown upon any thing that was past. I shall produce two fragments of his, to demonstrate that it was his rule of life to support himself rather by what he should perform than what he had done already. In the tablet which he wore about him the same year in which he obtained the battle of Pharsalia, there were found these loose notes of his own conduct. It was supposed, by the circumstances they alluded to, that they might be set down the evening of the same night.

'My part is now but begun, and my glory must be sustained by the use I make of this victory, otherwise my loss will be greater than that of Pompey. Our personal reputation will rise or fall as we bear our respective fortunes. All my private enemies among the prisoners shall be spared. I will forget this in order to obtain such another day. Trebutius is ashamed to see me, I will go to his tent, and be reconciled in private. Give all the men of honour, who take part with me, the terms I offered before the battle. Let them owe this to their friends who have been long in my interests. Power is weakened by the full use of it, but extended by moderation. Galbinius is proud, and will be servile in his present fortune; let him wait. Send for Stertinius: he is modest, and his virtue is worth gaining. I have cooled my heart with reflection, and am fit

to rejoice with the army to-morrow. He is a popular general who can expose himself like a private man during a battle; but he is more popular who can rejoice but like a private man after a victory.'

What is particularly proper for the example of all who pretend to industry in the pursuit of honour and virtue, is, that this hero was more than ordinarily solicitous about his reputation, when a common mind would have thought itself in security, and given itself a loose to joy and triumph. But though this is a very great instance of his temper, I must confess I am more taken with his reflections when he retired to his closet in some disturbance upon the repeated ill omens of Calphurnia's dream the night before his death. The literal translation of that fragment shall conclude this paper.

'Be it so then. If I am to die to-morrow, that is what I am to do to-morrow; it will not be then, because I am willing it should be then; nor shall I escape it, because I am unwilling: it is in the gods when, but in myself how I shall die. If Calphurnia's dreams are fumes of indigestion, how shall I behold the day after to-morrow? If they are from the gods, their admonition is not to prepare me to escape from their decree, but to meet it. I have lived to a fulness of days and of glory: what is there that Cæsar has not done with as much honour as ancient heroes? Cæsar has not yet died; Cæsar is prepared to die.'

STEELE. T

No. 375. SATURDAY, MAY 10.

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum: rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejusque letho flagitium timet. HOR. OD.

We barbarously call them bless'd,
Who are of largest tenements possess'd,
While swelling coffers break their owners' rest.
More truly happy those who can
Govern that little empire, man;
Who spend their treasure freely, as 'twas given
By the large bounty of indulgent heaven;
Who, in a fix'd unalterable state,
Smile at the doubtful tide of fate,
And scorn alike her friendship and her hate:
Who poison less than falsehood fear,
Loth to purchase life so dear. STEPNEY.

I HAVE more than once had occasion to mention a noble saying of Seneca the philosopher, that a virtuous person struggling with misfortunes and rising above them, is an object on which the gods themselves may look down with delight. I shall therefore set before my reader a scene of this kind of distress, in private life, for the speculation of this day.

An eminent citizen, who had lived in good fashion and credit, was, by a train of accidents, and by an unavoidable perplexity in his affairs, reduced to a low condition. There is a modesty usually attending faultless poverty, which made him rather choose to reduce his manner of living to his present circumstances, than solicit his

friends, in order to support the show of an estate when the substance was gone. His wife, who was a woman of sense and virtue, behaved herself on this occasion with uncommon decency, and never appeared so amiable in his eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample fortune she had brought, or the many great offers she had refused for his sake, she redoubled all the instances of her affection, while her husband was continually pouring out his heart to her in complaints, that he had ruined the best woman in the world. He sometimes came home at a time when she did not expect him, and surprised her in tears, which she endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an air of cheerfulness to receive him. To lessen their expense, their eldest daughter, whom I shall call Amanda, was sent into the country to the house of an honest farmer, who had married a servant of the family. This young woman was apprehensive of the ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a friend in the neighbourhood to give her an account of what passed from time to time in her father's affairs. Amanda was in the bloom of her youth and beauty, when the lord of the manor, who often called in at the farmer's house as he followed his country sports, fell passionately in love with her. He was a man of great generosity, but from a loose education had contracted a hearty aversion to marriage. He therefore entertained a design upon Amanda's virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent creature, who never suspected his intentions, was pleased with his person; and, having observed his growing passion for her,

hoped, by so advantageous a match, she might quickly be in a capacity of supporting her impoverished relations. One day as he called to see her, he found her in tears over a letter she had just received from her friend, which gave an account that her father had lately been stripped of every thing by an execution. The lover, who, with some difficulty, found out the cause of her grief, took this occasion to make her a proposal. It is impossible to express Amanda's confusion when she found his pretensions were not honourable. She was now deserted of all her hopes, and had no power to speak; but, rushing from him in the utmost disturbance, locked herself up in her chamber. He immediately despatched a messenger to her father with the following letter:

'SIR,

'I have heard of your misfortunes, and have offered your daughter, if she will live with me, to settle on her four hundred pounds a-year, and to lay down the sum for which you are now distressed. I will be so ingenuous as to tell you that I do not intend marriage: but if you are wise you will use your authority with her not to be too nice, when she has an opportunity of saving you and your family, and of making herself happy.

'I am, &c.'

This letter came to the hands of Amanda's mother; she opened and read it with the greatest surprise and concern. She did not think it proper to explain herself to the messenger, but de

siring him to call again the next morning, she wrote to her daughter as follows:

'DEAREST CHILD,

'Your father and I have just now received a letter from a gentleman who pretends love to you, with a proposal that insults our misfortunes, and would throw us to a lower degree of misery than any thing which is come upon us. How could this barbarous man think that the tenderest of parents would be tempted to supply their want, by giving up the best of children to infamy and ruin? It is a mean and cruel artifice to make this proposal at a time when he thinks our necessities must compel us to any thing; but we will not eat the bread of shame; and therefore we charge thee not to think of us, but to avoid the snare which is laid for thy virtue. Beware of pitying us; it is not so bad as you perhaps have been told. All things will yet be well, and I shall write my child better news.

'I have been interrupted. I knew not how I was moved to say things would mend. As I was going on, I was startled by the noise of one that knocked at the door, and hath brought us an unexpected supply of a debt which has long been owing. Oh! I will now tell thee all. It is some days I have lived almost without support, having conveyed what little money I could raise to your poor father. Thou wilt weep to think where he is; yet be assured he will soon be at liberty. That cruel letter would have broke his heart, but I have concealed it from him. I have no companion at present, besides little Fanny, who stands watching my looks as I write, and is cry-

ing for her sister: she says she is sure you are not well, having discovered that my present trouble is about you. But do not think I would thus repeat my sorrows to grieve thee: no, it is to entreat thee not to make them insupportable, by adding what would be worse than all. Let us bear cheerfully an affliction which we have not brought on ourselves, and remember there is a Power who can better deliver us out of it than by the loss of thy innocence. Heaven preserve my dear child.

'Thy affectionate mother, ——.'

The messenger, notwithstanding he promised to deliver this letter to Amanda, carried it first to his master, who he imagined would be glad to have an opportunity of giving it into her hands himself. His master was impatient to know the success of his proposal, and therefore broke open the letter privately to see the contents. He was not a little moved at so true a picture of virtue in distress; but at the same time was infinitely surprised to find his offers rejected. However, he resolved not to suppress the letter, but carefully sealed it up again, and carried it to Amanda. All his endeavours to see her were in vain till she was assured he brought a letter from her mother. He would not part with it but upon condition that she should read it without leaving the room. While she was perusing it, he fixed his eyes on her face with the deepest attention. Her concern gave a new softness to her beauty; and when she burst into tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her sorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the letter, and

was resolved to make reparation for having been the occasion of it. My reader will not be displeased to see the second epistle which he wrote to Amanda's mother.

'MADAM,

'I am full of shame, and will never forgive myself if I have not your pardon for what I lately wrote. It was far from my intention to add trouble to the afflicted, nor could any thing, but my being a stranger to you, have betrayed me into a fault, for which, if I live, I shall endeavour to make you amends as a son. You can not be unhappy while Amanda is your daughter; nor shall be if any thing can prevent it which is in the power of, Madam,

'Your most obedient

'Humble servant ——'

This letter he sent by his steward, and soon after went up to town himself, to complete the generous act he had now resolved on. By his friendship and assistance, Amanda's father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplexed affairs. To conclude, he married Amanda, and enjoyed the double satisfaction of having restored a worthy family to their former prosperity, and of making himself happy by an alliance to their virtues.

HUGHES.

No. 376. MONDAY, MAY 12.

——*Pavone ex Pythagoreo.* PERS. SAT.

From the Pythagorean peacock.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE observed that the officer you some time ago appointed as inspector of signs, has not done his duty so well as to give you an account of very many strange occurrences in the public streets which are worthy of, but have escaped, your notice. Among all the oddnesses which I have ever met with, that which I am now telling you of gave me most delight. You must have observed that all the criers in the street attract the attention of the passengers, and of the inhabitants in the several parts, by something very particular in their tone itself, in the dwelling upon a note, or else making themselves wholy unintelligible by a scream. The person I am so delighted with has nothing to sell, but very gravely receives the bounty of the people, for no other merit but the homage they pay to his manner of signifying to them that he wants a subsidy. You must sure have heard speak of an old man, who walks about the city, and that part of the suburbs which lies beyond the Tower, performing the office of a day-watchman, followed by a goose, which bears the bob of his ditty, and confirms what he says, with a quack, quack. I gave little heed to the mention of this known circumstance, till, being the other day in those quarters, I passed by a decrepid old fellow with a pole in his hand, who

just then was bawling out, 'Half an hour after one o'clock,' and immediately a dirty goose behind him, made her response, quack, quack. I could not forbear attending this grave procession for the length of half a street, with no small amazement to find the whole place so familiarly acquainted with a melancholy midnight voice at noonday, giving them the hour, and exhorting them of the departure of time with a bounce at their doors. While I was full of this novelty, I went into a friend's house, and told him how I was diverted with their whimsical monitor and his equipage. My friend gave me the history, and interrupted my commendation of the man, by telling me the livelihood of these two animals is purchased rather by the good parts of the goose, than of the leader, for it seems the peripatetic who walked before her was a watchman in that neighbourhood; and the goose of herself by frequently hearing his tone, out of her natural vigilance, not only observed but answered it very regularly from time to time. The watchman was so affected with it, that he bought her, and has taken her in partner, only altering their hours of duty from night to day. The town has come into it, and they live very comfortably. This is the matter of fact. Now I desire you, who are a profound philosopher, to consider this alliance of instinct and reason; your speculation may turn very naturally upon the force the superior part of mankind may have upon the spirits of such as, like this watchman, may be very near the standard of geese. And you may add to this practical observation, how in all ages and times the world has been carried away by odd unac-

countable things, which one would think would pass upon no creature which had reason; and, under the symbol of this goose, you may enter into the manner and method of leading creatures, with their eyes open, through thick and thin, for they know not what, they know not why.

'All which is humbly submitted to your Spectatorial wisdom, by, sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'MICHAEL GANDER.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I have for several years had under my care the government and education of young ladies, which trust I have endeavoured to discharge with due regard to their several capacities and fortunes. I have left nothing undone to imprint in every one of them a humble courteous mind, accompanied with a graceful becoming mien, and have made them pretty much acquainted with the household part of family affairs; but still I find there is something very much wanting in the air of my ladies different from what I observe in those that are esteemed your fine bred women. Now, sir, I must own to you, I never suffered my girls to learn to dance, but since I have read your discourse of dancing, where you have described the beauty and spirit there is in a regular motion, I own myself your convert, and resolve, for the future, to give my young ladies that accomplishment. But upon imparting my design to their parents, I have been made very uneasy for some time, because several of them have declared, that if I did not make use of the master they recommended, they would take away

their children. There was colonel Jumper's lady, a colonel of the trainbands, that has a great interest in her parish, she recommends Mr. Trot (No. 296) for the prettiest master in town, that no man teaches a jig like him, that she has seen him rise six or seven capers together with the greatest ease imaginable, and that his scholars twist themselves more ways than the scholars of any master in town: besides, there is madam Prim, an alderman's lady, recommends a master of her own name, but she declares he is not of their family, yet a very extraordinary man in his way; for, besides a very soft air he has in dancing, he gives them a particular behaviour at a tea-table, and in presenting their snuff-box, teaches to twirl, slip, or flirt a fan, and how to place patches to the best advantage either for fat or lean, long or oval faces; for my lady says there is more in these things than the world imagines. But I must confess the major part of those I am concerned with leave it to me. I desire, therefore, according to the enclosed direction, you would send your correspondent who has writ to you on that subject to my house. If proper application this way can give innocence new charms, and make virtue legible in the countenance, I shall spare no charge to make my scholars in their very features and limbs bear witness how careful I have been in the other parts of their education. I am, sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'RACHEL WATCHFUL.

STEELE. T.

No. 377. TUESDAY, MAY 13.

Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas. HOR. OD.

What each should fly, is seldom known;
We, unprovided, are undone. CREECH.

LOVE was the mother of poetry, and still produces among the most ignorant and barbarous, a thousand imaginary distresses and poetical complaints. It makes a footman talk like Oroondates, and converts a brutal rustic into a gentle swain. The most ordinary plebeian or mechanic in love bleeds and pines away with a certain elegance and tenderness of sentiments which this passion naturally inspires.

These inward languishings of a mind infected with this softness, have given birth to a phrase which is made use of by all the melting tribe, from the highest to the lowest; I mean that of dying for love.

Romances, which owe their very being to this passion, are full of these metaphorical deaths. Heroes and heroines, knights, 'squires and damsels, are all of them in a dying condition. There is the same kind of mortality in our modern tragedies, where every one gasps, faints, bleeds and dies. Many of the poets, to describe the execution which is done by this passion, represent the fair sex as basilisks that destroy with their eyes; but I think Mr. Cowley has, with great justness of thought, compared a beautiful woman to a porcupine, that sends an arrow from every part.

I have often thought, that there is no way so effectual for the cure of this general infirmity as a man's reflecting upon the motives that produce it. When the passion proceeds from the sense of any virtue or perfection in the person beloved, I would by no means discourage it: but if a man considers that all his heavy complaints of wounds and deaths rise from some little affectations of coquetry, which are improved into charms by his own fond imagination, the very laying before himself the cause of his distemper may be sufficient to effect the cure of it.

It is in this view that I have looked over the several bundles of letters which I have received from dying people, and composed out of them the following bill of mortality, which I shall lay before my reader without any farther preface; as hoping that it may be useful to him in discovering those several places where there is most danger, and those fatal arts which are made use of to destroy the heedless and unwary.

Lysander, slain at a puppet-show on the third of September.

Thyrsis, shot from a casement in Piccadilly.

T. S. wounded by Zelinda's scarlet-stocking, as she was stepping out of a coach.

Will Simple, smitten at the opera by the glance of an eye that was aimed at one who stood by him.

Tho. Vainlove, lost his life at a ball.

Tim. Tattle, killed by the tap of a fan on his left shoulder by Coquetilla, as he was talking carelessly with her in a bow-window.

Sir Simon Softly, murdered at the playhouse in Drury-Lane by a frown.

Philander, mortally wounded by Cleora, as she was adjusting her tucker.

Ralph Gepley, Esq. hit by a random shot at the ring.

F. R. caught his death upon the water, April the first.

W. W. killed by an unknown hand, that was playing with the glove off, upon the side of the front-box in Drury-Lane.

Sir Christopher Crazy, Bart. hurt by the brush of a whalebone petticoat.

Sylvius, shot through the sticks of a fan at St. James's church.

Damon, struck through the heart by a diamond necklace.

Thomas Trusty, Francis Goosequill, William Meanwell, Edward Callow, Esqrs. standing in a row, fell all four at the same time by an ogle of the widow Trapland.

Tom Rattle, chancing to tread upon a lady's tail as he came out of the playhouse, she turned full upon him, and laid him dead upon the spot.

Dick Tastewell, slain by a blush from the queen's box, in the third act of the Trip to the Jubilee.

Samuel Felt, haberdasher, wounded in his walks to Islington, by Mrs. Susannah Crosstich, as she was clambering over a stile.

R. F., T. W., S. I., M. P., &c. put to death in the last birth-day massacre.

Roger Blinko, cut off in the twenty-first year of his age by a white-wash.

Musidorus, slain by an arrow that flew out of a dimple in Belinda's left cheek.

Ned Courtly, presenting Flavia with her glove,

which she had dropped on purpose, she received it and took away his life with a curtsy.

John Gosselin, having received a slight hurt from a pair of blue eyes, as he was making his escape, was despatched by a smile.

Strephon, killed by Clarinda as she looked down into the pit.

Charles Careless, shot flying by a girl of fifteen, who unexpectedly popped her head upon him out of a coach.

Josiah Wither, aged threescore and three, sent to his long home by Elizabeth Jetwell, spinster.

Jack Freelove, murdered by Melissa in her hair.

William Wiseacre, Gent. drowned in a flood of tears by Moll Common.

John Pleadwell, Esq. of the Middle-Temple, barrister at law, assassinated in his chambers the 6th instant by Kitty Sly, who pretended to come to him for his advice.

ADDISON. I.

No. 378. WEDNESDAY, MAY 14.

Communicated by Mr. Pope.

Aggredere, O magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores.
VIRG. ECL.

Mature in years, to ready honours move. DRYDEN.

I WILL make no apology for entertaining the reader with the following poem, which is written by a great genius, a friend of mine, in the coun-

try, who is not ashamed to employ his wit in the praise of his Maker.

MESSIAH:

A SACRED ECLOGUE, COMPOSED OF SEVERAL PASSAGES OF ISAIAH THE PROPHET.

Written in imitation of Virgil's Pollio.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song,
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more——O thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun,
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son:
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r, with fragrance fills the skies. (*a*)
Th' etherial spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour, (*b*)
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick and weak, the healing plant shall aid, (*c*)
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail:
Returning justice lift aloft her scale; (*d*)
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white rob'd innocence from heav'n descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring. (*e*)

(*a*) Isaiah, chap. xi. 1
(*b*) Chap. xlv. 8.
(*c*) Chap. xxv. 4.
(*d*) Chap. ix. 7.
(*e*) Chap. xxxv. 2.

See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance,
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfume the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers!(*a*)
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God! a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies rise!
With heads declin'd ye cedars homage pay!
Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!
The *Saviour* comes! by ancient bards foretold!
Hear him ye deaf; and all ye blind behold!(*b*)
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day.(*c*)
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,(*d*)
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,(*e*)
Seek freshest pastures and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand and in his bosom warms:
Mankind shall thus his guardian care engage,
The promis'd Father of the future age.(*f*)
No more shall nation against nation rise,(*g*)
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;

(*a*) Isaiah, Chap. xl. 3, 4.
(*b*) Chap. xlii. 18.
(*c*) Chap xxxv. 5, 6.
(*d*) Chap. xxv. 8.
(*e*) Chap. xl. 11.
(*f*) Chap. ix. 6.
(*g*) Chap. ii. 4.

But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son (*a*)
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun:
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise(*b*)
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise,
And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,(*c*)
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,(*d*)
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake;
Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue and pointless sting shall play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise!(*e*)
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;(*f*)
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks, on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,(*g*)
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!(*h*)
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.

(*a*) Isaiah, Chap. lxv. 21, 22.
(*b*) Chap. xxxv. 1, 7.
(*c*) Chap. xli. 19, and ch. lv. 13.
(*d*) Chap. xi. 6, 7, 8.
(*e*) Chap. lx. 1.
(*f*) Chap. lx. 4.
(*g*) Chap. lx. 3.
(*h*) Chap. lx. 6.

See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,(*a*)
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste: the skies in smoke decay,(*b*)
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away.
But fix'd His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.

STEELE. T

No. 379. THURSDAY, MAY 15.

Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.

PERS. SAT.

——Science is not science till revealed. DRYDEN.

I HAVE often wondered at that ill-natured position which has been sometimes maintained in the schools, and is comprised in an old Latin verse, namely, that 'A man's knowledge is worth nothing, if he communicates what he knows to any one besides.' There is certainly no more sensible pleasure to a good natured man, than if he can by any means gratify or inform the mind of another. I might add, that this virtue naturally carries its own reward along with it, since it is almost impossible it should be exercised without the improvement of the person who

(*a*) Isaiah, chap. ix. 19, 20.
(*b*) Chap. ii. 6. and ch. liv. 10.

practises it. The reading of books, and the daily occurrences of life, are continually furnishing us with matter for thought and reflection. It is extremely natural for us to desire to see such our thoughts put into the dress of words, without which indeed we can scarce have a clear and distinct idea of them ourselves; when they are thus clothed in expressions, nothing so truly shows us whether they are just or false as those effects which they produce in the minds of others.

I am apt to flatter myself, that in the course of these my speculations, I have treated of several subjects, and laid down many such rules for the conduct of a man's life, which my readers were either wholly ignorant of before, or which at least those few who were acquainted with them, looked upon as so many secrets they have found out for the conduct of themselves, but were resolved never to have made public.

I am the more confirmed in this opinion, from my having received several letters, wherein I am censured for having prostituted learning to the embraces of the vulgar, and made her, as one of my correspondents phrases it, a common strumpet. I am charged by another with laying open the *arcana* or secrets of prudence, to the eyes of every reader.

The narrow spirit which appears in the letters of these my correspondents is the least surprising, as it has shown itself in all ages. There is still extant an epistle written by Alexander the Great to his tutor Aristotle, upon that philosopher's publishing some part of his writings, in which the prince complains of his having made known to all the world those secrets in learning which

he had before communicated to him in private lectures; concluding, that he had rather excel the rest of mankind in knowledge than in power.

Louisa de Padilla, a lady of great learning, and countess of Aranda, was in like manner angry with the famous Gratian, upon his publishing his treatise of the Discreto;* wherein she fancied that he had laid open those maxims to common readers, which ought only to have been reserved for the knowledge of the great.

These objections are thought by many of so much weight, that they often defend the abovementioned authors by affirming they have affected such an obscurity in the style and manner of writing, that, though every one may read their works, there will be but very few who can comprehend their meaning.

Persius, the Latin satirist, affected obscurity for another reason: with which, however, Mr. Cowley is so offended, that writing to one of his friends, 'You,' says he, 'tell me, that you do not know whether Persius be a good poet or no, because you can not understand him; for which very reason I affirm that he is not so.'

However, this art of writing unintelligibly has been very much improved, and followed by several of the moderns, who, observing the general inclination of mankind to dive into a secret, and the reputation many have acquired by concealing their meaning under obscure terms and phrases, resolve, that they may be still more abstruse, to write without any meaning at all. This art, as it is at present practised by many

* See No. 293, note; and No. 409.

eminent authors, consist in throwing so many words at a venture into different periods, and leaving the curious reader to find the meaning of them.

The Egyptians, who made use of hieroglyphics to signify several things, expressed a man who confined his knowledge and discoveries altogether within himself, by the figure of a dark lantern, closed on all sides, which, though it was illuminated within, afforded no manner of light or advantage to such as stood by it. For my own part, as I shall from time to time communicate to the public whatever discoveries I happen to make, I should much rather be compared to an ordinary lamp, which consumes and wastes itself for the benefit of every passenger.

I shall conclude this paper with the story of Rosicrusius's sepulchre. I suppose I need not inform my readers that this man was the author of the Rosicrusian sect, and that his disciples still pretend to new discoveries which they are never to communicate to the rest of mankind.

A certain person, having occasion to dig somewhat deep in the ground where this philosopher lay interred, met with a small door having a wall on each side of it. His curiosity, and the hopes of finding some hidden treasure, soon prompted him to force open the door. He was immediately surprised by a sudden blaze of light, and discovered a very fair vault: at the upper end of it was a statue of a man in armour sitting by a table, and leaning on his left arm: he held a truncheon in his right hand, and had a lamp burning before him. The man had no sooner set one foot within the vault, than the statue erect-

ed itself from its leaning posture, stood bolt upright, and upon the fellow's advancing another step, lifted up the truncheon in his right hand. The man still ventured a third step, when the statue with a furious blow broke the lamp into a thousand pieces, and left his guest in sudden darkness.

Upon the report of this adventure, the country people soon came with lights to the sepulchre, and discovered that the statue, which was made of brass, was nothing more than a piece of clockwork; that the floor of the vault was all loose, and underlaid with several springs, which, upon any man's entering, naturally produced that which had happened.

Rosicrucius, says his disciples, made use of this method to show the world that he had reinvented the ever-burning lamps of the ancients, though he was resolved no one should reap any advantage from the discovery.

BUDGELL. X.

No. 380. FRIDAY, MAY 16.

Rivalem patienter habe.—— OVID.

With patience bear a rival in thy love.

'SIR, *Thursday, May* 8, 1712.

'THE character you have in the world of being the ladies' philosopher, and the pretty advice I have seen you give to others in your papers, make me address myself to you in this abrupt manner, and to desire your opinion what in this age a woman may call a lover. I have had lately

a gentleman that I thought made pretensions to me, insomuch that most of my friends took notice of it, and thought we were really married; in which I did not take much pains to undeceive them, and especially a young gentlewoman of my particular acquaintance who was then in the country. She coming to town, and seeing our intimacy so great, gave herself the liberty of taking me to task concerning it; I ingenuously told her we were not married; but I did not know what might be the event. She soon got acquainted with the gentleman, and was pleased to take upon her to examine him about it. Now, whether a new face had made a greater conquest than the old, I will leave you to judge; but I am informed that he utterly denied all pretensions to courtship, but withal professed a sincere friendship for me; but whether marriages are proposed by way of friendship or not, is what I desire to know, and what I may really call a lover. There are so many who talk in a language fit only for that character, and yet guard themselves against speaking in direct terms to the point, that it is impossible to distinguish between courtship and conversation. I hope you will do me justice both upon my lover and my friend, if they provoke me further. In the mean time I carry it with so equal a behaviour, that the nymph and the swain too are mightily at a loss; each believes I, who know them both well, think myself revenged in their love to one another, which creates an irreconcileable jealousy. If all comes right again, you shall hear further from, sir,

'Your most obedient servant,

MYRTILLA.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, *April* 28, 1712.

'Your observations on persons that have behaved themselves irreverently at church, (No. 259,) I doubt not have had a good effect on some that have read them: but there is another fault which has hitherto escaped your notice; I mean of such persons as are very zealous and punctual to perform an ejaculation that is only preparatory to the service of the church, and yet neglect to join in the service itself. There is an instance of this in a friend of Will Honeycomb's, who sits opposite to me: he seldom comes in till the prayers are about half over, and when he has entered his seat, instead of joining with the congregation, he devoutly holds his hat before his face for three or four moments, then bows to all his acquaintance, sits down, takes a pinch of snuff (if it be evening service perhaps a nap,) and spends the remaining time in surveying the congregation. Now, sir, what I would desire is, that you would animadvert a little on this gentleman's practice. In my opinion, this gentleman's devotion, cap-in-hand, is only a compliance to the custom of the place, and goes no further than a little ecclesiastical good-breeding. If you will not pretend to tell us the motives that bring such triflers to solemn assemblies, yet let me desire that you will give this letter a place in your paper, and I shall remain, sir,

'Your obliged humble servant,

'J. S.'*

* These may be the initials of Swift's name, in whose works there is a sermon expressly on the subject of sleeping at church.

'MR. SPECTATOR, *May the 6th.*

'The conversation of a club, of which I am a member, last night falling upon vanity and the desire of being admired, put me in mind of relating how agreeably I was entertained at my own door last Thursday by a clean fresh coloured girl, under the most elegant and the best furnished milkpail I had ever observed. I was glad of such an opportunity of seeing the behaviour of a coquette in low life, and how she received the extraordinary notice that was taken of her; which I found had affected every muscle of her face in the same manner as it does the features of a first rate toast at a play or in an assembly. This hint of mine made the discourse turn upon the sense of pleasure; which ended in a general resolution, that the milk-maid enjoys her vanity as exquisitely as the woman of quality. I think it would not be an improper subject for you to examine this frailty, and trace it to all conditions of life; which is recommended to you as an occasion of obliging many of your readers, among the rest,

'Your most humble servant,

'T. B.'

'SIR,

'Coming last week into a coffee-house not far from the Exchange with my basket under my arm, a Jew of considerable note, as I am informed, takes half a dozen oranges of me, and at the same time slides a guinea into my hand; I made him a curtsy and went my way. He followed me, and finding I was going about my business, he came up with me, and told me plainly, that he gave me the guinea with no other intent but to

purchase my person for an hour. Did you so, sir? says I; you gave it to me then to make me wicked; I'll keep it to make me honest. However, not to be in the least ungrateful, I promise you I'll lay it out in a couple of rings, and wear them for your sake. I am so just, sir, besides, as to give every body that asks how I came by my rings, this account of my benefactor; but to save me the trouble of telling my tale over and over again, I humbly beg the favour of you to tell it once for all, and you will extremely oblige

'Your humble servant,

'*May* 12, 1714. 'BETTY LEMON.'

'SIR, *St. Bride's, May* 15, 1712.

'It is a great deal of pleasure to me, and I dare say will be no less satisfaction to you, that I have an opportunity of informing you, that the gentlemen and others of the parish of St. Bride, have raised a charity-school of fifty girls, as before of fifty boys. You were so kind as to recommend the boys to the charitable world, and the other sex hope you will do them the same favour in Friday's Spectator, for Sunday next, when they are to appear with their humble airs at the parish church of St. Bride. Sir, the mention of this may possibly be serviceable te the children; and sure no one will omit a good action attended with no expense. 'I am, Sir,

'Your very humble servant,

'THE SEXTON.'

STEELE. T.

No. 381. SATURDAY, MAY 17.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitia, moriture Deli. HOR. OD.

Be calm, my Delius, and serene,
However fortune change the scene:
In thy most dejected state
Sink not underneath the weight:
Nor yet when happy days begin,
And the full tide comes rolling in,
Let a fierce unruly joy
The settled quiet of thy mind destroy. ANON.

I HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy: on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Men of austere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion have observed that

the sacred person who was the great pattern of perfection, was never seen to laugh.

Cheerfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions; it is of a serious and composed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his soul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed: his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him; tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and good will towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion: it is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the

mind, without her attending to it: the heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this cheerful state of mind in its third relation, I can not but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations: it is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the divine will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things which in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this cheerfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence can have no title to that evenness and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Cheerfulness in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever titles it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this cheerfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I can not but wonder with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is

almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen, and cavil: it is indeed no wonder that men, who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the world, and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence, and dropping into nothing.

The vicious man and Atheist have therefore no pretence to cheerfulness; and would act very unreasonably should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good-humour, and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great principles, which are destructive of cheerfulness in their own nature as well as in right reason, I can not think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay, death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the name of evils: a good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with cheerfulness of heart. The tossing of a tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness, in the

consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himself, he can not but rejoice in that existence which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally arise in the mind when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those improvable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness! The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of cheerfulness to a good mind, is the consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as but in the first faint discoveries of his perfection, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which

unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction; all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and cheerful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to Him whom we were made to please.

ADDISON.* I.

No. 382. MONDAY, MAY 19.

Habes confitentem reum. TULL.

The accused confesses his guilt.

I OUGHT not to have neglected a request of one of my correspondents so long as I have; but I dare say I have given him time to add practice to profession. He sent me some time ago a bottle or two of excellent wine to drink the health of a gentleman who had by the penny post advertised him of an egregious error in his conduct. My correspondent received the obligation from an unknown hand, with the candour which is natural to an ingenuous mind, and promises a contrary behaviour in that point for the future, he will offend his monitor with no more errors of that kind, but thanks him for his benevolence. This

* See the subject resumed No. 387, and concluded No. 393.

frank carriage makes me reflect upon the amiable atonement a man makes in an ingenuous acknowledgement of a fault: all such miscarriages as flow from inadvertency are more than repaid by it; for reason, though not concerned in the injury, employs all its force in the atonement. He that says, he did not design to disoblige you in such an action, does as much as if he should tell you, that though the circumstance which displeased was never in his thoughts, he has that respect for you that he is unsatisfied till it is wholly out of yours. It must be confessed, that when an acknowledgement of an offence is made out of poorness of spirit, and not conviction of heart, the circumstance is quite different: but in the case of my correspondent, where both the notice is taken and the return made in private, the affair begins and ends with the highest grace on each side. To make the acknowledgement of a fault in the highest manner graceful, it is lucky, when the circumstances of the offender place him above any ill consequences from the resentment of the person offended. A dauphin of France, upon a review of the army, and a command of the king to alter the posture of it by a march of one of the wings, gave an improper order to an officer at the head of a brigade, who told his highness, he presumed he had not received the last orders which were to move the contrary way. The prince, instead of taking the admonition, which was delivered in a manner that accounted for his error with safety to his understanding, shaked a cane at the officer; and with the return of opprobrious language persisted in his own orders. The whole matter came necessarily before the king, who

commanded his son, on foot, to lay his right hand on the gentleman's stirrup as he sat on horseback in sight of the whole army, and ask his pardon. When the prince touched his stirrup, and was going to speak, the officer, with an incredible agility, threw himself on the earth, and kissed his feet.

The body is very little concerned in the pleasure or sufferings of souls truly great, and the reparation, when an honour was designed this soldier, appeared as much too great to be borne by his gratitude as the injury was intolerable to his resentment.

When we turn our thoughts from these extraordinary occurrences into common life, we see an ingenuous kind of behaviour not only make up for faults committed, but in a manner expiate them in the very commission. Thus many things wherein a man has pressed too far, he implicitly excuses by owning, 'This is a trespass: you'll pardon my confidence; I am sensible I have no pretensions to this favour,' and the like. But commend me to those gay fellows about town who are directly impudent, and make up for it no otherwise than by calling themselves such, and exulting in it. But this sort of carriage, which prompts a man against rules to uge what he has a mind to, is pardonable only when you sue for another. When you are confident in preference of yourself to others of equal merit, every man that loves virtue and modesty ought, in defence of those qualities to oppose you: but without considering the morality of the thing, let us at this time behold only the natural consequence of candour when we speak of ourselves.

The Spectator writes often in an elegant, often in an argumentative, and often in a sublime style, with equal success; but how would it hurt the reputed author of that paper to own, that of the most beautiful pieces under his title, he is barely the publisher? There is nothing but what a man really performs, can be an honour to him; what he takes more than he ought in the eye of the world, he loses in the conviction of his own heart; and a man must lose his consciousness, that is, his very self, before he can rejoice in any falsehood without inward mortification.

Who has not seen a very criminal at the bar, when his counsel and friends have done all that they could for him in vain, prevail on the whole assembly to pity him, and his judge to recommend his case to the mercy of the throne, without offering any thing new in his defence, but that he, whom before we wished convicted, become so out of his own mouth, and took upon himself all the shame and sorrow we were just before preparing for him? The great opposition to this kind of candour arises from the unjust idea people ordinarily have of what we call a high spirit. It is far from greatness of spirit to persist in the wrong in any thing, nor is it a diminution of greatness of spirit to have been in the wrong; perfection is not the attribute of man, therefore he is not degraded by the acknowledgement of an imperfection: but it is the work of little minds to imitate the fortitude of great spirits on worthy occasions, by obstinacy in the wrong. This obstinacy prevails so far upon them, that they make it extend to the defence of faults in their very servants. It would swell this pa-

per to too great a length, should I insert all the quarrels and debates which are now on foot in this town; where one party, and in some cases both, are sensible of being on the faulty side, and have not spirit enough to acknowledge it. Among the ladies the case is very common, for there are very few of them who know, that it is to maintain a true and high spirit, to thow away from it all which itself disapproves, and to scorn so pitiful a shame, as that which disables the heart from acquiring a liberality of affections and sentiments. The candid mind, by acknowledging and discarding its faults, has reason and truth for the foundation of all its passions and desires, and consequently is happy and simple; the disingenuous spirit, by indulgence of one unacknowledged error, is entangled with an after-life of guilt, sorrow, and perplexity.

STEELE. T.

No. 383. TUESDAY, MAY 20

Criminibus debent hortos.—— JUV. SAT.

A beauteous garden, but by vice maintained.

As I was sitting in my chamber, and thinking on a subject for my next Spectator, I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door, and upon the opening of it, a loud cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently, that he did not lodge there. I imme-

diately recollected that it was my good friend, Sir Roger's voice, and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring-Garden, in case it proved a good evening. The knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the staircase, but told me, that if I was speculating he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him; being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy on the head, and bidding him be a good child and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple stairs, but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, 'You must know, says Sir Roger, I never make use of any body to row me that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg.'

My old friend, after having seated himself and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for Vauxhall. Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right leg; and hearing that he had left it at La Hogue, with many par-

ticulars which passed in that glorious action, the knight, in the triumph of his heart, made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation; as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen, that we could never be in danger of popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englisman.

After some short pause, the old knight, turning about his head twice or thrice, to take a survey of this great metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple-Bar. 'A most heathenish sight! says Sir Roger: there is no religion at this end of the town.—The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect, but church-work is slow, church-work is slow.'

I do not remember I have any where mentioned in Sir Roger's character, his custom of saluting every body that passes by him with a good morrow or a good night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his country neighbours, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire. He can not forbear this exercise of benevolence even in town, when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us on the water; but, to the knight's great surprise, as he gave the good night

to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked us, what queer old put we had in the boat, and whether he was not ashamed to go a wenching at his years? with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at length assuming a face of magistracy, told us, 'That if he were a Middlesex justice, he would make such vagrants know that her majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land.'

We were now arrived at Spring-Garden, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. 'You must understand,' says the knight, 'there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator! the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale!' He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her? But the knight being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her, she was a

wanton baggage, and bid her go about her business.

We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the knight's commands with a peremptory look.

As we were going out of the garden, my old friend thinking himself obliged, as a member of the quorum, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who sat at the bar, that he should be a better customer to her garden, if there were more nightingales and fewer strumpets.

ADDISON. I.

No. 384. WEDNESDAY, MAY 21.

Hague, May 24, N. S.—'The same republican hands, who have so often since the chevalier de St. George's recovery, killed him in our public prints, have now reduced the young dauphin of France to that desperate condition of weakness, and death itself, that it is hard to conjecture what method they will take to bring him to life again. Meantime we are assured by a very good hand from Paris, that on the 20th instant, this young prince was as well as ever he was known to be since the day of his birth. As for the other, they are now sending his ghost, we suppose (for they never had the modesty to contradict their assertions of his death,) to Commerci in Lorrain, attended only by four gentlemen, and a few domestics of little consideration. The baron de Bothmar having delivered in his credentials to qualify him as an ambassador to this state, (an office to which his greatest enemies will acknowledge him to be equal,) is gone to Utrecht, whence he will proceed to Hanover, but not stay long at that court, for fear the peace should be made during his lamented absence. POST-BOY, *May* 20.

I SHOULD be thought not able to read, should I overlook some excellent pieces lately come out. My lord bishop of St. Asaph has just now published some sermons, the preface to which seems to me to determine a great point. He has, like a good man and a good christian, in opposition to all the flattery and base submission of false friends to princes, asserted, that Christianity left us where it found us as to our civil rights. The present entertainment shall consist only of a sentence out of the Post-Boy, and the said preface of the lord of St. Asaph. I should think it a little odd, if the author of the Post-Boy should with impunity call men republicans for a gladness

on the report of the death of the Pretender; and treat baron Bothmar, the minister of Hanover, in such a manner as you see in my motto. I must own, I think every man in England concerned to support the succession of that family.*

'The publishing a few sermons, whilst I live, the latest of which was preached about eight years since, and the first above seventeen, will make it very natural for people to inquire into the occasion of doing so; and to such I do very willingly assign these following reasons.

'First, from the observations I have been able to make, for these many years last past, upon our public affairs, and from the natural tendency of several principles and practices, that have of late been studiously revived, and from what has followed thereupon, I could not help both fearing and presaging that these nations would some time or other, if ever we should have an enterprising prince upon the throne, of more ambition than virtue, justice, and true honour, fall into the way of all other nations, and lose their liberty.

'Nor could I help foreseeing to whose charge a great deal of this deadful mischief, whenever it should happen, would be laid, whether justly or unjustly, was not my business to determine; but I resolved, for my own particular part, to deliver myself, as well as I could, from the reproaches and the curses of posterity, by public-

* Four sermons, published by Dr. Fleetwood, 1712. The preface to them was ordered by the House of Commons to be burnt. In consequence of this number of the Spectator, above 14,000 of the preface was quickly sold off.—*Johnson.*

ly declaring to all the world, that although in the constant course of my ministry I have never failed on proper occasions to recommend, urge, and insist upon the loving, honouring, and reverencing the prince's person, and holding it, according to the laws, inviolable and sacred; and paying all obedience and submission to the laws, though never so hard and inconvenient to private people: yet did I never think myself at liberty, or authorized to tell the people, that either Christ, St. Peter or St. Paul, or any other holy writer, had, by any doctrine delivered by them, subverted the laws and constitutions of the country in which they lived, or put them in a worse condition, with respect to their civil liberties, then they would have been had they not been Christians. I ever thought it a most impious blasphemy against that holy religion, to father any thing upon it that might encourage tyranny, oppression, or injustice in a prince, or that easily tended to make a free and happy people slaves and miserable. No; people may make themselves as wretched as they will, but let not God be called into that wicked party. When force and violence and hard necessity have brought the yoke of servitude upon a people's neck, religion will supply them with a patient and submissive spirit under it, till they can innocently shake it off; but certainly religion never puts it on. This always was, and this at present is, my judgment of these matters: and I would be transmitted to posterity (for the little share of time such names as mine can live) under the character of one who loved his country, and

would be thought a good Englishman, as well as a good clergyman.

'This character I thought would be transmitted by the following sermons, which were made for, and preached in a private audience, when I could think of nothing else but doing my duty on the occasions that were then offered by God's providence, without any manner of design of making them public: and for that reason I give them now as they were then delivered, by which I hope to satisfy those people who have objected a change of principles to me, as if I were not now the same man I formerly was. I never had but one opinion of these matters; and that I think is so reasonable and well grounded, that I believe I can never have any other.

'Another reason of my publishing these sermons at this time is, that I have a mind to do myself some honour, by doing what honour I could to the memory of two most excellent princes, and who have very highly deserved at the hands of all the people of these dominions, who have any true value for the Protestant religion, and the constitution of the English government; of which they were the great delivers and defenders. I have lived to see their illustrious names very rudely handled, and the great benefits they did this nation treated slightly aud contemptuously. I have lived to see our deliverance from arbitrary power and Popery traduced and vilified by some who formerly thought it was their greatest merit, and made it part of their boast and glory to have had a little hand and share in bringing it about; and others who, without it, must have lived in exile, poverty, and

misery, meanly disclaiming it, and using ill, the glorious instruments thereof.—Who could expect such a requital of such merit: I have, I own it, an ambition of exempting myself from the number of unthankful people; and as I loved and honoured those great princes living, and lamented over them when dead, so I would gladly raise them up a monument of praise, as lasting as any thing of mine can be; and I choose to do it at this time, when it is so unfashionable a thing to speak honourably of them.

'The sermon that was preached upon the duke of Gloucester's death was printed quickly after, and is now, because the subject was so suitable, joined to the others. The loss of that most promising and hopeful prince was, at that time, I saw, unspeakably great; and many accidents since have convinced us, that it could not have been overvalued. That precious life, had it pleased God to have prolonged it the usual space, had saved us many fears and jealousies, and dark distrusts, and prevented many alarms, that have long kept us, and will keep us still, waking and uneasy. Nothing remained to comfort and support us under this heavy stroke, but the necessity it brought the king and nation under of settling the succession in the house of Hanover, and giving it an hereditary right by act of parliament, as long as it continues Protestant. So much good did God in his merciful providence, produce from a misfortune which we could never otherwise have sufficiently deplored!

'The fourth sermon was preached upon the queen's accession to the throne, and the first year in which that day was solemnly observed (for, by

some accident or other, it had been overlooked the year before;) and every one will see, without the date of it, that it was preached very early in this reign, since I was able only to promise and presage its future glories and successes, from the good appearances of things, and the happy turn our affairs began to take, and could not then count up the victories and triumphs that for seven years after made it, in the prophet's language, a name and a praise among all the people of the earth. Never did seven such years together pass over the head of any English monarch, nor cover it with so much honour: the crown and sceptre seemed to be the queen's least ornaments; those other princes wore in common with her, and her great personal virtues were the same before and since; but such was the fame of her administration of affairs at home, such was the reputation of her wisdom and felicity in choosing ministers, and such was then esteemed their faithfulness and zeal, their diligence and great abilities in executing her commands; to such a height of military glory did her great general and her armies carry the British name abroad, such was the harmony and concord betwixt her and her allies, and such was the blessing of God upon all her councils and undertakings, that I am as sure as history can make me, no prince of our's ever was so prosperous and successful, so beloved, esteemed, and honoured by their subjects and their friends, nor near so formidable to their enemies. We were, as all the world imagined then, just entering on the ways that promised to lead to such a peace as would have answered all the prayers of our religious queen, the care and vigi-

lance of a most able ministry, the payments of a willing and obedient people, as well as all the glorious toils and hazards of the soldiery, when God, for our sins, permitted the spirit of discord to go forth, and, by troubling sore the camp, the city and the country (and oh that it had altogether spared the places sacred to his worship!) to spoil, for a time, this beautiful and pleasing prospect, and give us in its stead, I know not what—— Our enemies will tell the rest with pleasure. It will become me better to pray to God to restore to us the power of obtaining such a peace as will be to his glory, the safety, the honour and welfare of the queen and her dominions, and the general satisfaction of all her high and mighty allies.'

May 2, 1712.

STEELE. T.

No. 385. THURSDAY, MAY 22.

——*Thesea pectora juncta fide.* OVID. TRIST.

Breasts that with sympathizing ardour glow'd
And holy friendship such as Theseus vow'd.

I INTEND the paper for this day as a loose essay upon friendship, in which I shall throw my observations together without any set form, that I may avoid repeating what has been often said on this subject.

Friendship is a strong and habitual inclination in two persons to promote the good and happiness of one another. Though the pleasures and

advantages of friendship have been largely celebrated by the best moral writers, and are considered by all as great ingredients of human happiness, we very rarely meet with the practice of this virtue in the world.*

Every man is ready to give in a long catalogue of those virtues and good qualities he expects to find in the person of a friend, but very few of us are careful to cultivate them in ourselves.

Love and esteem are the first principles of friendship, which always is imperfect where either of these two is wanting.

As, on the one hand, we are soon ashamed of loving a man whom we can not esteem; so, on the other, though we are truly sensible of a man's abilities, we can never raise ourselves to the warmth of friendship without an affectionate good-will towards his person.

Friendship immediately banishes envy under all its disguises. A man who can once doubt whether he should rejoice in his friend's being happier than himself, may depend upon it that he is an utter stranger to this virtue.

There is something in friendship so very great and noble, that in those fictitious stories which are invented to the honour of any particular person, the authors have thought it as necessary to make their hero a friend as a lover. Achilles has his Patroclus, and Æneas his Achates. In the first of these instances we may observe, for

* The goddess Friendship was represented with her left side bare, her hand pointing to her heart, with these words, *far and near;* the bottom of her gown was bound about with these words, *life and death.*

the reputation of the subject I am treating of, that Greece was almost ruined by the hero's love, but was preserved by his friendship.

The character of Achates suggests to us an observation we may often make on the intimacies of great men, who frequently choose their companions rather for the qualities of the heart than those of the head, and prefer fidelity in an easy, inoffensive, complying temper, to these endowments which make a much greater figure among mankind. I do not remember that Achates, who is represented as the first favourite, either gives his advice, or strikes a blow, though the whole Æneid.

A friendship which makes the least noise is very often most useful; for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.

Atticus, one of the best men of ancient Rome, was a very remakable instance of what I am here speaking. This extraordinary person, amidst the civil wars of his country, when he saw the designs of all parties equally tended to the subversion of liberty, by constantly preserving the esteem and affection of both the competitors, found means to serve his friends on either side; and while he sent money to young Marius, whose father was declared an enemy to the commonwealth, he was himself one of Sylla's chief favourites, and always near that general.

During the war between Cæsar and Pompey, he still maintained the same conduct. After the death of Cæsar, he sent money to Brutus in his troubles, and did a thousand good offices to Antony's wife and friends when that party seemed ruined. Lastly, even in that bloody war between

Antony and Augustus, Atticus still kept his place in both their friendships; insomuch that the first, says Cornelius Nepos; whenever he was absent from Rome in any part of the empire, writ punctually to him what he was doing, what he read, and whither he intended to go, and the latter gave him constantly an exact account of all his affairs.

A likeness of inclinations in every particular is so far from being requisite to form a benevolence in two minds towards each other, as it is generally imagined, that I believe we shall find some of the firmest friendships to have been contracted between persons of different humours; the mind being often pleased with those perfections which are new to it, and which it does not find among its own accomplishments. Besides, that a man in some measure supplies his own defects, and fancies himself at second-hand possessed of those good qualities and endowments, which are in the possession of him who, in the eye of the world, is looked on as his other self.

The most difficult province in friendship is the letting a man see his faults and errors; which should, if possible, be so contrived, that he may perceive our advice is given him, not so much to please ourselves as for his own advantage. The reproaches therefore of a friend should always be strictly just and not too frequent.

The violent desire of pleasing in the person reproved, may otherwise change into a despair of doing it, while he finds himself censured for faults he is not conscious of. A mind that is softened and humanized by friendship can not bear frequent reproaches; either it must quite

sink under the oppression, or abate considerably of the value and esteem it had for him who bestows them. The proper business of friendship is to inspire life and courage; and a soul thus supported outdoes itself; whereas, if it be unexpectedly deprived of these succours, it droops and languishes.

We are in some measure more inexcusable if we violate our duties to a friend than to a relation; since the former arise from a voluntary choice, the latter from a necessity to which we could not give our own consent.

As it has been said on one side, that a man ought not to break with a faulty friend, that he may not expose the weakness of his choice; it will doubtless hold much stronger with respect to a worthy one, that he may never be upbraided for having lost so valuable a treasure which was once in his possession. (See No. 68.)

BUDGELL. X.

No. 386. FRIDAY, MAY 23.

Cum tristibus severe, cum remissis jucunde, cum senibus graviter, cum juventute comiter vivere. TULL.

THE piece of Latin on the head of this paper is part of a character extremely vicious, but I have set down no more than may fall in with the rules of justice and honour. Cicero spoke it of Catiline, 'Who,' he said, 'lived with the sad severely, with the cheerful agreeably, with the old gravely, with the young pleasantly;' he added,

"with the wicked boldly, with the wanton lasciviously." The two last instances of his complaisance I forbear to consider, having it in my thoughts at present only to speak of obsequious behaviour, as it sits upon a companion in pleasure, not a man of design and intrigue. To vary with every humour in this manner, can not be agreeable, except it comes from a man's own temper and natural complexion; to do it out of an ambition to excel that way, is the most fruitless and unbecoming prostitution imaginable. To put on an artful part, to obtain no other end but an unjust praise from the undiscerning is of all endeavours the most despicable. A man must be sincerely pleased to become pleasure, or not to interrupt that of others: for this reason, it is a most calamitous circumstance, that many people who want to be alone, or should be so, will come into conversation. It is certain that all men, who are the least given to reflection, are seized with an inclination that way, when, perhaps, they had rather be inclined to company: but indeed they had better go home, and be tired with themselves, than force themselves upon others to recover their good humour. In all this the case of communicating to a friend a sad thought, or difficulty, in order to relieve a heavy heart, stands excepted; but what is here meant is, that a man should always go with inclination to the turn of the company he is going into, or not pretend to be of the party. It is certainly a very happy temper to be able to live with all kinds of dispositions, because it argues a mind that lies open to receive what is pleasing to others, and not obstinately bent on any particularity of his own.

This it is which makes me pleased with the character of my good acquaintance Acasto. You meet him at the tables and conversations of the wise, the impertinent, the grave, the frolic, and the witty; and yet his own character has nothing in it that can make him particularly agreeable to any one sect of men; but Acasto has natural good sense, good nature and discretion, so that every man enjoys himself in his company; and though Acasto contributes nothing to the entertainment, he never was at a place where he was not welcome a second time. Without these subordinate good qualities of Acasto, a man of wit and learning would be painful to the generality of mankind instead of being pleasing. Witty men are apt to imagine they are agreeable as such, and by that means grow the worst companions imaginable; they deride the absent, or rally the present, in a wrong manner, not knowing that if you pinch or tickle a man till he is uneasy in his seat, or ungracefully distinguished from the rest of the company, you equally hurt him.

I was going to say, the true art of being agreeable in company (but there can be no such thing as art in it,) is to appear well pleased with those you are engaged with, and rather to seem well entertained, than to bring entertainment to others. A man thus disposed is not indeed what we ordinarily call a good companion, but essentially is such, and in all the parts of his conversation has something friendly in his behaviour, which conciliates men's minds more than the highest sallies of wit or starts of humour can possibly do. The feebleness of age in a man of this turn, has something which should be treated with respect even

in a man no otherwise venerable. The forwardness of youth, when it proceeds from alacrity and not insolence, has also its allowances. The companion, who is formed for such by nature, gives to every character of life its due regards, and is ready to account for their imperfections, and receive their accomplishments as if they were his own. It must appear that you receive law from, and not give it to your company, to make you agreeable.

I remember Tully, speaking, I think, of Antony, says, that *in eo facetiæ erant, quæ nullâ arte tradi possunt:* 'He had a witty mirth, which could be acquired by no art.' This quality must be of the kind of which I am now speaking; for all sorts of behaviour which depend upon observation and knowledge of life are to be acquired; but that which no one can describe, and is apparently the act of nature, must be every where prevalent, because every thing it meets is a fit occasion to exert it; for he who follows nature can never be improper or unseasonable.

How unaccountable then must their behaviour be, who, without any manner of consideration of what the company they have just now entered are upon, give themselves the air of a messenger, and make as distinct relations of the occurrences they last met with, as if they had been despatched from those they talk to, to be punctually exact in a report of those circumstances. It is unpardonable to those who are met to enjoy one another, that a fresh man shall pop in, and give us only the last part of his own life, and put a stop to ours during the history. If such a man comes from 'Change, whether you will or not, you

must hear how the stocks go, and though you are ever so intently employed on a graver subject, a young fellow of the other end of the town will take his place, and tell you Mrs. Such-a-one is charmingly handsome, because he just now saw her. But I think I need not dwell on this subject, since I have acknowledged there can be no rules made for excelling this way: and precepts of this kind fare like rules for writing poetry, which, it is said, may have prevented ill poets, but never made good ones.

STEELE. T.

No. 387. SATURDAY, MAY 24.

Quid purè tranquillet—— HOR.

What calms the breast and makes the mind serene.

In my last Saturday's paper I spoke of cheerfulness as it is a moral habit of the mind, and accordingly mentioned such moral motives as are apt to cherish and keep alive this happy temper in the soul of man: I shall now consider cheerfulness in its natural state, and reflect on those motives to it, which are indifferent either as to virtue or vice.

Cheerfulness is, in the first place, the best promoter of health. Repinings and secret murmurs of heart give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine insensibly; not to mention those violent ferments which they stir up in

the blood, and those irregular disturbed motions which they raise in the animal spirits. I scarce remember in my own observation, to have met with many old men, or with such, who (to use our English phrase) wear well, that had not at least a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and cheerfulness of heart.—The truth of it is, health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain cheerfulness, but very often see cheerfulness where there is no degree of health.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body: it banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm. But having already touched on this last consideration, I shall here take notice, that the world, in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

If we consider the world in its subserviency to man, one would think it was made for our use; but if we consider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleasure. The sun, which is as the great soul of the universe, and produces all the necessaries of life, has a particular influence in cheering the mind of man, and making the heart glad.

Those several living creatures which are made for our service or sustenance, at the same time either fill the woods with their music, furnish us with game, or raise pleasing ideas in us by the

delightfulness of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers, are as refreshing to the imagination as to the soil through which they pass.

There are writers of great distinction, who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green, rather than with any other colour, as being such a right mixture of light and shade, that it comforts and strengthens the eye, instead of weakening or grieving it. For this reason, several painters have a green cloth hanging near them, to ease the eye upon, after too great an application to their colouring. A famous modern philosopher* accounts for it in the following manner. All colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal spirits which are employed in sight; on the contrary, those that are more obscure, do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise, whereas the rays that produce in us the idea of green, fall upon the eye in such a due proportion, that they give the animal spirits their proper play, and by keeping up the struggle in a just balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable sensation. Let the cause be what it will, the effect is certain, for which reason the poets ascribe to this particular colour the epithet of cheerful.

To consider further this double end in the works of nature, and how they are at the same time, both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important parts in the vegetable world are those which are the most beautiful. These are the seeds by which the several races of plants

* Sir Isaac Newton.

are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers or blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal design, and to be industrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preservation. The husbandman, after the same manner, is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landscape, and making every thing smile about him, whilst, in reality, he thinks of nothing but of the harvest, and the increase which is to arise from it.

We may further observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this cheerfulness in the mind of man, by having formed it after such a manner as to make it capable of conceiving delight from several objects which seem to have very little use in them; as from the wildness of rocks and deserts, and the like grotesque parts of nature. Those who are versed in philosophy may still carry this consideration higher by observing, that if matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable figure; and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us such imaginary qualities, as tastes and colours, sounds and smells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is conversant in the lower stations of nature, might have his mind cheered and delighted with agreeable sensations? In short, the whole universe is a kind of theatre filled with objects that either raise in us pleasure, amusement, or admiration.

The reader's own thoughts will suggest to him

the vicissitudes of day and night, the change of seasons, with all that variety of scenes which diversify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual succession of beautiful and pleasing images.

I shall not here mention the several entertainments of art, with the pleasures of friendship, books, conversation, and other accidental diversions of life, because I would only take notice of such incitements to a cheerful temper, as offer themselves to persons of all ranks and conditions, and which may sufficiently show us, that Providence did not design this world should be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man should be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate this cheerfulness of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of dæmon that haunts our island, and often conveys herself to us in an easterly wind. A celebrated French novelist, in opposition to those who begin their romances with the flowery season of the year, enters on his story thus: 'In the gloomy month of November, when the people of England hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate lover walked out into the fields,' &c.

Every one ought to fence against the temper of his climate or constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those considerations which may give him a serenity of mind, and enable him to bear up cheerfully against those little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which, by a right improvement of

them, will produce a satiety of joy, and an uninterrupted happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my reader to consider the world in its most agreeable lights, I must own there are many evils which naturally spring up amidst the entertainments that are provided for us: but these, if rightly considered, should be far from overcasting the mind with sorrow, or destroying that cheerfulness of temper which I have been recommending. This interspersion of evil with good, and pain with pleasure, in the works of nature, is very truly ascribed by Mr. Locke, in his Essay on Human Understanding, to a moral reason, in the following words:

'Beyond all this, we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down "several degrees of pleasure and pain in all the things that environ and affect us," and blended them together in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness, in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him, "with whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore."'

ADDISON. L.

No. 388. MONDAY, MAY 26.

——Tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Ingredior: sanctos ausus recludere fontes. VIRG.

For thee, I dare unlock the sacred spring,
And arts disclos'd by ancient sages sing.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'IT is my custom, when I read your papers, to read over the quotations in the authors from whence you take them: as you mentioned a passage lately out of the second chapter of Solomon's Song, (No. 327,) it occasioned my looking into it; and upon reading it, I thought the idea so exquisitely soft and tender, that I could not help making this paraphrase of it; which, now it is done, I can as little forbear sending it to you. Some marks of your approbation, which I have already received, have given me so sensible a taste of them, that I can not forbear endeavouring after them as often as I can with any appearance of success. I am, sir,

'Your most obedient humble servant.'

The second chapter of Solomon's Song.

As when in Sharon's field the blushing rose
Does its chaste bosom to the morn disclose,
Whilst all around the zephyrs bear
The fragrant odours through the air:
Or as the lily in the shady vale
Does o'er each flower with beauteous pride prevail,
And stands with dews and kindest sun-shine blest,
In fair pre-eminence, superior to the rest:
So if my love, with happy influence, shed
His eyes bright sun-shine on his lover's head,

Then shall the rose of Sharon's field,
And whitest lilies to my beauties yield,
Then fairest flow'rs with studious art combine,
The roses with the lilies join,
And their united charms are less than mine.

As much as fairest lilies can surpass
A thorn in beauty, or in height the grass;
So does my love among the virgins shine,
Adorn'd with graces more than half divine;
Or as a tree, that, glorious to behold,
Is hung with apples, all of ruddy gold,
Hesperian fruit! and beautifully high,
Extends its branches to the sky;
So does my love the virgin's eye invite!
'Tis he alone can fix their wand'ring sight,
Among ten thousand eminently bright.

Beneath this pleasing shade
My wearied limbs at ease I laid,
And on his fragrant boughs reclin'd my head.
I pull'd the golden fruit with eager haste;
Sweet was the fruit, and pleasing to the taste.
With sparkling wine he crown'd the bowl,
With gentle ecstacies he fill'd my soul;
Joyous we sat beneath the shady grove,
And o'er my head he hung the banners of his love.

I faint! I die! my labouring breast
Is with the mighty weight of love oppress'd!
I feel the fire possess my heart,
And pain convey'd to ev'ry part.
Thro' all my veins the passion flies,
My feeble soul forsakes its place,
A trembling faintness seals my eyes,
And paleness dwells upon my face:
Oh! let my love with pow'rful odour stay
My fainting love-sick soul, that dies away;
One hand beneath me let him place,
With t'other press me in a chaste embrace.

I charge you, nymphs of Zion, as you go
Arm'd with the sounding quiver and the bow,
Whilst through the lonesome woods you rove,
You ne'er disturb my sleeping love.
Be only gentle Zephyrs there,
With downy wings to fan the air;
Let sacred silence dwell around,
To keep off each intruding sound:
And when the balmy slumber leaves his eyes,
May he to joys, unknown till then, arise.

But see! he comes! with what majestic gait
He onward bears his lovely state!
Now thro' the lattice he appears,
With softest words dispels my fears:
Arise, my fair one, and receive
All the pleasures love can give,
For now the sullen winter's past,
No more we fear the northern blast;
No storms nor threat'ning clouds appear,
No falling rains deform the year.
My love admits of no delay,
Arise, my fair, and come away.

Already, see! the teeming earth
Brings forth the flow'rs, her beauteous birth,
The dews and soft descending show'rs,
Nurse the new-born tender flow'rs.
Hark! the birds melodious sing,
And sweetly usher in the spring.
Close by his fellow sits the dove,
And, billing, whispers her his love.
The spreading wines with blossoms swell,
Diffusing round a grateful smell.
Arise, my fair one, and receive
All the blessings love can give:
For love admits of no delay,
Arise, my fair, and come away.

As to its mate the constant dove
Flies thro' the covert of the spicy grove:

So let us hasten to some lonely shade,
There let me safe in thy lov'd arms be laid,
Where no intruding hateful noise
Shall damp the sound of thy melodious voice;
Where I may gaze, and mark each beauteous grace;
For sweet thy voice, and lovely is thy face.

As all of me, my love, is thine,
Let all of thee be ever mine.
Among the lilies we will play,
Fairer, my love, thou art, than they,
Till the purple morn arise,
And balmy sleep forsake thine eyes:
'Till the gladsome beams of day
Remove the shades of night away;
Then when soft sleep shall from thy eyes depart,
Rise like the bounding roe, or lusty hart,
Glad to behold the light again,
From Bether's mountains darting e'er the plain.

STEELE. T.

No. 389. TUESDAY, MAY 27.

——*Meliora pii docuere parentes.* HOR.

Their pious sires a better lesson taught.

NOTHING has more surprised the learned in England than the price which a small book, intitled *Spaccio della Bestia triomfante*, bore in a late auction.* This book was sold for thirty pounds. As it was written by one Jordanus

* This book was for some time so little regarded, that it sold often for two shillings; the same copy, as above referred to, has since been sold for fifty pounds sterling. There was an edition of it in English, printed in 1713.

Brunus, a professed atheist, with a design to depreciate religion, every one was apt to fancy, from the extravagant price it bore, that there must be something in it very formidable.

I must confess, that happening to get a sight of one of them myself, I could not forbear perusing it with this apprehension; but found there was so very little danger in it, that I shall venture to give my readers a fair account of the whole plan upon which this wonderful treatise is built.

The author pretends that Jupiter, once upon a time, resolved upon a reformation of the constellations: for which purpose having summoned the stars together, he complains to them of the great decay of the worship of the gods, which he thought so much the harder, having called several of those celestial bodies by the names of the heathen deities; and by that means made the heavens as it were a book of the Pagan theology. Momus tells him that this is not to be wondered at, since there were so many scandalous stories of the deities; upon which the author takes occasion to cast reflections upon all other religions, concluding, that Jupiter, after a full hearing, discarded the deities out of heaven, and called the stars by the names of the moral virtues.

This short fable, which has no pretence in it to reason or argument, and but a very small share of wit, has however recommended itself wholly by its impiety to those weak men who would distinguish themselves by the singularity of their opinions.

There are two considerations which have been often urged against atheists, and which they ne-

ver yet could get over. The first is, that the greatest and most eminent persons of all ages have been against them, and always complied with the public forms of worship established in their respective countries, when there was nothing in them either derogatory to the honour of the Supreme Being, or prejudicial to the good of mankind.

The Platos and Ciceros among the ancients; the Bacons, the Boyles, and the Lockes, among our own countrymen, are all instances of what I have been saying; not to mention any of the divines, however celebrated, since our adversaries challenge all those, as men who have too much interest in this case to be impartial evidences.

But what has been often urged as a consideration of much more weight, is not only the opinion of the better sort, but the general consent of mankind to this great truth; which I think could not possibly have come to pass, but from one of the three following reasons:—Either that the idea of a God is innate and co-existent with the mind itself; or that this truth is so very obvious, that it is discovered by the first exertion of reason in persons of the most ordinary capacities; or lastly, that it has been delivered down to us through all ages by a tradition from the first man.

The atheists are equally confounded, to whichever of these three causes we assign it; they have been so pressed by this last argument from the general consent of mankind, that after great search and pains they pretend to have found out a nation of atheists, I mean that polite people the Hottentots.

I dare not shock my readers with a description of the customs and manners of those barbarians, who are in every respect scarce one degree above brutes, having no language among them but a confused gabble, which is neither well understood by themselves nor others.

It is not, however, to be imagined, how much the atheists have gloried in these their good friends and allies.

If we boast of a Socrates or a Seneca, they may now confront them with these great philosophers the Hottentots.

Though even this point has, not without reason, been several times controverted, I see no manner of harm it could do to religion, if we should entirely give them up this elegant part of mankind.

Methinks nothing more shows the weakness of their cause, than that no division of their fellow-creatures join with them, but those among whom they themselves own reason is almost defaced, and who have little else but their shape, which can entitle them to any place in the species.

Besides these poor creatures, there have now and then been instances of a few crazed people in several nations who have denied the existence of a Deity.

The catalogue of these is however very short; even Vanini,* the most celebrated champion for the cause, professed before his judges that he be-

* Vanini was a priest of irregular life and atheistical principles, which he industriously disseminated. His tongue was cut out and he was burnt at Thoulouse, in February, 1619.

lieved the existence of a God; and taking up a straw which lay before him on the ground, assured them that alone was sufficient to convince him of it; alleging several arguments to prove that it was impossible nature alone could create any thing.

I was the other day reading an account of Casimir Lyszinski,* a gentleman of Poland, who was convicted and executed for this crime. The manner of his punishment was very particular. As soon as his body was burnt, his ashes were put into a cannon, and shot into the air towards Tartary.

I am apt to believe, that if something like this method of punishment should prevail in England, such is the natural good sense of the British nation, that whether we rammed an atheist whole into a great gun, or pulverized our infidels, as they do in Poland, we should not have many charges.

I should, however, propose, while our ammunition lasted, that instead of Tartary, we should always keep two or three cannons ready pointed towards the Cape of Good Hope, in order to shoot our unbelievers into the country of the Hottentots.

In my opinion, a solemn judicial death is too great an honour for an atheist, though I must allow the method of exploding him, as it is practised in this ludicrous kind of martyrdom, has something in it proper enough to the nature of his offence.

* Lyszinski suffered at Warsaw in 1689, but it does not appear that he ever published any thing.

There is indeed a great objection against this manner of treating them. Zeal for religion is of so active a nature, that it seldom knows where to rest; for which reason I am afraid, after having discharged our atheists, we might possibly think of shooting off our sectaries; and, as one does not foresee the vicissitudes of human affairs, it might one time or other come to a man's own turn to fly out of the mouth of a demi-culverin.

If any of my readers imagine that I have treated these gentlemen in too ludicrous a manner, I must confess, for my own part, I think reasoning against such unbelievers upon a point that shocks the common sense of mankind, is doing them too great an honour, giving them a figure in the eye of the world, and making people fancy that they have more in them than they really have.

As for those persons who have any scheme of religious worship, I am for treating such with the utmost tenderness, and should endeavour to show them their errors with the greatest temper and humanity; but as these miscreants are for throwing down religion in general, for stripping mankind of what themselves own is of excellent use in all great societies, without once offering to establish any thing in the room of it; I think the best way of dealing with them is to retort their own weapons upon them, which are those of scorn and mockery.

BUDGELL. X.

No. 390. WEDNESDAY, MAY 28.

Non pudendo, sed non faciendo id quod non decet, impudentiæ nomen effugere debemus. TULL.

The way to avoid the imputation of impudence, is not to be ashamed of what we do, but never to do what we ought to be ashamed of.

MANY are the epistles I receive from ladies extremely afflicted that they lie under the observation of scandalous people, who love to defame their neighbours, and make the unjustest interpretation of innocent and indifferent actions. They describe their own behaviour so unhappily, that there indeed lies some cause of suspicion upon them. It is certain that there is no authority for persons who have nothing else to do, to pass away hours of conversation upon the miscarriages of other people; but since they will do so, they who value their reputation should be cautious of appearances to their disadvantage. But very often our young women, as well as the middle aged, and the gay part of those growing old, without entering into a formal league for that purpose, to a woman, agree upon a short way to preserve their characters, and go on in a way that at best is only not vicious. The method is, when an ill-natured or talkative girl has said any thing that bears hard upon some part of another's carriage, this creature, if not in any of their little cabals, is run down for the most censorious dangerous body in the world. Thus they guard their reputation rather than their modesty; as if guilt lay in being under the im-

putation of a fault, and not in the commission of it. Orbicilla is the kindest poor thing in the town, but the most blushing creature living: it is true she has not lost the sense of shame, but she has lost the sense of innocence. If she had more confidence and never did any thing which ought to stain her cheeks, would she not be much more modest without that ambiguous suffusion, which is the livery both of guilt and innocence? Modesty consists in being conscious of no ill, and not in being ashamed of having done it. When people go upon any other foundation than the truth of their own hearts for the conduct of their actions, it lies in the power of scandalous tongues to carry the world before them, and make the rest of mankind fall in with the ill, for fear of reproach—On the other hand, to do what you ought, is the ready way to make calumny either silent or ineffectually malicious. Spenser, in his Fairy Queen, says admirably to young ladies under the distress of being defamed,—

'The best,' said he, 'that I can you advise,
Is to avoid th' occasion of the ill;
For when the cause, whence evil doth arise,
Remov'd is, th' effect surceaseth still.
Abstain from pleasure and restrain your will,
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight;
Use scanty diet, and forbear your fill;
Shun secrecy, and talk in open sight:
So shall you soon repair your present evil plight.'

Instead of this care over their words and actions, recommended by a poet in old Queen Bess's days, the modern way is to say and do what you please, and yet be the prettiest sort of woman in

the world. If fathers and brothers will defend a lady's honour, she is quite as safe as in her own innocence. Many of the distressed, who suffer under the malice of evil tongues, are so harmless, that they are every day they live asleep till twelve at noon; concern themselves with nothing but their own persons till two; take their necessary food between that time and four; visit, go to the play, and sit up at cards till towards the ensuing morn; and the malicious world shall draw conclusions from innocent glances, short whispers, or pretty familiar railleries with fashionable men, that these fair ones are not as rigid as vestals. It is certain, say these 'goodest' creatures very well, that virtue does not consist in constrained behaviour and wry faces, that must be allowed: but there is a decency in the aspect and manner of ladies, contracted from a habit of virtue, and from general reflections that regard a modest conduct; all which may be understood, though they can not be described. A young women of this sort claims an esteem mixed with affection and honour, and meets with no defamation; or if she does, the wild malice is overcome with an undisturbed perseverance in her innocence. To speak freely, there are such coveys of coquettes about this town, that if the peace were not kept by some impertinent tongues of their own sex, which keep them under some restraint, we should have no manner of engage ment upon them to keep them in any tolerable order.

As I am a Spectator, and behold how plainly one part of womankind balance the behaviour of the other, whatever I may think of tale-bearers

or slanderers, I can not wholly suppress them, no more than a general would discourage spies. The enemy would easily surprise him whom they knew had no intelligence of their motions. It is so far otherwise with me, that I acknowledge I permit a she-slanderer or two in every quarter of the town, to live in the characters of coquettes, and take all the innocent freedoms of the rest, in order to send me information of the behaviour of their respective sisterhoods.

But, as the matter of respect to the world which looks on, is carried on, methinks it is so very easy to be what is in the general called virtuous, that it need not cost one hour's reflection in a month to preserve that appellation. It is pleasant to hear the pretty rogues talk of virtue and vice among each other; 'she is the laziest creature in the world, but, I must confess, strictly virtuous: the peevishest hussey breathing, but as to her virtue, she is without blemish: she has not the least charity for any of her acquaintance, but I must allow her rigidly virtuous.' As the unthinking part of the male world call every man a man of honour who is not a coward; so the crowd of the other sex terms every woman who will not be a wench, virtuous.

STEELE. T.

No. 391. THURSDAY, MAY 29.

——Non tu prece poscis emaci,
Quæ nisi seductis nequeas committere divis:
At bona pars procerum tacitâ libabit acerrâ.
Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humilesque susurros
Tollere de templis; et aperto vivere voto.
Mens bona, fama, fides; hæc clarè, et ut audiat hospes,
Illa sibi introrsum, et sub lingua immurmurat: O si
Ebullit patrui præclarum funus! Et O si
Sub rastro crepet argenti mihi seria dextro
Hercule! pupillumve utinam, quem proximus hæres
Impello, expungam!—— PERS. SAT.

Thy prayers the test of heaven will bear:
Nor need'st thou take the gods aside to hear:
While others, e'en the mighty men of Rome,
Big swell'd with mischief, to the temples come;
And in low murmurs and with costly smoke,
Heav'ns help, to prosper their black vows, invoke.
So boldly to the gods mankind reveal
What from each other they, for shame, conceal.
Give me good fame, ye pow'rs, and make me just;
Thus much the rogue to public ears will trust.
In private then,—when wilt thou, mighty Jove,
My wealthy uncle from this world remove?
Or,—O thou thund'rer's son, great Hercules,
That once thy bounteous deity would please
To guide my rake upon the chinking sound
Of some vast treasure hidden under ground!
O were my pupil fairly knock'd o' th' head!
I should possess th' estate if he were dead. DRYDEN.

WHILE Homer represents Phœnix, the tutor of Achilles, as persuading his pupil to lay aside his resentment, and give himself up to the intreaties of his countrymen, the poet, in order to make him speak in character, ascribes to him a

speech full of those fables and allegories, which old men take delight in relating, and which are very proper for instruction. 'The gods,' says he, 'suffer themselves to be prevailed upon by intreaties. When mortals have offended them by their transgressions, they appease them by vows and sacrifices. You must know, Achilles, that PRAYERS are the daughters of Jupiter. They are crippled by frequent kneeling, have their faces full of scars and wrinkles, and their eyes always cast towards heaven. They are constant attendants on the goddess ATE, and march behind her. This goddess walks forward with a bold and haughty air, and being very light of foot, runs through the whole earth, grieving and afflicting the sons of men. She gets the start of Prayers, who always follow her, in order to heal those persons whom she wounds. He who honours these daughters of Jupiter, when they draw near to him, receives great benefits from them; but as for him who rejects him, they intreat their father to give his orders to the goddess ATE, to punish him for his hardness of heart. This noble allegory needs but little explanation; for whether the goddess ATE, signifies injury, as some have explained it, or guilt in general, as others; or divine justice, as I am the more apt to think, the interpretation is obvious enough.

I shall produce another heathen fable relating to Prayers, which is of a more diverting kind. One would think, by some passages in it, that it was composed by Lucian, or at least by some author who has endeavoured to imitate his way of writing; but as dissertations of this nature are more curious than useful, I shall give my reader

the fable without any further inquiry after the author.

'Menippus the philosopher was a second time taken up into heaven by Jupiter; when for his entertainment he lifted up a trap-door that was placed by his footstool. At its rising, there issued through it such a din of cries as astonished the philosopher. Upon his asking what they meant, Jupiter told him they were the prayers that were sent up to him from the earth. Menippus, amidst the confusion of voices, which were so great that nothing less than the ear of Jove could distinguish them, heard the words, riches, honour, and long life, repeated in several different tones and languages. When the first hubbub of sounds was over, the trap-door being left open, the voices came up more separate and distinct. The first prayer was a very odd one, it came from Athens, and desired Jupiter to increase the wisdom and the beard of his humble supplicant. Menippus knew it by the voice to be the prayer of his friend Licander the philosopher. This was succeeded by the petition of one who had just laden a ship, and promised Jupiter, if he took care of it, and returned it home again full of riches, he would make him an offering of a silver cup. Jupiter thanked him for nothing; and bending down his ear more attentively than ordinary, heard a voice complaining to him of the cruelty of an Ephesian widow, and begging him to breed compassion in her heart. This, says Jupiter, is a very honest fellow: I have received a great deal of incense from him: I will not be so cruel to him as not to hear his prayers. He was then interrupted with a whole volley of vows,

which were made for the health of a tyrannical prince by his subjects, who prayed for him in his presence. Menippus was surprised, after having listened to prayers offered up with so much ardour and devotion, to hear low whispers from the same assembly, expostulating with Jove for suffering such a tyrant to live, and asking him how his thunder could lie idle? Jupiter was so offended at these prevaricating rascals, that he took down the first vows, and puffed away the last. The philosopher seeing a great cloud mounting upwards, and making its way directly to the trap-door, inquired of Jupiter, what it meant. This, says Jupiter, is the smoke of a whole hecatomb that is offered me by the general of an army, who is very importunate with me to let him cut off a hundred thousand men that are drawn up in array against him; what does the impudent wretch think I see in him, to believe that I will make a sacrifice of so many mortals as good as himself, and all this to his glory forsooth? But hark, says Jupiter, there is a voice I never heard but in time of danger; it is a rogue that is shipwrecked in the Ionian sea; I saved him on a plank but three days ago, upon his promise to mend his manners; the scoundrel is not worth a groat, and yet has the impudence to offer me a temple if I will keep him from sinking—But yonder, says he, is a special youth for you: he desires me to take his father, who keeps a great estate from him, out of the miseries of human life. The old fellow shall live till he makes his heart ache, I can tell him that for his pains. This was followed up by the soft voice of a pious lady, desiring Jupiter that she might appear amiable and charming in

the sight of her emperor. As the philosopher was reflecting on this extraordinary petition, there blew a gentle wind through the trap-door, which he at first mistook for a gale of zephyrs, but afterwards found it to be a breeze of sighs: they smelt strong of flowers and incense, and were succeeded by most passionate complaints of wounds and torments, fire and arrows, cruelty, despair, and death. Menippus fancied that such lamentable cries arose from some general execution, or from wretches lying under the torture; but Jupiter told him that they came up to him from the isle of Paphos, and that he every day received complaints of the same nature from that whimsical tribe of mortals who are called lovers. I am so trifled with, says he, by this generation of both sexes, and find it so impossible to please them, whether I grant or refuse their petitions, that I shall order a western wind for the future to intercept them in their passage, and blow them at random upon the earth. The last petition I heard was from a very aged man of near a hundred years old, begging but for one year more of life, and then promising to die contented. This is the rarest old fellow, says Jupiter. He has made this prayer to me for above twenty years together. When he was but fifty years old, he desired only that he might live to see his son settled in the world; I granted it. He then begged the same favour for his daughter, and afterwards that he might see the education of a grandson: when all this was brought about, he puts up a petition that he might live to finish a house he was building. In short, he is an unreasonable old cur, and never wants an excuse: I will hear no more of

him. Upon which he flung down the trap-door in a passion, and was resolved to give no more audiences that day.'

Notwithstanding the levity of this fable, the moral of it very well deserves our attention, and is the same with that which has been inculcated by Socrates and Plato, not to mention Juvenal and Persius, who have each of them made the finest satire in their whole works upon this subject. The vanity of men's wishes, which are the natural prayers of the mind as well as many of those secret devotions which they offer to the Supreme Being, are sufficiently exposed by it. Among other reasons for set forms of prayers, I have often thought it a very good one, that by this means the folly and extravagance of men's desires may be kept within due bounds, and not break out in absurd and ridiculous petitions on so great and solemn an occasion.

ADDISON. I.

No. 392. FRIDAY, MAY 30.

Per ambages et ministeria deorum,
Præcipitandus est liber spiritus.

By fable's aid ungovern'd fancy soars,
And claims the ministry of heav'nly powers.

The transformation of Fidelio into a looking-glass.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I WAS lately at a tea-table, where some young ladies entertained the company with a relation of a coquette in the neighbourhood, who had been

discovered practising before her glass. To turn the discourse, which, from being witty grew to be malicious, the matron of the family took occasion from the subject to wish that there were to be found amongst men such faithful monitors to dress the mind by, as we consult to adorn the body. She added, that if a sincere friend were miraculously changed into a looking-glass, she should not be ashamed to ask its advice very often. This whimsical thought worked so much upon my fancy the whole evening, that it produced a very odd dream.

'Methought, that as I stood before my glass, the image of a youth, of an open and ingenuous aspect, appeared in it; who with a small shrill voice spoke in the following manner:

"The looking-glass you see, was heretofore a man, even I, the unfortunate Fidelio. I had two brothers, whose deformity in shape was made up by the clearness of their understandings. It must be owned, however, that (as it generally happens) they had each a perverseness of humour suitable to their distortion of body. The eldest, whose belly sunk in monstrously, was a great coward; and though his splenetic contracted temper made him take fire immediately, he made objects that beset him appear greater than they were. The second, whose breast swelled into a bold relievo, on the contrary, took great pleasure in lessening every thing, and was perfectly the reverse of his brother. These oddnesses pleased company once or twice, but disgusted when often seen, for which reason the young gentlemen were sent from court to study mathematics at the university.

"I need not acquaint you, that I was very well made, and reckoned a bright polite gentleman. I was the confidant and darling of all the fair; and if the old and ugly spoke ill of me, all the world knew it was because I scorned to flatter them. No ball, no assembly, was attended till I had been consulted. Flavia coloured her hair before me, Celia showed me her teeth. Panthea heaved her bosom, Cleora brandished her diamond; I have seen Cleora's foot, and tied artificially the garters of Rhodope.

"It is a general maxim, that those who doat upon themselves can have no violent affection for another; but, on the contrary, I found that the women's passion for me rose in proportion to the love they bore to themselves. This was verified in my amour with Narcissa, who was so constant to me, that it was pleasantly said, had I been little enough she would have hung me at her girdle. The most dangerous rival I had was a gay empty fellow, who, by the strength of a long intercourse with Narcissa, joined to his natural endowments, had formed himself into a perfect resemblance with her. I had been discarded, had she not observed that he frequently asked my opinion about matters of the last consequence: this made me still more considerable in her eye.

"Though I was eternally caressed by the ladies, such was their opinion of my honour, that I was never envied by the men. A jealous lover of Narcissa one day thought he had caught her in an amorous conversation; for though he was at such a distance that he could hear nothing, he imagined strange things from her airs and

gestures. Sometimes with a serene look she stepped back in a listening posture, and brightened into an innocent smile. Quickly after she swelled into an air of majesty and disdain, then kept her eyes half shut after a languishing manner, then covered her blushes with her hand, breathed a sigh, and seemed ready to sink down. In rushed the furious lover: but how great was his surprise to see no one there but the innocent Fidelio, with his back against the wall betwixt two windows.

"It were endless to recount all my adventures. Let me hasten to that which cost me my life, and Narcissa her happiness.

"She had the misfortune to have the small-pox, upon which I was expressly forbid her sight, it being apprehended that it would increase her distemper, and that I should infallibly catch it at the first look. As soon as she was suffered to leave her bed, she stole out of her chamber, and found me all alone in an adjoining apartment. She ran with transport to her darling, and without mixture of fear lest I should dislike her. But, oh me! what was her fury when she heard me say, I was afraid and shocked at so loathsome a spectacle. She stepped back, swollen with rage, to see if I had the insolence to repeat it. I did, with this addition, that her ill-timed passion had increased her ugliness. Enraged, inflamed, distracted, she snatched a bodkin, and with all her force, stabbed me to the heart. Dying, I preserved my sincerity, and expressed the truth, though in broken words; and by reproachful grimaces to the last, I mimicked the deformity of my murderess.

'Cupid, who always attends the fair, and pitied the fate of so useful a servant as I was, obtained of the Destinies, that my body should be made incorruptible, and retain the qualities my mind had possessed. I immediately lost the figure of a man, and became smooth, polished, and bright, and to this day am the first favourite of the ladies.'

STEELE. T.

No. 393. SATURDAY, MAY 31.

Nescio quâ præter solitum dulcedine læti.
VIRG. GEORG.

Unusual sweetness purer joys inspires.

LOOKING over the letters that have been sent me, I chanced to find the following one, which I received about two years ago from an ingenious friend who was then in Denmark.

'DEAR SIR, *Copenhagen, May* 1, 1710.

'The spring with you has already taken possession of the fields and woods; now is the season of solitude, and of moving complaints upon trivial sufferings; now the griefs of lovers begin to flow, and their wounds to bleed afresh. I too, at this distance from the softer climates, am not without my discontents at present. You, perhaps, may laugh at me for a most romantic wretch, when I have disclosed to you the occasion of my uneasiness, and yet I can not help thinking my unhappiness real, in being confined to a region

which is the very reverse of Paradise. The seasons here are all of them unpleasant, and the country quite destitute of rural charms. I have not heard a bird sing, nor a brook murmur, nor a breeze whisper, neither have I been blest with the sight of a flowery meadow these two years. Every wind here is a tempest, and every water a turbulent ocean. I hope, when you reflect a little, you will not think the grounds of my complaint in the least frivolous and unbecoming a man of serious thought; that the love of woods, of fields and flowers, of rivers and fountains, seems to be a passion implanted in our natures the most early of any, even before the fair sex had a being.

'I am, sir, &c.

Could I transport myself with a wish from one country to another, I should choose to pass my winter in Spain, my spring in Italy, my summer in England, and my autumn in France. Of all these seasons there is none that can vie with the spring for beauty and delightfulness. It bears the same figure among the seasons of the year, that the morning does among the divisions of the day, or youth among the stages of life. The English summer is pleasanter than that of any other country in Europe, on no other account but because it has a greater mixture of spring in it. The mildness of our climate; with those frequent refreshments of dews and rains that fall among us, keep up a perpetual cheerfulness in our fields, and fill the hottest months of the year with a lively verdure.

In the opening of the spring, when all nature begins to recover herself, the same animal plea-

sure which makes the birds sing, and the whole brute creaton rejoice, rises very sensibly in the heart of man. I know none of the poets who have observed so well as Milton those secret overflowings of gladness which diffuse themselves through the mind of the beholder, upon surveying the gay scenes of nature: he has touched upon it twice or thrice in his Paradise Lost, and describes it very beautifully under the name of 'vernal delight,' in that passage where he represents the devil himself as almost sensible of it.

> Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue
> Appear'd with gay enamel'd colours mix'd:
> On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
> Than in fair evening clouds, or humid bow,
> When God hath shower'd the earth, so lovely seem'd
> That landscape: and of pure now purer air
> Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
> Vernal delight, and joy able to drive
> All sadness but despair, &c.

Many authors have written on the vanity of the creature, and represented the barrenness of every thing in this world, and its incapacity of producing any solid or substantial happiness. As discourses of this nature are very useful to the sensual and voluptuous, those speculations which show the bright side of things, and lay forth those innocent entertainments which are to be met with among the several objects that encompass us, are no less beneficial to men of dark and melancholy tempers. It was for this reason that I endeavoured to recommend a cheerfulness of mind in my two last Saturday's papers, and which

I would still inculcate, not only from the consideration of ourselves, and of that Being on whom we depend, nor from the general survey of that universe in which we are placed at present, but from reflections on the particular season in which this paper is written. The creation is a perpetual feast to the mind of a good man; every thing he sees cheers and delights him. Providence has imprinted so many smiles on nature, that it is impossible for a mind which is not sunk in more gross and sensual delights, to take a survey of them without several secret sensations of pleasure. The Psalmist has, in several of his divine poems, celebrated those beautiful and agreeable scenes which make the heart glad, and produce in it that vernal delight which I have before taken notice of.

Natural philosophy quickens this state of the creation, and renders it not only pleasing to the imagination but to the understanding. It does not rest in the murmur of brooks, and the melody of birds, in the shade of groves and woods, or in the embroidery of fields and meadows, but considers the several ends of Providence which are served by them, and the wonders of Divine Wisdom which appear in them. It heightens the pleasures of the eye, and raises such a rational admiration in the soul as is little inferior to devotion.

It is not in the power of every one to offer up this kind of worship to the great Author of nature, and to indulge these more refined meditations of heart, which are doubtless highly acceptable in his sight; I shall therefore conclude this short essay, on that pleasure which the mind

naturally conceives from the present season of the year, by the recommending of a practice for which every one has sufficient abilities.

I would have my readers endeavour to moralize this natural pleasure of the soul, and to improve this vernal delight, as Milton calls it, into a Christian virtue. When we find ourselves inspired with this pleasing instinct, this secret satisfaction and complacency arising from the beauties of the creation, let us consider to whom we stand indebted for all these entertainments of sense, and who it is that thus opens his hand, and fills the world with good. The apostle instructs us to take advantage of our present temper of mind, to graft upon it such a religious exercise as is particularly conformable to it, by that precept which advises those who are sad to pray, and those who are merry to sing psalms. The cheerfulness of heart which springs up in us from the survey of nature's works, is an admirable preparation for gratitude. The mind has gone a great way towards praise and thanksgiving, that is filled with such a secret gladness: a grateful reflection on the Supreme Cause who produces it, sanctifies it in the soul, and gives it its proper value. Such an habitual disposition of mind consecrates every field and wood, turns an ordinary walk into a morning or evening sacrifice, and will improve those transient gleams of joy, which naturally brighten up and refresh the soul on such occasions, into an inviolable and perpetual state of bliss and happiness.

ADDISON. L.

No. 394. MONDAY, JUNE 2.

Bene colligitur hæc pueris et mulierculis et servis et servorum similimis liberis esse grata: gravi verò homini, et ea quæ fiunt judicio certo ponderanti, probari posse nullo modo.
TULL.

It is rightly inferred that these things are pleasing to children, women and slaves, and even to such freemen as greatly resemble slaves, but can by no means be approved by a man of figure and character, and who forms a right judgment of things.

I HAVE been considering the little and frivolous things which give men accesses to one another, and power with each other, not only in the common and indifferent accidents of life, but also in matters of greater importance. You see in elections for members to sit in parliament, how far saluting rows of old women, drinking with clowns, and being upon a level with the lowest part of mankind in that wherein they themselves are lowest, their diversions, will carry a candidate. A capacity for prostituting a man's self in his behaviour, and descending to the present humour of the vulgar, is perhaps as good an ingredient as any other for making a considerable figure in the world; and if a man has nothing else, or better, to think of, he could not make his way to wealth and distinction by properer methods, than studying the particular bent of inclination of the people with whom he converses, and working from the observation of such their bias in all matters wherein he has any intercourse with them: for his ease and comfort he may assure himself, he need not be at the expense of any

great talent or virtue to please even those who are possessed of the highest qualifications. Pride in some particular disguise or other, often a secret to the proud man himself, is the most ordinary spring of action among men. You need no more than to discover what a man values himself for; then of all things admire that quality, but be sure to be failing in it yourself in comparison of the man whom you court. I have heard, or read, of a secretary of state in Spain, who served a prince who was happy in an elegant use of the Latin tongue, and often writ despatches in it with his own hand. The king showed his secretary a letter he had written to a foreign prince, and under the colour of asking his advice, laid a trap for his applause. The honest man read it as a faithful counsellor, and not only excepted against his tying himself down too much by some expressions, but mended the phrase in others. You may guess the despatches that evening did not take much longer time. Mr. Secretary, as soon as he came to his own house, sent for his eldest son, and communicated to him, that the family must retire out of Spain as soon as possible; for, said he, the king knows I understand Latin better than he does.

This egregious fault in a man of the world, should be a lesson to all who would make their fortunes, but a regard must be carefully had to the person with whom you have to do: for it is not to be doubted but a great man of common sense must look with secret indignation, or bridled laughter, on all the slaves who stand around him with ready faces to approve and smile at all he says in the gross. It is good comedy enough

to observe a superior talking half sentences, and playing an humble admirer's countenance from one thing to another, with such perplexity, that he knows not what to sneer in approbation of. But this kind of complaisance is peculiarly the manner of courts; in all other places you must constantly go farther in compliance with the persons you have to do with, than a mere conformity of looks and gestures. If you are in a country life, and would be a leading man, a good stomach, a loud voice, and rustic cheerfulness, will go a great way, provided you are able to drink, and drink any thing. But I was just now going to draw the manner of behaviour I would advise people to practise under some maxim, and intimated that every one almost was governed by his pride. There was an old fellow about forty years ago so peevish and fretful, though a man of business, that no one could come at him; but he frequented a particular little coffee-house, where he triumphed over every body at trick-track and backgammon. The way to pass his office well, was first to be insulted by him at one of those games in his leisure hours; for his vanity was to show, that he was a man of pleasure as well as business. Next to this sort of insinuation, which is called in all places, from its taking its birth in the households of princes, making one's court, the most prevailing way is, by what better bred people call a present, the vulgar a bribe. I humbly conceive that such a thing is conveyed with more gallantry in a *billet-doux* that should be understood at the bank, than in gross money: but as to stubborn people, who are so surly as to accept of neither note nor cash, having formerly

dabbled in chemistry, I can only say, that one part of matter asks one thing, and another another, to make it fluent; but there is nothing but may be dissolved by a proper mean: thus the virtue which is too obdurate for gold or paper, shall melt away very kindly in a liquid. The island of Barbadoes (a shrewd people) manage all their appeals to Great Britain by a skilful distribution of citron water* among the whisperers about men in power. Generous wines do every day prevail, and that in great points, where ten thousand times their value would have been rejected with indignation.

But to wave the enumeration of the sundry ways of applying by presents, bribes, management of people's passions and affections, in such a manner as it shall appear that the virtue of the best man is by one method or other corruptible; let us look out for some expedient to turn those passions and affections on the side of truth and honour. When a man has laid it down for a position, that parting with his integrity, in the minutest circumstance, is losing so much of his very self, self-love will become a virtue. By this means good and evil will be the only objects of dislike and approbation; and he that injures any man, has effectually wounded the man of this turn as much as if the harm had been to himself. This seems to be the only expedient to arrive at an impartiality, and a man who follows the dictates of truth and right reason, may by artifice be led into error, but never can into guilt.

STEELE. T.

* At that time known by the name of Barbadoes water.

No. 395. TUESDAY, JUNE 2.

——*Quod nunc ratio est, impetus ante fuit.* OVID.

'Tis reason now, 'twas appetite before.

'BEWARE of the ides of March,' said the Roman augur to Julius Cæsar; 'Beware of the month of May,' says the British Spectator to his fair countrywomen. The caution of the first was unhappily neglected, and Cæsar's confidence cost him his life. I am apt to flatter myself that my pretty readers had much more regard to the advice I gave them, (No 365,) since I have yet received very few accounts of any notorious trips made in the last month.

But, though I hope for the best, I shall not pronounce too positively on this point, till I have seen forty weeks well over, at which period of time, as my good friend Sir Roger has often told me, he has more business as a justice of peace, among the dissolute young people in the country, than at any other season of the year.

Neither must I forget a letter which I received near a fortnight since from a lady; who, it seems could hold out no longer, telling me she looked

upon the month as then out, for that she had all along reckoned by the new style.

On the other hand, I have great reason to believe, from several angry letters which have been sent to me by disappointed lovers, that my advice has been of very signal service to the fair sex, who, according to the old proverb, were forewarned, forearmed.

One of these gentlemen tells me, that he would have given me a hundred pounds, rather than I should have published that paper; for that his mistress, who had promised to explain herself to him about the beginning of May, upon reading that discourse, told him, that she would give him her answer in June.

Thyrsis acquaints me, that when he desired Sylvia to take a walk in the fields, she told him the Spectator had forbidden her.

Another of my correspondents, who writes himself Mat. Meager, complains, that whereas he constantly used to breakfast with his mistress upon chocolate, going to wait upon her the first of May, he found his usual treat very much changed for the worse, and has been forced to feed ever since upon green tea.

As I began this critical season with a caveat to the ladies, I shall conclude it with a congratulation, and do most heartily wish them joy of their happy deliverance.

They may now reflect with pleasure on the dangers they have escaped, and look back with as much satisfaction on the perils that threatened them, as their great grandmothers did formerly on the burning ploughshares, after having passed

through the ordeal trial. The instigations of the spring are now abated. The nightingale gives over her 'love-laboured song,' as Milton phrases it, the blossoms are fallen, and the beds of flowers swept away by the scythe of the mower.

I shall now allow my fair readers to return to their romances and chocolate, provided they make use of them with moderation, till about the middle of the month, when the sun shall have made some progress in the Crab. Nothing is more dangerous than too much confidence and security. The Trojans who stood upon their guard all the while the Grecians lay before their city, when they fancied the siege was raised, and the danger past, were the very next night burnt in their beds. I must also observe, that as, in some climates, there is a perpetual spring, so in some female constitutions there is a perpetual May; these are a kind of valetudinarians in chastity, whom I would continue in a constant diet. I can not think these wholly out of danger, till they have looked upon the other sex at least five years through a pair of spectacles. Will Honeycomb has often assured me, that it is much easier to steal one of this species when she has passed her grand climacteric, than to carry off an icy girl on this side five and twenty; and that a rake of his acquaintance who had in vain endeavoured to gain the affections of a young girl of fifteen, had at last made his fortune by running away with her grandmother.

But as I do not design this speculation for the evergreens of the sex, I shall again apply myself to those who would willingly listen to the dic-

tates of reason and virtue, and can now hear me in cold blood. If there are any who have forfeited their innocence, they must now consider themselves under that melancholy view in which Chamont regards his sister, in those beautiful lines.

> Long she flourished,
> Grew sweet to sense; and lovely to the eye;
> Till at the last a cruel spoiler came,
> Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness,
> Then cast it like a loathsome weed away.

On the contrary, she who has observed the timely cautions I gave her, and lived up to the rules of modesty; will now flourish like a rose in June, with all her virgin blushes and sweetness about her: I must, however, desire these last to consider, how shameful it would be for a general, who has made a successful campaign, to be surprised in his winter-quarters; it would be no less dishonourable for a lady to lose in any other month in the year what she has been at the pains to preserve in May.

There is no charm in the female sex that can supply the place of virtue. Without innocence, beauty is unlovely, and quality contemptible, good-breeding degenerates into wantonness, and wit into impudence. It is observed, that all the virtues are represented by both painters and statuaries under female shapes, but if any one of them has a more particular title to that sex, it is modesty. I shall leave it to the divines to guard them against the opposite vice, as they may be overpowered by temptations; it is sufficient for

me to have warned them against it, as they may be led astray by instinct.

I desire this paper may be read with more than ordinary attention at all tea-tables within the cities of London and Westminster.

BUDGELL. X.

No. 396. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4.

*Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio, Baralipton.**

HAVING a great deal of business upon my hands at present, I shall beg the reader's leave to present him with a letter that I received about half-a-year ago from a gentleman at Cambridge, who styles himself Peter de Quir. I have kept it by me some months, and though I did not know at first what to make of it, upon my reading it over very frequently, I have at last discovered several conceits in it: I would not therefore have my reader discouraged if he does not take them at the first perusal.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

From St. John's College, Cambridge, Feb. 3, 1712.

'SIR,

'The monopoly of puns in this university has been an immemorial privilege of the Johnians:† and we can not help resenting the late invasion of our ancient right as to that particular, by a little pretender to clenching in a neighbouring college, who, in an application to you by way of letter, a while ago styled himself Philobrune. (No. 286.) Dear sir, as you are by character a professed well-wisher to speculation, you will excuse a remark which this gentleman's passion for the brunette has suggested to a brother theo-

* A barbarous verse invented by the logicians.
† The students of St. John's College.

rist: it is an offer towards a mechanical account of his lapse to punning, for he belongs to a set of mortals who value themselves upon an uncommon mastery in the more humane and polite part of letters. A conquest by one of this species of females gives a very odd turn to the intellectuals of the captivated person, and very different from that way of thinking which a triumph from the eyes of another, more emphatically of the fair sex, does generally occasion. It fills the imagination with an assemblage of such ideas and pictures as are hardly any thing but shade, such as night, the devil, &c. These portraitures very near overpower the light of the understanding, almost benight the faculties, and give that melancholy tincture to the most sanguine complexion, which this gentleman calls an inclination to be in a brown study, and is usually attended with worse consequences in case of a repulse. During this twilight of intellects, the patient is extremely apt, as love is the most witty passion in nature, to offer at some pert sallies now and then, by way of flourish, upon the amiable enchantress, and unfortunately stumbles upon that mongrel miscreated (to speak in Miltonic) kind of wit, vulgarly termed the pun. It would not be much amiss to consult Dr. T—— W——,* (who is certainly a very able projector, and whose system of divinity and spiritual mechanics obtains very much among the better part of our under-graduates) whether a general intermarriage, enjoined by parliament, between this sisterhood of the olive beauties and the fraternity of the people

* Supposed to mean Dr. Thomas Woolston.

called Quakers, would not be a very serviceable expedient, and abate that overflow of light which shines within them so powerfully, that it dazzles their eyes, and dances them into a thousand vagaries of error and enthusiasm. These reflections may impart some light towards a discovery of the origin of punning among us, and the foundation of its prevailing so long in this famous body. It is notorious, from the instance under consideration, that it must be owing chiefly to the use of brown jugs, muddy belch, and the fumes of a certain memorable place of rendezvous with us at meals, known by the name of Stain-coat-Hole: for the atmosphere of the kitchen, like the tail of a comet, predominates least about the fire, but resides behind, and fills the fragrant receptacle above-mentioned. Besides, it is farther observable, that the delicate spirits among us, who declare against these nauseous proceedings, sip tea, and put up for critic and amour, profess likewise an equal abhorrence for punning, the ancient innocent diversion of this society. After all, sir, though it may appear something absurd, that I seem to approach you with the air of an advocate for punning, (you, who have justified your censures of the practice in a set dissertation upon that subject,) (No. 61,) yet, I am confident, you will think it abundantly atoned for by observing, that this humbler exercise may be as instrumental in diverting us from any innovating schemes and hypotheses in wit, as dwelling upon honest orthodox logic would be in securing us from heresy in religion. Had Mr. W——n's researches been confined within the bounds of Ramus or Crackenthorp, that learned news-

monger might have acquiesced in what the holy oracles pronounced upon the deluge, like other Christians; and had the surprising Mr. L——y* been content with the employment of refining upon Shakspeare's points and quibbles (for which he must be allowed to have a superlative genius,) and now and then penning a catch or a ditty, instead of inditing odes and sonnets, the gentleman of the *bon goût* in the pit would never have been put to all that grimace in damning the frippery of state, the poverty and languor of thought, the unnatural wit, and inartificial structure of his dramas. I am, sir,

'Your very humble servant,

'PETER DE QUIR.'

HENLEY.

No. 397. THURSDAY, JUNE 5.

——*Dolor ipse disertum*
Fecerat—— OVID.

For grief inspir'd me then with eloquence. DRYDEN.

As the Stoic philosophers discard all passions in general, they will not allow a wise man so much as to pity the afflictions of another. 'If thou seest thy friend in trouble,' says Epictetus, 'thou mayest put on a look of sorrow and condole with him; but take care that thy sorrow be not real.' The more rigid of this sect would not

* John Lacy of Cambridge, who was an author and player, held in estimation by Charles II.

comply so far as even to show such an outward appearance of grief; but when one told them of any calamity that had befallen even the nearest of their acquaintance, would immediately reply, What is that to me? If you aggravated the circumstances of the affliction, and showed how one misfortune was followed by another, the answer was still, All this may be true, but what is it to me?

For my own part, I am of opinion compassion does not only refine and civilize human nature, but has something in it more pleasing and agreeable than what we can meet with in such an indolent happiness, such an indifference to mankind, as that in which the Stoics placed their wisdom. As love is the most delightful passion, pity is nothing else but love softened by a degree of sorrow: in short, it is a kind of pleasing anguish, as well as generous sympathy that knits mankind together and blends them in the same common lot.

Those who have laid down rules for rhetoric or poetry, advise the writer to work himself up, if possible, to the pitch of sorrow which he endeavours to produce in others. There are none therefore who stir up pity so much as those who indite their own sufferings. Grief has a natural eloquence belonging to it, and breaks out in more moving sentiments than can be supplied by the finest imagination. Nature on this occasion dictates a thousand passionate things which can not be supplied by art.

It is for this reason that the short speeches or sentences which we often meet with in histories make a deeper impression on the mind of the

reader, than the most laboured strokes in a well-written tragedy. Truth and matter of fact sets the person actually before us in the one, whom fiction places at a greater distance from us in the other. I do not remember to have seen any ancient or modern story more affecting than a letter of Anne of Boleyn, wife to King Henry VIII. and mother to Queen Elizabeth, which is still extant in the Cotton Library, as written by her own hand.

Shakspeare himself could not have made her talk in a strain so suitable to her condition and character. One sees in it the expostulation of a slighted lover, the resentments of an injured woman, and the sorrows of an imprisoned queen. I need not acquaint my reader that this princess was then under prosecution for disloyalty to the King's bed, and that she was afterwards publicly beheaded upon the same account; though this prosecution was believed by many to proceed, as she herself intimates, rather from the king's love to Jane Seymore, than from any actual crime in Anne of Boleyn.

Queen Anne Boleyn's last letter to King Henry.

'SIR, *Cotton Library, Otho, C.* 10.

'Your Grace's displeasure, and my imprisonment, are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favour) by such an one, whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy. I no sooner received this mes-

sage by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall with all willingness and duty perform your command.

'But let not your Grace ever imagine, that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Boleyn, with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation or received Queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other object. You have chosen me, from a low estate, to be your Queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your Grace, let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies withdraw your princely favour from me: neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your good grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant-princess your daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame: then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy

and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that, whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open censure; and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your Grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party, for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto, your Grace not being ignorant of my suspicion therein.

But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness: then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof; and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me at his general judgment seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt not, whatsoever the world may think of me, mine innocence shall be openly known, and sufficiently cleared.

'My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burden of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who (as I understand) are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Anne Boleyn hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request, and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any further; with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace in his good keeping, and

to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, this sixth of May.

'Your most loyal
'And ever faithful wife,
'ANNE BOLEYN.

ADDISON. L.

No. 398. FRIDAY, JUNE 6.

Insanire pares certa ratione madoque. HOR. SAT.

——You'd be a fool
With art and wisdom, and be mad by rule. CREECH.

CYNTHIO and Flavia are persons of distinction in this town, who have been lovers these ten months last past, and writ to each other for gallantry sake under those feigned names; Mr. Such-a-one and Mrs. Such-a-one, not being capable of raising the soul out of the ordinary tracks and passages of life, up to that elevation which makes the life of the enamoured so much superior to that of the rest of the world But ever since the beauteous Cecilia has made such a figure as she now does in the circle of charming women, Cynthio has been secretly one of her adorers. Lætitia has been the finest woman in town these three months, and so long Cynthio has acted the part of a lover very awkwardly in the presence of Flavia. Flavia has been too blind towards him, and has too sincere a heart of her own to observe a thousand things which would have discovered this change of mind to any one less engaged than she was. Cynthio

was musing yesterday in the Piazza in Covent-Garden, and was saying to himself that he was a very ill man to go on in visiting and professing love to Flavia, when his heart was enthralled to another. It is an infirmity that I am not constant to Flavia; but it would be still a greater crime, since I can not continue to love her, to profess that I do. To marry a woman with the coldness that usually indeed comes on after marriage, is ruining one's self with one's eyes open; besides, it is really doing her an injury. This last consideration, forsooth, of injuring her in persisting, made him resolve to break off upon the first favourable opportunity of making her angry. When he was in this thought, he saw Robin the porter, who waits at Will's coffee-house, passing by. Robin, you must know, is the best man in town for carrying a billet; the fellow has a thin body, swift step, demure looks, sufficient sense, and knows the town. This man carried Cynthio's first letter to Flavia, and by frequent errands ever since, is well known to her. The fellow covers his knowledge of the nature of his messages with the most exquisite low humour imaginable; the first he obliged Flavia to take, was by complaining to her that he had a wife and three children, and if she did not take that letter which he was sure there was no harm in, but rather love, his family must go supperless to bed, for the gentleman would pay him according as he did his business. Robin, therefore, Cynthio now thought fit to make use of, and gave him orders to wait before Flavia's door, and if she called him to her, and asked whether it was Cynthio who passed by, he should

at first be loth to own it was, but upon importunity confess it. There needed not much search into that part of the town to find a well dressed hussy fit for the purpose Cynthio designed her. As soon as he believed Robin was posted, he drove by Flavia's lodgings in a hackney-coach and a woman in it. Robin was at the door talking with Flavia's maid, and Cynthio pulled up the glass as surprised, and hid his associate. The report of this circumstance soon flew up stairs, and Robin could not deny but the gentleman 'favoured' his master; yet, if it was he, he was sure the lady was but his cousin, whom he had seen ask for him; adding, that he believed she was a poor relation, because they made her wait one morning till he was awake. Flavia immediately writ the following epistle, which Robin brought to Will's.

'SIR, *June* 4, 1712.

'It is in vain to deny it, basest, falsest of mankind; my maid, as well as the bearer, saw you.

'The injured FLAVIA.'

After Cynthio had read the letter, he asked Robin how she looked, and what she said at the delivery of it. Robin said she spoke short to him, and called him back again, and had nothing to say to him, and bid him and all the men in the world go out of her sight; but the maid followed, and bid him bring an answer.

Cynthio returned as follows:

'MADAM, *June* 4, *three afternoon*, 1712.

'That your maid and the bearer has seen me

very often is very certain; but I desire to know, being engaged at piquet, what your letter means by "it is in vain to deny it." I shall stay here all the evening.

'Your amazed CYNTHIO.'

As soon as Robin arrived with this, Flavia answered:

'DEAR CYNTHIO,

'I have walked a turn or two in my anti-chamber since I writ to you, and have recovered myself from an impertinent fit which you ought to forgive me, and desire you would come to me immediately, to laugh off a jealousy that you and a creature of the town went by in a hackney-coach an hour ago. I am

'Your most humble servant,

'FLAVIA.'

'I will not open the letter which my Cynthio writ upon the misapprehension you must have been under when you writ, for want of hearing the whole circumstance.'

Robin came back in an instant and Cynthio answered:

Half an hour six minutes after three,

'MADAM, *June* 4, *Will's Coffee-house.*

'It is certain I went by your lodgings with a gentlewoman to whom I have the honour to be known; she is indeed my relation, and a pretty sort of a woman. But your starting manner of writing, and owning you have not done me the

honour so much as to open my letter, has in it something very unaccountable, and alarms one that has had thoughts of passing his days with you. But I am born to admire you with all your little imperfections. CYNTHIO.'

Robin ran back, and brought for answer:

'Exact sir, that are at Will's coffee-house six minutes after three, June 4th; one that has had thoughts, and all my little imperfections. Sir, come to me immediately, or I shall determine what may perhaps not be very pleasing to you.
'FLAVIA.'

Robin gave an account that she looked excessive angry when she gave him the letter; and that he told her, for she asked, that Cynthio only looked at the clock, taking snuff, and writ two or three words on the top of the letter when he gave him his.

Now the plot thickened so well, as that Cynthio saw he had not much more to accomplish being irreconcileably banished; he writ,

'MADAM,
'I have that prejudice in favour of all you do, that it is not possible for you to determine upon what will not be very pleasing to
'Your obedient servant,
'CYNTHIO.'

This was delivered, and an answer returned in a little more than two seconds.

'SIR,

'Is it come to this? You never loved me; and the creature you were with is the properest person for your associate. I despise you, and hope I shall soon hate you as a villain to

'The credulous FLAVIA.'

Robin ran back with

'MADAM,

'Your credulity when you are to gain your point, and suspicion when you fear to lose it, make it a very hard part to behave as becomes

'Your humble slave,

'CYNTHIO.'

Robin whipt away, and returned with,

'MR. WELLFORD,

'Flavia and Cynthio are no more. I relieve you from the hard part of which you complain, and banish you from my sight for ever.

'ANN HEART.'

Robin had a crown for his afternoon's work; and this is published to admonish Cecilia to avenge the injury done to Flavia.

STEELE. T.

No. 399. SATURDAY, JUNE 7.

Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere! PERS.

None, none descends into himself to find,
The secret imperfections of his mind. DRYDEN.

HYPOCRISY at the fashionable end of the town is very different from hypocrisy in the city. The modish hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is, the other kind of hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the show of religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many criminal gallantries and amours, which he is not guilty of: the latter assumes a face of sanctity; and covers a multitude of vices under a seeming religious deportment.

But there is another kind of hypocrisy which differs from both these, and which I intend to make the subject of this paper; I mean that hypocrisy by which a man does not only deceive the world, but very often imposes on himself; that hypocrisy which conceals his own heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his vices, or mistake even his vices for virtues. It is this fatal hypocrisy and self-deceit which is taken notice of in these words, 'Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults.'

If the open professors of impiety deserve the utmost application and endeavours of moral writers to recover them from vice and folly, how much more may those lay a claim to their care

and compassion, who are walking in the paths of death, while they fancy themselves engaged in a course of virtue! I shall endeavour, therefore, to lay down some rules for the discovery of those vices that lurk in the secret corners of the soul, and to show my reader those methods by which he may arrive at a true and impartial knowledge of himself. The usual means prescribed for this purpose are, to examine ourselves by the rules which are laid down for our direction in sacred writ, and to compare our lives with the life of that person who acted up to the perfection of human nature, and is the standing example, as well as the great guide and instructor, of those who receive his doctrines. Though these two heads can not be too much insisted upon, I shall but just mention them, since they have been handled by many great and eminent writers.

I would therefore propose the following methods to the consideration of such as would find out their secret faults, and make a true estimate of themselves.

In the first place, let them consider well what are the characters which they bear among their enemies. Our friends very often flatter us as much as our own hearts: they either do not see our faults, or conceal them from us, or soften them by their representations, after such a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An adversary, on the contrary, makes a stricter search into us; discovers every flaw and imperfection in our tempers; and though his malice may set them in too strong a light, it has generally some ground for what it advances. A friend exaggerates a man's virtues, an enemy in-

flames his crimes. A wise man should give a just attention to both of them, so far as they may tend to the improvement of one and the diminution of the other. Plutarch has written an essay on the benefits which a man may receive from his enemies; and among the good fruits of enmity, mentions this in particular, that, by the reproaches which it casts upon us; we see the worst side of ourselves, and open our eyes to several blemishes and defects in our lives and conversations, which we should not have observed without the help of such ill-natured monitors.

In order, likewise, to come at a true knowledge of ourselves, we should consider, on the other hand, how far we may deserve the praises and approbations which the world bestow upon us; whether the actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy motives; and how far we are really possessed of the virtues which gain us applause among those with whom we converse.—Such a reflection is absolutely necessary, if we consider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourselves by the opinions of others, and to sacrifice the report of our own hearts to the judgment of the world.

In the next place, that we may not deceive ourselves in a point of so much importance, we should not lay too great a stress on any supposed virtues we possess that are of a doubtful nature: and such we may esteem all those in which multitudes of men dissent from us, who are as good and wise as ourselves. We should always act with great cautiousness and circumspection in points where it is not impossible that we may be deceived. Intemperate zeal, bigotry, and perse-

cution, for any party or opinion, how praise-worthy soever they may appear to weak men of our own principles, produce infinite calamities among mankind, and are highly criminal in their own nature: and yet how many persons eminent for piety suffer such monstrous and absurd principles of action to take root in their minds under the colour of virtues? For my own part, I must own I never yet knew any party so just and reasonable, that a man could follow it in its height and violence, and at the same time be innocent.

We should likewise be very apprehensive of those actions which proceed from natural constitutions, favourite passions, particular education, or whatever promotes our worldly interest or advantage. In these, and the like cases, a man's judgment is easily perverted, and a wrong bias hung upon his mind. These are the inlets of prejudice, the unguarded avenues of the mind, by which a thousand errors and secret faults find admission, without being observed or taken notice of. A wise man will suspect those actions to which he is directed by something besides reason, and always apprehend some concealed evil in every resolution that is of a disputable nature, when it is conformable to his particular temper, his age, or way of life, or when it favours his pleasure or his profit.

There is nothing of greater importance to us than thus diligently to sift our thoughts, and examine all these dark recesses of the mind, if we would establish our souls in such a solid and substantial virtue as will turn to account in that great day, when it must stand the test of infinite wisdom and justice.

I shall conclude this essay with observing, that the two kinds of hypocrisy I have here spoken of, namely, that of deceiving the word, and that of imposing on ourselves, are touched with wonderful beauty in the hundred and thirty-ninth psalm. The folly of the first kind of hypocrisy is there set forth by reflections on God's omniscience and omnipresence, which are celebrated in as noble strains of poetry as any other I ever met with, either sacred or profane. The other kind of hypocrisy, whereby a man deceives himself, is intimated in the two last verses, where the Psalmist addresses himself to the great Searcher of hearts in that emphatical petition; 'Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart; prove me, and examine my thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.'

ADDISON. L.

No. 400. MONDAY, JUNE 9.

——*Latet anguis in herba.* VIRG. ECL.

There's a snake in the grass. ENGLISH PROVERB.

IT should, methinks, preserve modesty and its interests in the world, that the transgression of it always creates offence; and the very purposes of wantonness are defeated by a carriage which has in it so much boldness as to intimate, that fear and reluctance are quite extinguished in an object which would be otherwise desirable. It was said of a wit of the last age,

Sedley* has that prevailing gentle art,
Which can with a resistless charm impart
The loosest wishes to the chastest heart;
Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire
Between declining virtue and desire,
That the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away,
In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.

This prevailing gentle art was made up of com plaisance, courtship, and artful conformity to the modesty of a woman's manners. Rusticity, broad expression, and forward obtrusion, offend those of education, and make the transgressors odious to all who have merit enough to attract regard. It is in this taste that the scenery is so beautifully ordered in the description which Antony makes, in the dialogue between him and Dolabella, of Cleopatra in her barge.

Her galley down the silver Cidnos row'd;
The tackling silk, the streamers wav'd with gold;
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails:
Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were plac'd,
Where she, another sea-born Venus lay:
She lay, and lean'd her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if secure of all beholders' hearts,
Neglecting she could take them. Boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds
That play'd about her face; but if she smil'd,
A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad,
That men's desiring eyes were never weary'd,

* Sidney or Sedley, Sir Charles, a great favourite of Charles II. His verses, though not elegant, are thought soft and bewitching: He was also much admired for his personal address.

But hung upon the object. To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time; and, while they play'd,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
And both to thought——

Here the imagination is warmed with all the objects presented, and yet there is nothing that is luscious, or what raises any idea more loose than that of a beautiful woman set off to advantage. The like, or a more delicate and careful spirit of modesty, appears in the following passage in one of Mr. Phillips's pastorals.

Breathe soft, ye winds; ye waters gently flow;
Shield her, ye trees; ye flow'rs around her grow;
Ye swains, I beg you, pass in silence by,
My love in yonder vale asleep does lie.

Desire is corrected when there is a tenderness or admiration expressed which partakes the passion. Licentious language has something brutal in it, which disgraces humanity, and leaves us in the condition of the savages in the field. But it may be asked to what good use can tend a discourse of this kind at all? It is to alarm chaste ears against such as have what is above called the 'prevailing gentle art.' Masters of that talent are capable of clothing their thoughts in so soft a dress, and something so distant from the secret purpose of their heart, that the imagination of the unguarded is touched with a fondness which grows too insensibly to be resisted. Much care and concern for the lady's welfare, to seem afraid lest she should be annoyed by the very air which surrounds her, and this uttered rather with kind looks, and expressed by an interjection, an *ah*,

or an *oh*, at some little hazard in moving or making a step, than in any direct profession of love, are the methods of skilful admirers. They are honest arts when their purpose is such, but infamous when misapplied. It is certain that many a young woman in this town has had her heart irrecoverably won, by men who have not made one advance which ties their admirers, though the females languish with the utmost anxiety. I have often, by way of admonition to my female readers, given them warning against agreeable company of the other sex, except they are well acquainted with their characters. Women may disguise it if they think fit, and the more to do it, they may be angry at me for saying it; but I say it is natural to them, that they have no manner of approbation of men, without some degree of love: for this reason he is dangerous to be entertained as a friend or visitant who is capable of gaining any eminent esteem or observation, though it be never so remote from pretensions as a lover. If a man's heart has not the abhorrence of any treacherous design, he may easily improve approbation into kindness, and kindness into passion. There may possibly be no manner of love between them in the eyes of all their acquaintance; no, it is all friendship; and yet they may be as fond as shepherd and shepherdess in a pastoral, but still the nymph and the swain may be to each other, no other, I warrant you, than Pylades and Orestes.

When Lucy decks with flow'rs her swelling breast,
And on her elbow leans, dissembling rest;
Unable to refrain my madding mind,
Nor sheep nor pasture worth my care I find.

Once Delia slept on easy moss reclin'd,
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind;
I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss:
Condemn me, shepherds, if I did amiss.

Such good offices as these, and such friendly thoughts and concerns for one another, are what make up the amity, as they call it between man and woman. It is the permission of such intercourse that makes a young woman come to the arms of her husband after the disappointment of four or five passions which she has successively had for different men, before she is prudentially given to him for whom she has neither love nor friendship. For what should a poor creature do that has lost all her friends? There's Marinet the agreeable, has, to my knowledge, had a friendship for Lord Welford, which had like to break her heart; then she had so great a friendship for Colonel Hardy, that she could not endure any woman else should do any thing but rail at him. Many and fatal have been disasters between friends who have fallen out, and these resentments are more keen than ever those of other men can possibly be; but in this it happens unfortunately, that as there ought to be nothing concealed from one friend to another, the friends of different sexes very often find fatal effects from their unanimity.

For my part, who study to pass life in as much innocence and tranquillity as I can, I shun the company of agreeable women as much as possible; and must confess that I have, though a tolerable good philosopher, but a low opinion of Platonic love; for which reason I thought it necessary to give my fair readers a caution against

it, having to my great concern, observed the waist of a Platonist lately swell to a roundness which is inconsistent with that philosophy.

STEELE. T.

No. 401. TUESDAY, JUNE 10.

In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia: injuriæ,
Suspiciones, inimicitiæ, induciæ,
Bellum, pax rursum. TER. EUN.

It is the capricious state of love to be attended with reproaches, suspicions, enmities, truces, quarrelling, reconcilement.

I SHALL publish, for the entertainment of this day, an odd sort of a packet, which I have just received from one of my female correspondents.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Since you have often confessed that you are not displeased your paper should sometimes convey the complaints of distressed lovers to each other, I am in hopes you will favour me who gives you an undoubted instance of her reformation, and at the same time a convincing proof of the happy influence your labours have had over the most incorrigible part of the most incorrigible sex. You must know, sir, I am one of that species of women whom you have often characterized under the name of jilts; and that I send you these lines, as well to do public penance for having so long continued in a known error, as to beg pardon of the party offended. I the rather choose this way, because it in some measure an-

swers the terms on which he intimated the breach between us might possibly be made up, as you will see by the letter he sent me the next day after I had discarded him; which I thought fit to send you a copy of, that you might the better know the whole case.

'I must further acquaint you, that, before I jilted him, there had been the greatest intimacy between us for a year and a half together; during all which time I cherished his hopes, and indulged his flame. I leave you to guess after this what must be his surprise, when upon his pressing for my full consent one day, I told him I wondered what could make him fancy he had ever any place in my affections. His own sex allow him sense, and all ours good breeding. His person is such as might, without vanity, make him believe himself not incapable to be beloved. Our fortunes, indeed, weighed in the nice scale of interest, are not exactly equal, which, by the way, was the true cause of my jilting him; and I had the assurance to acquaint him with the following maxim: "That I should always believe that man's passion to be the most violent who could offer me the largest settlement." I have since changed my opinion, and have endeavoured to let him know so much by several letters: but the barbarous man has refused them all; so that I have no way left of writing to him but by your assistance. If you can bring him about once more, I promise to send you all gloves and favours, and shall desire the favour of Sir Roger and yourself to stand as god-fathers to my first boy. I am, sir,

'Your most obedient most humble servant,

'AMORET.'

PHILANDER TO AMORET.

'MADAM,

'I am so surprised at the question you were pleased to ask me yesterday, that I am still at a loss what to say to it; at least my answer would be too long to trouble you with, as it would come from a person who, it seems, is so very indifferent to you. Instead of it, I shall only recommend to your consideration the opinion of one whose sentiments on these matters I have often heard you say are extremely just. "A generous and constant passion," says your favourite author, "in an agreeable lover, where there is not too great a disparity in their circumstances, is the greatest blessing that can befall a person beloved; and if overlooked in one, may perhaps never be found in another."

'I do not, however, at all despair of being very shortly much better beloved by you than Antenor is at present; since, whenever my fortune shall exceed his, you were pleased to intimate your passion would increase accordingly.

'The world has seen me shamefully lose that time to please a fickle woman, which might have been employed much more to my credit and advantage in other pursuits. I shall therefore take the liberty to acquaint you, however harsh it may sound in a lady's ears, that though your love fit should happen to return, unless you could contrive a way to make your recantation as well known to the public as they are already apprised of the manner with which you have treated me, you shall never more see

'PHILANDER.'

AMORET TO PHILANDER.

'SIR,

'Upon reflection, I find the injury I have done both to you and myself to be so great, that though the part I now act may appear contrary to that decorum usually observed by our sex, yet I purposely break through all rules, that my repentance may in some measure equal my crime. I assure you that in my present hopes of recovering you, I look upon Antenor's estate with contempt. The fop was here yesterday in a gilt chariot and new liveries, but I refused to see him. Though I dread to meet your eyes after what has passed, I flatter myself, that, amidst all their confusion, you will discover such a tenderness in mine, as none can imitate but those who love. I shall be all this month at lady D——'s in the country; but the woods, the fields, and gardens, without Philander, afford no pleasure to the unhappy

'AMORET.'

'I must desire you, dear Mr. Spectator, to publish this my letter to Philander as soon as possible, and to assure him that I know nothing at all of the death of his rich uncle in Gloucestershire.'

BUDGELL. X.

No. 402. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11.

———*quæ*
Ipse sibi tradit Spectator. HOR.

By the Spectator given to himself.

WERE I to publish all the advertisements I receive from different hands, and persons of different circumstances and quality, the very mention of them, without reflections on the several subjects, would raise all the passions which can be felt by human minds. As instances of this, I shall give you two or three letters, the writers of which can have no recourse to any legal power for redress, and seem to have written rather to vent their sorrow than to receive consolation.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am a young woman of beauty and quality, and suitably married to a gentleman who doats on me. But this person of mine is the object of an unjust passion in a nobleman who is very intimate with my husband. This friendship gives him very easy access, and frequent opportunities of entertaining me apart. My heart is in the utmost anguish, and my face is covered over with confusion, when I impart to you another circumstance, which is, that my mother, the most mercenary of all women, is gained by this false friend of my husband to solicit me for him. I am frequently chid by the poor believing man my husband for showing an impatience of his friend's company; and I am never alone with my mother, but she tells me stories of the discretionary part

of the world, and such a one, and such a one, who are guilty of as much as she advises me to. She laughs at my astonishment, and seems to hint to me, that as virtuous as she has always appeared, I am not the daughter of her husband. It is possible that printing this letter may relieve me from the unnatural importunity of my mother, and the perfidious courtship of my husband's friend. I have an unfeigned love of virtue, and am resolved to preserve my innocence. The only way I can think of to avoid the fatal consequences of the discovery of this matter is to fly away for ever; which I must do to avoid my husband's fatal resentment against the man who attempts to abuse him, and the shame of exposing a parent to infamy. The persons concerned will know these circumstances relate to them: and though the regard to virtue is dead in them, I have some hopes from their fear of shame upon reading this in your paper; which I conjure you to publish, if you have any compassion for injured virtue.

'SYLVIA.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am the husband of a woman of merit, but am fallen in love, as they call it, with a lady of her acquaintance, who is going to be married to a gentleman who deserves her. I am in a trust relating to this lady's fortune, which makes my concurrence in this matter necessary; but I have so irresistible a rage and envy rise in me, when I consider his future happiness, that against all reason, equity, and common justice, I am ever playing mean tricks to suspend the nuptials. I have no manner of hopes for myself: Emilia, for

so I will call her, is a woman of the most strict virtue; her lover is a gentleman whom of all others I could wish my friend; but envy and jealousy, though placed so unjustly, waste my very being, and, with the torment and sense of a demon, I am ever cursing what I can not but approve. I wish it were the beginning of repentance, that I sit down, and describe my present disposition with so hellish an aspect; but at present the destruction of these two excellent persons would be more welcome to me than their happiness. Mr. Spectator, pray let me have a paper on these terrible groundless sufferings, and do all you can to exorcise crowds who are in some degree possessed as I am.

'CANIBAL.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I have no other means but this to express my thanks to one man, and my resentment against another. My circumstances are as follow: I have been for five years last past courted by a gentleman of greater fortune than I ought to expect, as the market for women goes. You must, to be sure, have observed people who live in that sort of way, as all their friends reckon it will be a match, and are marked out by all the world for each other. In this view we have been regarded for some time, and I have above these three years loved him tenderly. As he is very careful of his fortune, I always thought he lived in a near manner to lay up what he thought was wanting in my fortune, to make up what he might expect in another. Within these few months I have observe his carriage very much altered, and he has

affected a certain air of getting me alone, and talking with a mighty profusion of passionate words, how I am not to be resisted longer, how irresistible his wishes are, and the like. As long as I have been acquainted with him, I could not on such occasions say downright to him, You know you may make me your's when you please. But the other night he with great frankness and impudence explained to me, that he thought of me only as a mistress. I answered this declaration as it deserved; upon which he only doubled the terms on which he proposed my yielding. When my anger heightened upon him, he told me he was sorry he had made so little use of the unguarded hours we had been together, so remote from company, as indeed, continued he, so we are at present. I flew from him to a neighbouring gentlewoman's house, and though her husband was in the room, threw myself on a couch, and burst into a passion of tears. My friend desired her husband to leave the room. But, said he, there is something so extraordinary in this, that I will partake in the affliction; and be it what it will, she is so much your friend, that she knows you may command what services I can do her. The man sat down by me, and spoke so like a brother, that I told him my whole affliction. He spoke of the injury done me with so much indignation, and animated me against the love he said he saw I had for the wretch who would have betrayed me, with so much reason and humanity to my weakness, that I doubt not of my perseverance. His wife and he are my comforters, and I am under no more restraint in their company than if I were alone; and I doubt

not but in a small time contempt and hatred will take place of the remains of affection to a rascal.

'I am, sir,

'Your affectionate reader,

'DORINDA.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I had the misfortune to be an uncle before I knew my nephews from my nieces; and now we are grown up to better acquaintance, they deny me the respect they owe. One upbraids me with being their familiar, another will hardly be persuaded that I am an uncle, a third calls me little uncle, and a fourth tells me there is no duty at all due to an uncle. I have a brother-in-law whose son will win all my affection, unless you shall think this worthy of your cognizance, and will be pleased to prescribe some rules for our future reciprocal behaviour. It will be worthy the particularity of your genius to lay down rules for his conduct, who was as it were born an old man, in which you will much oblige, sir,

'Your most obedient servant,

'CORNELIUS NEPOS.'

STEELE. T.

No. 403. THURSDAY, JUNE 12.

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit——
HOR. ARS. POET.

Who many towns and change of manners saw.
ROSCOMMON.

WHEN I consider this great city in its several quarters and divisions, I look upon it as an aggregate of various nations distinguished from each other by their respective customs, manners, and interests. The courts of two countries do not so much differ from one another as the court and city in their peculiar ways of life and conversation. In short, the inhabitants of St. James's, notwithstanding they live under the same laws, and speak the same language, are a distinct people from those of Cheapside; who are likewise removed from those of the Temple on the one side and those of Smithfield on the other, by several climates and degrees in their way of thinking and conversing together.

For this reason, when any public affair is upon the anvil, I love to hear the reflections that arise upon it in the several districts and parishes of London and Westminster, and to ramble up and down a whole day together, in order to make myself acquainted with the opinions of my ingenious countrymen. By this means I know the faces of all the principal politicians within the bills of mortality; and as every coffee-house has some particular statesman belonging to it, who is the mouth of the street where he lives, I always take care to place myself near him, in order to

know his judgment on the present posture of affairs. The last progress that I made with this intention was about three months ago, when we had a current report of the king of France's death. As I foresaw this would produce a new face of things in Europe, and many curious speculations in our British coffee-houses, I was very desirous to learn the thoughts of our most eminent politicians on that occasion.

That I might begin as near the fountain head as possible, I first of all called in at St. James's, where I found the whole outward room in a buz of politics. The speculations were but very indifferent towards the door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the room, and were so very much improved by a knot of theorists, who sat in the inner room within the steams of the coffee-pot, that I there heard the whole Spanish monarchy disposed of, and all the line of Bourbon provided for in less than a quarter of an hour.

I afterwards called in at Giles's, where I saw a board of French gentlemen sitting upon the life and death of their grand monarque. Those among them who had espoused the whig interest, very positively affirmed that he departed this life about a week since, and therefore proceeded without any further delay to the release of their friends in the galleys, and to their own re-establishment: but finding they could not agree among themselves, I proceeded on my intended progress.

Upon my arrival at Jenny Man's, I saw an *alerte* young fellow that cocked his hat upon a friend of his who entered just at the same time

with myself, and accosted him after the following manner.—'Well, Jack, the old prig is dead at last. Sharp's the word. Now or never, boy. Up to the walls of Paris directly.' With several other deep reflections of the same nature.

I met with very little variation in the politics between Charing-Cross and Covent-Garden. And, upon my going into Will's, I found their discourse was gone off from the death of the French king, to that of Monsieur Boileau, Racine, Corneille, and several other poets, whom they regretted on this occasion, as persons who would have obliged the world with very noble elegies on the death of so great a prince, and so eminent a patron of learning.

At a coffee-house near the Temple, I found a couple of young gentlemen engaged very smartly in a dispute on the succession to the Spanish monarchy. One of them seemed to have been retained as advocate for the duke of Anjou, the other for his Imperial Majesty. They were both for regulating the title to that kingdom by the statute-laws of England; but finding them going out of my depth, I passed forward to Paul's Church-yard, where I listened with great attention to a learned man, who gave the company an account of the deplorable state of France during the minority of the deceased king.

I then turned on my right hand into Fish-street, where the chief politician of that quarter, upon hearing the news, (after having taken a pipe of tobacco, and ruminated for some time,) 'If,' says he, 'the king of France is certainly dead, we shall have plenty of mackarel this season; for our fishery will not be disturbed by privateers.

as it has been for these ten years past. He afterwards considered how the death of this great man would affect our pilchards, and by several other remarks, infused a general joy into his whole audience.

I afterwards entered a by-coffee-house that stood at the upper end of a narrow lane, where I met with a nonjuror, engaged very warmly with a lace-man, who was the great support of a neighbouring conventicle. The matter in debate was, whether the late French king was most like Augustus Cæsar or Nero? The controvery was carried on with great heat on both sides, and as each of them looked upon me very frequently during the course of their debate, I was under some apprehension that they would appeal to me, and therefore laid down my penny at the bar, and made the best of my way to Cheapside.

I here gazed upon the signs for some time before I found one to my purpose. The first object I met in the coffee-room was a person who expressed a great grief for the death of the French king; but upon his explaining himself, I found his sorrow did not arise from the loss of the monarch, but for his having sold out of the bank about three days before he heard the news of it: upon which a haberdasher, who was the oracle of the coffee-house, and had his circle of admirers about him, called several to witness that he had declared his opinion above a week before, that the French king was certainly dead; to which he added, that considering the late advices we had received from France, it was impossible that it could be otherwise. As he was laying these together, and dictating to his hearers with great

authority, there came in a gentleman from Garaway's, who told us that there were several letters from France just come in, with advice that the king was in good health, and was gone out a hunting the very morning the post came away; upon which the haberdasher stole off his hat, that hung upon a wooden peg by him, and retired to his shop with great confusion. This intelligence put a stop to my travels, which I had prosecuted with so much satisfaction, not being a little pleased to hear so many different opinions upon so great an event, and to observe how naturally upon such a piece of news, every one is apt to consider it with regard to his particular interest and advantage.

ADDISON. L.

No. 404. FRIDAY, JUNE 13.

——*Non omnia possumus omnes.* VIRG. ECL.

With different talents form'd, we variously excel.

NATURE does nothing in vain: the Creator of the universe has appointed every thing to a certain use and purpose, and determined it to a settled course and sphere of action, from which, if it in the least deviates, it becomes unfit to answer those ends for which it was designed. In like manner it is in the dispositions of society; the civil economy is formed in a chain as well as the natural, and in either case the breach but of one link, puts the whole in some disorder. It is, I think, pretty plain, that most of the absurdity

and ridicule we meet with in the world is generally owing to the impertinent affectation or excelling in characters men are not fit for, and for which nature never designed them.

Every man has one or more qualities which may make him useful both to himself and others; nature never fails of pointing them out; and while the infant continues under her guardianship, she brings him on in his way, and then offers herself for a guide in what remains of the journey: if he proceeds in that course, he can hardly miscarry: nature makes good her engagements; for as she never promises what she is not able to perform, so she never fails of performing what she promises. But the misfortune is, men despise what they may be masters of, and affect what they are not fit for; they reckon themselves already possessed of what their genius inclined them to, and so bend all their ambition to excel in what is out of their reach: thus they destroy the use of their natural talents, in the same manner as covetous men do their quiet and repose; they can enjoy no satisfaction in what they have, because of the absurd inclination they are possessed with for what they have not.

Cleanthes had good sense, a great memory, and a constitution capable of the closest application. In a word, there was no profession in which Cleanthes might not have made a very good figure; but this will not satisfy him; he takes up an unaccountable fondness for the character of a fine gentleman: all his thoughts are bent upon this: instead of attending a dissection, frequenting the courts of justice, or studying the fathers, Cleanthes reads plays, dances, dresses, and spends

his time in drawing-rooms; instead of being a good lawyer, divine, or physician, Cleanthes is a downright coxcomb, and will remain to all that know him a contemptible example of talents misapplied. It is to this affectation the world owes its whole race of coxcombs: nature in her whole drama never drew such a part: she has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of a man's own making, by applying his talents otherwise than nature designed, who ever bears a high resentment for being put out of her course, and never fails of taking her revenge on those that do so. Opposing her tendency in the application of a man's parts, has the same success as declining from her course in the production of vegetables by the assistance of art and a hot-bed. We may possibly extort an unwilling plant, or an untimely salad; but how weak, how tasteless and insipid! Just as insipid as the poetry of Valerio. Valerio had an universal character, was genteel, had learning, thought justly, spoke correctly; it was believed there was nothing in which Valerio did not excel; and it was so far true, that there was but one: Valerio had no genius for poetry, yet he is resolved to be a poet; he writes verses, and takes great pains to convince the town, that Valerio is not that extraordinary person he was taken for.

If men would be content to graft upon nature, and assist her operations, what mighty effects might we expect? Tully would not stand so much alone in oratory, Virgil in poetry, or Cæsar in war. To build upon nature is laying the foundation upon a rock; every thing disposes itself into order as it were of course, and the whole work

is half done as soon as undertaken. Cicero's genius inclined him to oratory, Virgil's to follow the train of the muses; they piously obeyed the admonition, and were rewarded. Had Virgil attended the bar, his modest and ingenuous virtue would surely have made but a very indifferent figure; and Tully's declamatory inclination would have been as useless in poetry. Nature, if left to herself, leads us on in the best course, but will do nothing by compulsion and constraint; and if we are not satisfied to go her way, we are always the greatest sufferers by it.

Wherever nature designs a production, she always disposes seeds proper for it, which are as absolutely necessary to the formation of any moral or intellectual excellence, as they are to the being and growth of plants; and I know not by what fate and folly it is, that men are taught not to reckon him equally absurd, that will write verses in spite of nature, with that gardener that should undertake to raise a jonquil or tulip without the help of their respective seeds.

As there is no good or bad quality that does not affect both sexes, so it is not to be imagined but the fair sex must have suffered by an affectation of this nature, at least as much as the other. The ill effect of it is in none so conspicuous as in the two opposite characters of Cælia and Iras; Cælia has all the charms of person, together with an abundant sweetness of nature, but wants wit, and has a very ill voice; Iras is ugly and ungenteel, but has wit and good sense; if Cælia would be silent, her beholders would adore her; if Iras would talk, her hearers would admire her; but Cælia's tongue runs incessantly, while Iras gives

herself silent airs and soft languors; so that it is difficult to persuade one's self that Cælia has beauty and Iras wit; each neglects her own excellence, and is ambitious of the other's character; Iras would be thought to have as much beauty as Cælia, and Cælia as much wit as Iras.

The great misfortune of this affectation is, that men not only lose a good quality, but also contract a bad one: they not only are unfit for what they were designed, but they assign themselves to what they are not fit for; and instead of making a very good figure one way, make a very ridiculous one another. If Semanthe would have been satisfied with her natural complexion, she might still have been celebrated by the name of the olive beauty; but Semanthe has taken up an affectation to white and red: and is now distinguished by the character of the lady that paints so well. In a word, could the world be reformed to the obedience of that famed dictate, 'Follow nature,' which the oracle of Delphos pronounced to Cicero when he consulted what course of studies he should pursue, we should see almost every man as eminent in his proper sphere as Tully was in his, and should in a very short time find impertinence and affectation banished from among the women, and coxcombs and false characters from among the men. For my part, I could never consider this preposterous repugnancy to nature any otherwise, than not only as the greatest folly, but also one of the most heinous crimes, since it is a direct opposition to the disposition of Providence, and (as Tully expresses it) like the sin of the giants, an actual rebellion against heaven.

[Supposed to be POPE.] Z*.

* As the same train of thought runs through Pope's

No. 405. SATURDAY, JUNE 14.

Οι δε παννυχιοι μολπη Θεον ιλασκοντο,
Καλον αειδοντες Παιηονα κουροι Αχαιων,
Μελποντες Εκαεργον· ὁ δε φρενα τερπετ ακουων.

HOM. ILIAD.

With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends;
The Pæans lengthen'd till the sun descends:
The Greeks restor'd the grateful notes prolong:
Apollo listens, and approves the song. POPE.

I AM very sorry to find, by the opera bills for this day, that we are likely to lose the greatest performer in dramatic music that is now living, or that perhaps ever appeared upon a stage. I need not acquaint my reader that I am speaking of Signior Nicolini. The town is highly obliged to that excellent artist, for having shown us the Italian music in its perfection, as well as for that generous approbation he lately gave to an opera of our own country, in which the composer endeavoured to do justice to the beauty of the words, by following that noble example which has been set him by the greatest foreign masters in that art.

I could heartily wish there was the same application and endeavours to cultivate and improve our church music, as have been lately bestowed on that of the stage. Our composers have one very great incitement to it: they are sure to meet with excellent words, and, at the same time, a wonderful variety of them. There is no passion

works, particularly his 'Essay on Man,' it is not unreasonable to suppose that he is the author of this and a few other papers, marked Y, viz. Nos. 408—425 and 467.

that is not finely expressed in those parts of the inspired writings, which are proper for divine songs and anthems.

There is a certain coldness and indifference in the phrases of our European languages, when they are compared with the oriental forms of speech; and it happens very luckily that the Hebrew idioms run into the English tongue with a particular grace and beauty. Our language has received innumerable elegancies and improvements from that infusion of Hebraisms which are derived to it out of the poetical passages in holy writ. They give a force and energy to our expressions, warm and animate our language, and convey our thoughts in more ardent and intense phrases, than any that are to be met with in our own tongue. There is something so pathetic in this kind of diction, that it often sets the mind in a flame, and makes our hearts burn within us. How cold and dead does a prayer appear, that is composed in the most elegant and polite forms of speech, which are natural to our tongue, when it is not heightened by that solemnity of phrase which may be drawn from the sacred writings! It has been said by some of the ancients, that if the gods were to talk with men, they would certainly speak in Plato's style; but I think we may say, with justice, that when mortals converse with their Creator, they can not do it in so proper a style as in that of the holy scriptures.

If any one would judge of the beauties of poetry, that are to be met with in the divine writings, and examine how kindly the Hebrew manners of speech mix and incorporate with the English language; after having perused the book of

Psalms, let him read a literal translation of Horace or Pindar. He will find in these two last such an absurdity and confusion of style, with such a comparative poverty of imagination as will make him very sensible of what I have been here advancing.

Since we have therefore such a treasury of words, so beautiful in themselves, and so proper for the airs of music, I can not but wonder that persons of distinction should give so little attention and encouragement to that kind of music which would have its foundation in reason, and which would improve our virtue in proportion as it raises our delight. The passions that are excited by ordinary compositions generally flow from such silly and absurd occasions, that a man is ashamed to reflect upon them seriously; but the fear, the love, the sorrow, the indignation, that are awakened in the mind by hymns and anthems, make the heart better, and proceed from such causes as are altogether reasonable and praiseworthy. Pleasure and duty go hand in hand, and the greater our satisfaction is, the greater is our religion.

Music, among those who were styled the chosen people, was a religious art. The songs of Sion, which we have reason to believe were in high repute among the courts of the eastern monarchs, were nothing else but psalms and pieces of poetry that adored or celebrated the Supreme Being. The greatest conqueror in this holy nation, after the manner of the old Grecian lyrics, did not only compose the words of his divine odes, but generally set them to music himself: after which his works, though they were conse-

crated to the tabernacle, became the national entertainment, as well as the devotion, of his people.

The first original of the drama was a religious worship consisting only of a chorus, which was nothing else but a hymn to a deity. As luxury and voluptuousness prevailed over innocence and religion, this form of worship degenerated into tragedies; in which however the chorus so far remembered its first office, as to brand every thing that was vicious, and recommend every thing that was laudable to intercede with heaven for the innocent, and to implore its vengeance on the criminal.

Homer and Hesiod intimate to us how this art should be applied, when they represent the muses as surrounding Jupiter, and warbling their hymns about his throne. I might show, from innumerable passages in ancient writers, not only that vocal and instrumental music were made use of in their religious worship, but that their most favourite diversions were filled with songs and hymns to their respective deities. Had we frequent entertainments of this nature among us, they would not a little purify and exalt our passions, give our thoughts a proper turn, and cherish those divine impulses in the soul, which every one feels that has not stifled them by sensual and immoderate pleasures.

Music when thus applied, raises noble hints in the mind of the hearer, and fills it with great conceptions. It strengthens devotion, and advances praise into rapture. It lengthens out every act of worship, and produces more lasting and permanent impressions in the mind than those

which accompany any transient form of words which are uttered in the ordinary method of religious worship.

ADDISON. O.

No. 406. MONDAY, JUNE 16.

Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis solatium et perfugium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur. TULL.

These studies improve youth, delight old age, are the ornament of prosperity, and refuge of adversity; please at home, are no incumbrance abroad; lodge with us, travel with us, and retire into the country with us.

THE following letters bear a pleasing image of the joys and satisfactions of a private life. The first is from a gentleman to a friend, for whom he has a very great respect, and to whom he communicates the satisfaction he takes in retirement; the other is a letter to me, occasioned by an ode written by my Lapland lover. (See No. 366.) This correspondent is so kind as to translate another of Scheffer's songs in a very agreeable manner. I publish them together, that the young and old may find something in the same paper which may be suited to their respective tastes in solitude; for I know no fault in the description of ardent desires, provided they are honourable.

'DEAR SIR,

'You have obliged me with a very kind letter; by which I find you shift the scene of your life

from the town to the country, and enjoy that mixed state which wise men both delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks most of the philosophers and moralists have run too much into extremes, in praising entirely either solitude or public life; in the former, men generally grow useless by too much rest, and in the latter are destroyed by too much precipitation: as waters lying still, putrefy and are good for nothing; and running violently on, do but the more mischief in their passage to others, and are swallowed up and lost the sooner themselves. Those who, like you, can make themselves useful to all states, should be like gentle streams, that not only glide through lonely vales and forests amidst the flocks and shepherds, but visit populous towns in their course; and are at once of ornament and service to them. But there is another sort of people who seem designed for solitude, those I mean who have more to hide than to show: as for my own part, I am one of those of whom Seneca says, *Tam umbratiles sunt, ut putent in turbido esse quicquid in luce est.* Some men, like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and I believe such as have a natural bent to solitude, are like waters which may be forced into fountains, and exalted to a great height, may make a much nobler figure, and a much louder noise; but after all run more smoothly, equally, and plentifully, in their own natural course upon the ground. The consideration of this would make me very well contented with the possession only of that quiet which Cowley calls the companion of obscurity; but whoever has the muses too for his companions, can never be idle enough to be

uneasy. Thus, sir, you see I would flatter myself into a good opinion of my own way of living. Plutarch just now told me, that it is in human life as in a game at tables, one may wish he had the highest cast; but if his chance be otherwise, he is even to play it as well as he can, and make the best of it. I am, Sir,

'Your most obliged,

'And most humble servant.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'The town being so well pleased with the fine picture of artless love, which nature inspired the Laplander to paint in the ode you lately printed, we were in hopes that the ingenious translator would have obliged it with the other also which Scheffer has given us; but since he has not, a much inferior hand has ventured to send you this.

'It is a custom with the northern lovers to divert themselves with a song whilst they journey through the fenny moors to pay a visit to their mistresses. This is addressed by the lover to his rein-deer, which is the creature that in that country supplies the want of horses. The circumstances which successively present themselves to him in his way, are, I believe you will think, naturally interwoven. The anxiety of absence, the gloominess of the roads, and his resolution of frequenting only those, since those only can carry him to the object of his desires; the dissatisfaction he expresses even at the greatest swiftness with which he is carried, and his joyful surprise at an unexpected sight of his mistress as she is bathing, seem beautifully described in the original.

'If all those pretty images of rural nature are lost in the imitation, yet possibly you may think fit to let this supply the place of a long letter, when want of leisure or indisposition for writing will not permit our being entertained by your own hand. I propose such a time, because though it is natural to have a fondness for what one does one's self, yet I assure you I would not have any thing of mine displace a single line of yours.'

Haste, my rein-deer! and let us nimbly go
Our am'rous journey through this dreary waste;
Haste, my rein-deer! still, still thou art too slow,
Impetuous love demands the lightning's haste.

Around us far the rushy moors are spread:
Soon will the sun withdraw his cheerful ray;
Darkling and tir'd we shall the marshes tread,
No lay unsung to cheat the tedious way.

The wat'ry length of these unjoyous moors
Does all the flow'ry meadow's pride excel;
Through these I fly to her my soul adores;
Ye flow'ry meadows, empty pride, farewell.

Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd,
My breast is tortur'd with impatient fires;
Fly, my rein-deer, fly swifter than the wind,
Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce desires.

Our pleasing toil will then be soon o'erpaid,
And thou, in wonder lost, shall view my fair,
Admire each feature of the lovely maid,
Her artless charms, her bloom, her sprightly air.

But lo! with graceful motion there she swims,
Gently removing each ambitious wave;
The crowding waves transported clasp her limbs:
When, when, oh! when shall I such freedoms have!

In vain, ye envious streams, so fast ye flow,
To hide her from a lover's ardent gaze;
From every touch you more transparent grow,
And all reveal'd the beauteous wanton play.
STEELE. T.

No. 407. TUESDAY, JUNE 17.

——*Abest facundis gratia dictis.* OVID.

Eloquent words a graceful manner want.

Most foreign writers who have given any character of the English nation, whatever vices they ascribe to it, allow in general, that the people are naturally modest. It proceeds perhaps from this our national virtue, that our orators are observed to make use of less gesture or action than those of other countries. Our preachers stand stock-still in the pulpit, and will not so much as move a finger to set off the best sermons in the world. We meet with the same speaking statues at our bars, and in all public places of debate. Our words flow from us as in a smooth continued stream, without those strainings of the voice, motions of the body, and majesty of the hand, which are so much celebrated in the orators of Greece and Rome. We can talk of life and death in cold blood, and keep our temper in a discourse which turns upon every thing that is dear to us. Though our zeal breaks out in the finest tropes and figures, it is not able to stir a limb about us. I have heard it observed more than once, by those who have seen Italy, that an untravelled Englishman can not relish all the beauties of Ita-

ian pictures, because the postures which are expressed in them are often such as are peculiar to that country. One who has not seen an Italian in the pulpit, will not know what to make of that noble gesture in Raphael's picture of St. Paul preaching at Athens, where the apostle is represented as lifting up both his arms, and pouring out the thunder of his rhetoric amidst an audience of pagan philosophers.

It is certain that proper gestures and vehement exertions of the voice can not be too much studied by a public orator. They are a kind of comment to what he utters, and enforce every thing he says, with weak hearers, better than the strongest argument he can make use of. They keep the audience awake, and fix their attention to what is delivered to them, at the same time that they show the speaker is in earnest, and affected himself with what he so passionately recommends to others. Violent gesture and vociferation naturally shake the hearts of the ignorant, and fill them with a kind of religious horror. Nothing is more frequent than to see women weep and tremble at the sight of a moving preacher, though he is placed quite out of their hearing; as in England we very frequently see people lulled asleep with solid and elaborate discourses of piety, who would be warmed and transported out of themselves by the bellowing and distortions of enthusiasm.

If nonsense, when accompanied with such an emotion of voice and body, has such an influence on men's minds, what might we not expect from many of those admirable discourses which are printed in our tongue, were they delivered with

a becoming fervour, and with the most agreeable graces of voice and gesture?

We are told that the great Latin orator very much impaired his health by this *laterum contentio*, this vehemence of action with which he used to deliver himself. The Greek orator was likewise so very famous for this particular in rhetoric, that one of his antagonists, whom he had banished from Athens, reading over the oration which had procured his banishment, and seeing his friends admire it, could not forbear asking them, if they were so much affected by the bare reading of it, how much more they would have been alarmed, had they heard him actually throwing out such a storm of eloquence?

How cold and dead a figure in comparison of these two great men, does an orator often make at the British bar, holding up his head, with the most insipid serenity, and stroking the sides of a long wig that reaches down to his middle? The truth of it is, there is often nothing more ridiculous than the gestures of an English speaker. You see some of them running their hands into their pockets as far as ever they can thrust them, and others looking with great attention on a piece of paper that has nothing written on it; you may see many a smart rhetorician turning his hat in his hands, moulding it into several different cocks, examining sometimes the lining of it, and sometimes the button, during the whole course of his harangue. A deaf man would think he was cheapening a beaver, when perhaps he is talking of the fate of the British nation. I remember when I was a young man and used to frequent Westminster-Hall, there was a counsel-

lor who never pleaded without a piece of packthread in his hand, which he used to twist about a thumb or a finger all the while he was speaking: the wags of those days used to call it the thread of his discourse, for he was not able to utter a word without it. One of his clients who was more merry than wise, stole it from him one day in the midst of his pleading; but he had better have let it alone, for he lost his cause by his jest.

I have all along acknowledged myself to be a dumb man, and therefore may be thought a very improper person to give rules for oratory; but I believe every one will agree with me in this, that we ought either to lay aside all kinds of gesture (which seems to be very suitable to the genius of our nation,) or at least to make use of such only as are graceful and expressive.

ADDISON. O.

No. 408. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18.

Decet affectus animi neque se nimium erigere, nec subjacere serviliter. TULL.

We should keep our passions from being exalted above measure, or servilely depressed.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE always been a very great lover of your speculations, as well in regard to the subject as to your manner of treating it. Human nature I always thought the most useful object of human reason, and to make the consideration of it pleasant and entertaining, I always thought the best

employment of human wit; other parts of philosophy may perhaps make us wiser, but this not only answers that end, but makes us better too. Hence it was that the oracle pronounced Socrates the wisest of all men living, because he judiciously made choice of human nature for the object of his thoughts; an inquiry into which as much exceeds all other learning, as it is of more consequence to adjust the true nature and measures of right and wrong, than to settle the distance of the planets, and compute the times of their circumvolutions.

'One good effect that will immediately arise from a near observation of human nature, is, that we shall cease to wonder at those actions which men are used to reckon wholly unaccountable; for as nothing is produced without a cause, so, by observing the nature and course of the passions, we shall be able to trace every action from its first conception to its death: we shall no more admire at the proceedings of Catiline or Tiberius, when we know the one was actuated by a cruel jealousy, the other by a furious ambition; for the actions of men follow their passions as naturally as light does heat, or as any other effect flows from its cause; reason must be employed in adjusting the passions, but they must never remain the principles of action.

'The strange and absurd variety that is so apparent in men's actions, shows plainly they can never proceed immediately from reason; so pure a fountain emits no such troubled waters; they must necessarily arise from the passions, which are to the mind as the winds to a ship, they only can move it, and they too often destroy it: if fair

and gentle, they guide it into the harbour; if contrary and furious, they overset it in the waves: in the same manner is the mind assisted or endangered by the passions; reason must then take the place of pilot, and can never fail of securing her charge, if she be not wanting to herself; the strength of the passions will never be accepted as an excuse for complying with them; they were designed for subjection, and if a man suffers them to get the upper hand, he then betrays the liberty of his own soul.

'As nature has framed the several species of beings as it were in a chain, so man seems to be placed as the middle link between angels and brutes. Hence he participates both of flesh and spirit by an admirable tie, which in him occasions perpetual war of passions; and as a man inclines to the angelic or brute part of his constitution, he is then denominated good or bad, virtuous or wicked: if love, mercy, and good nature prevail, they speak him of the angel; if hatred, cruelty, and envy predominate, they declare his kindred to the brute. Hence it was that some of the ancients imagined, that as men in this life inclined more to the angel or the brute, so after their death they should transmigrate into the one or the other, and it would be no unpleasant notion to consider the several species of brutes, into which we may imagine that tyrants, misers, the proud, malicious, and ill-natured, might be changed.

'As a consequence of this original, all passions are in all men, but appear not in all; constitution, education, custom of the country, reason, and the like causes, may improve or abate the strength of

them; but still the seeds remain which are ever ready to sprout forth upon the least encouragement. I have heard a story of a good religious man, who having been bred with the milk of a goat, was very modest in public, by a careful reflection he made on his actions, but he frequently had an hour in secret, wherein he had his frisks and capers: and, if we had an opportunity of examining the retirement of the strictest philosophers, no doubt but we should find perpetual returns of those passions they so artfully conceal from the public. I remember Machiavel observes, that every state should entertain a perpetual jealousy of its neighbours, that so it should never be unprovided when an emergency happens; in like manner should the reason be perpetually on its guard against the passions, and never suffer them to carry on any design that may be destructive of its security; yet, at the same time, it must be careful, that it don't so far break their strength as to render them contemptible, and consequently itself unguarded.

'The understanding being of itself too slow and lazy to exert itself into action, it is necessary it should be put into motion by the gentle gales of the passions, which may preserve it from stagnating and corruption; for they are as necessary to the health of the mind, as the circulation of the animal spirits is to the health of the body; they keep it in life, and strength, and vigour; nor is it possible for the mind to perform its offices without their assistance. These motions are given us with our being; they are little spirits that are born and die with us; to some they are mild, easy, and gentle; to others, wayward and

unruly, yet never too strong for the reins of reason and the guidance of judgment.

'We may generally observe a pretty nice proportion between the strength of reason and passion; the greatest geniuses have commonly the strongest affections, as, on the other hand, the weaker understandings have generally the weaker passions; and it is fit the fury of the coursers should not be too great for the strength of the charioteer. Young men, whose passions are not a little unruly, give small hopes of their ever being considerable: the fire of youth will of course abate, and is a fault, if it be a fault, that mends every day: but surely, unless a man has fire in youth, he can hardly have warmth in old age. We must therefore be very cautious, lest, while we think to regulate the passions, we should quite extinguish them; which is putting out the light of the soul: for to be without passion, or to be hurried away with it, makes a man equally blind.' The extraordinary severity used in most of our schools has this fatal effect, it breaks the spring of the mind, and most certainly destroys more good geniuses than it can possibly improve. And surely it is a mighty mistake that the passions should be so entirely subdued; for little irregularities are sometimes not only to be borne with, but to be cultivated too, since they are frequently attended with the greatest perfections. All great geniuses have faults mixed with their virtues, and resemble the flaming bush which has thorns amongst lights.

'Since, therefore, the passions are the principles of human actions, we must endeavour to manage them so as to retain their vigour, yet keep

them under strict command; we must govern them rather like free subjects than slaves, lest, while we intend to make them obedient, they become abject, and unfit for those great purposes to which they were designed. For my part, I must confess, I could never have any regard to that sect of philosophers, who so much insisted upon an absolute indifference and vacancy from all passion; for it seems to me a thing very inconsistent for a man to divest himself of humanity, in order to acquire tranquillity of mind, and to eradicate the very principles of action, because it is possible they may produce ill effects.

'I am, sir,

'Your affectionate admirer,

'T. B.'

[Supposed to be by POPE.] Z.*

No. 409. THURSDAY, JUNE 19

——*Musæo contingere cuncta lepore.* LUCR.

To grace each subject with enlivening wit.

GRATIAN very often recommends 'the fine taste' as the utmost perfection of an accomplished man. As this word arises very often in conversation, I shall endeavour to give some account of it, and to lay down rules how we may know whether we are possessed of it, and how we may acquire that fine taste of writing which is so much talked of among the polite world.

* See note on No. 404.

Most languages make use of this metaphor, to express that faculty of the mind which distinguishes all the most concealed faults and nicest perfections in writing. We may be sure this metaphor would not have been so general in all tongues, had there not been a very great conformity between that mental taste which is the subject of this paper, and that sensitive taste which gives us a relish of every different flavour that affects the palate. Accordingly we find there are as many degrees of refinement in the intellectual faculty as in the sense, which is marked out by this common denomination.

I knew a person who possessed the one in so great a perfection, that after having tasted ten different kinds of tea, he would distinguish, without seeing the colour of it, the particular sort which was offered him; and not only so, but any two sorts of them that were mixed together in an equal proportion; nay, he has carried the experiment so far, as upon tasting the composition of three different sorts, to name the parcels from whence the three several ingredients were taken. A man of a fine taste in writing will discern after the same manner, not only the general beauties and imperfections of an author, but discover the several ways of thinking and expressing himself which diversify him from all other authors, with the several foreign infusions of thought and language, and the particular authors from whom they were borrowed.

After having thus far explained what is generally meant by a fine taste in writing, and shown the propriety of the metaphor which is used on this occasion, I think I may define it to be that

faculty of the soul which discerns the beauties of an author with pleasure and the imperfections with dislike. If a man would know whether he is possessed of this faculty, I would have him read over the celebrated works of antiquity which have stood the test of so many different ages and countries, or those works among the moderns which have the sanction of the politer part of our contemporaries. If, upon the perusal of such writings, he does not find himself delighted in an extraordinary manner, or if, upon reading the admired passages in such authors, he finds a coldness and indifference in his thoughts, he ought to conclude, not (as is too usual among tasteless readers) that the author wants those perfections which have been admired in him, but that he himself wants the faculty of discovering them.

He should, in the second place, be very careful to observe, whether he tastes the distinguishing perfections, or, if I may be allowed to call them so, the specific qualities of the author whom he peruses: whether he is particularly pleased with Livy for his manner of telling a story; with Sallust, for his entering into those internal principles of action which arise from the characters and manners of the persons he describes; or with Tacitus, for his displaying those outward motives of safety and interest, which give birth to the whole series of transactions which he relates.

He may likewise consider, how differently he is affected by the same thought, which presents itself in a great writer, from what he is when he finds it delivered by a person of ordinary genius. For there is as much difference in apprehending

a thought clothed in Cicero's language, and that of a common author, as in seeing an object by the light of a taper, or by the light of the sun.

It is very difficult to lay down rules for the acquirement of such a taste as that I am here speaking of. The faculty must in some degree be born with us; and it very often happens, that those who have other qualities in perfection are wholly void of this. One of the most eminent mathematicians of the age has assured me, that the greatest pleasure he took in reading Virgil, was in examining Æneas his voyage by the map; as I question not but many a modern compiler of history would be delighted with little more in that divine author than the bare matters of fact.

But notwithstanding this faculty must in some measure be born with us, there are several methods for cultivating and improving it, and without which it will be very uncertain, and of little use to the person that possesses it. The most natural method for this purpose is to be conversant among the writings of the most polite authors. A man who has any relish for fine writing, either discovers new beauties, or receives stronger impressions from the masterly strokes of a great author every time he peruses him; besides that he naturally wears himself into the same manner of speaking and thinking.

Conversation with men of a polite genius is another method for improving our natural taste. It is impossible for a man of the greatest parts to consider any thing in its whole extent, and in all its variety of lights. Every man, besides those general observations which are to be made upon an author, forms several reflections that are

peculiar to his own manner of thinking, so that conversation will naturally furnish us with hints which we did not attend to, and make us enjoy other men's parts and reflections as well as our own. This is the best reason I can give for the observation which several have made, that men of great genius in the same way of writing seldom rise up singly, but at certain periods of time appear together, and in a body; as they did at Rome in the reign of Augustus, and in Greece about the age of Socrates. I can not think that Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Boileau, La Fontaine, Bruyere, Bossu, or the Daciers, would have written so well as they have done, had they not been friends and contemporaries.

It is likewise necessary for a man who would form to himself a finished state of good writing, to be well versed in the works of the best critics both ancient and modern. I must confess that I could wish there were authors of this kind, who, besides the mechanical rules which a man of very little taste may discourse upon, would enter into the very spirit and soul of fine writing, and show us the several sources of that pleasure which rises in the mind upon the perusal of a noble work. Thus, although in poetry it be absolutely necessary that the unities of time, place, and action, with other points of the same nature, should be thoroughly explained and understood; there is still something more essential to the art, something that elevates and astonishes the fancy, and gives a greatness of mind to the reader, which few of the critics besides Longinus have considered.

Our general taste in England is for epigram,

turns of wit, and forced conceits, which have no manner of influence either for the bettering or enlarging the mind of him who reads them, and have been carefully avoided by the greatest writers both among the ancients and moderns. I have endeavoured in several of my speculations to banish this gothic taste which has taken possession among us. I entertained the town, for a week together, with an essay upon wit; in which I endeavoured to detect several of those false kinds which have been admired in the different ages of the world, and at the same time to show wherein the nature of true wit consists. I afterwards gave an instance of the great force which lies in a natural simplicity of thought to affect the mind of the reader, from such vulgar pieces as have little else besides this single qualification to recommend them. I have likewise examined the works of the greatest poet which our nation, or perhaps any other has produced, and particularized most of those rational and manly beauties which give a value to that divine work.* I shall next Saturday enter upon an essay 'On the Pleasures of the Imagination,' which, though it shall consider that subject at large, will perhaps suggest to the resder what it is that gives a beauty to many passages of the finest writers both in prose and verse. As an undertaking of this nature is entirely new, I question not but it will be received with candour.

ADDISON. O.

* See the critique upon Milton, No. 267, and the subsequent Saturday papers.

No. 410. FRIDAY, JUNE 20.

——Dum foris sunt, nihil videtur mundius,
Nec magis compositum quidquam, nec magis elegans:
Quæ, cum amatore suo cùm cœnant, liguriunt.
Harum videre ingluviem, sordes, inopiam,
Quàm inhonestæ solæ sint domi, atque avidæ cibi,
Quo pacto ex jure hesterno panem atrum vorent:
Nosse omnia hæc, salus est adolescent ulis. TER.

When they are abroad, nothing is so clean and nicely dressed; and when at supper with a gallant, they do but piddle and pick the choicest bits: but to see their nastiness and poverty at home, their gluttony, and how they devour black crusts dipped in yesterday's broth, is a perfect antidote against wenching.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who disguises his present decay by visiting the wenches of the town only by way of humour, told us, that the last rainy night, he, with Sir Roger de Coverley, was driven into the Temple cloister, whither had escaped also a lady most exactly dressed from head to foot. Will made no scruple to acquaint us, that she saluted him very familiarly by his name; and turning immediately to the knight, she said, she supposed that was his good friend Sir Roger de Coverley: upon which nothing less could follow than Sir Roger's approach to salutation, with, Madam, the same at your service. She was dressed in a black tabby mantua and petticoat, without ribbands; her linen striped muslin, and in the whole in an agreeable second-mourning; decent dresses being often affected by the creatures of the town, at once consulting cheapness and the pretensions to modesty. She went

on with a familiar easy air, Your friend, Mr. Honeycomb, is a little surprised to see a woman here alone and unattended; but I dismissed my coach at the gate, and tripped it down to my counsel's chambers, for lawyer's fees take up too much of a small disputed jointure to admit any other expenses but mere necessaries. Mr. Honeycomb begged they might have the honour of setting her down, for Sir Roger's servant was gone for a coach. In the interim, the footman returned, with no coach to be had; and there appeared nothing to be done but trusting herself with Mr. Honeycomb and his friend, to wait at the tavern at the gate for a coach, or to be subjected to all the impertinence she must meet with in that public place. Mr. Honeycomb, being a man of honour, determined the choice of the first, and Sir Roger, as the better man, took the lady by the hand, leading her through all the shower, covering her with his hat, and gallanting a familiar acquaintance through rows of young fellows, who winked at Sukey in the state she marched off, Will Honeycomb bringing up the rear.

Much importunity prevailed upon the fair one to admit of a collation; where, after declaring she had no stomach, and having eaten a couple of chickens, devoured a truss of salad, and drank a full bottle to her share, she sung the Old Man's Wish to Sir Roger. The knight left the room for some time after supper, and writ the followig billet, which he conveyed to Sukey, and Sukey to her friend Will Honeycomb. Will has given it to Sir Andrew Freeport, who read it last night to the club.

'MADAM,

'I am not so mere a country gentleman, but I can guess at the law business you had at the Temple. If you would go down to the country, and leave off all your vanities but your singing, let me know at my lodgings in Bow-Street, Covent-Garden, and you shall be encouraged by

'Your humble servant,

'ROGER DE COVERLEY.'

My good friend could not well stand the raillery which was rising upon him; but to put a stop to it, I delivered Will Honeycomb the following letter, and desired him to read it to the board.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Having seen a translation of one of the chapters in the Canticles into English verse inserted among your late papers, (No. 388,) I have ventured to send you the seventh chapter of the Proverbs in a poetical dress. If you think it worthy appearing among your speculations, it will be a sufficient reward for the trouble of

'Your constant reader, A. B.'

My son, 'th instruction that my words impart,
Grave on the living tablet of thy heart;
And all the wholesome precepts that I give,
Observe with strictest reverence, and live.
Let all thy homage be to wisdom paid,
Seek her protection, and implore her aid,
That she may keep thy soul from harm secure,
And turn thy footsteps from the harlot's door:
Who with curs'd charm's lures the unwary in,
And sooths with flattery their souls to sin.
Once from my window as I cast mine eye
On those that pass'd in giddy numbers by,

A youth among the foolish youths I spy'd,
Who took not sacred Wisdom for his guide.
Just as the sun withdrew his cooler light,
And evening soft led on the shades of night,
He stole in covert twilight to his fate,
And pass'd the corner near the harlot's gate:
When lo, a woman comes!———
Loose her attire, and such her glaring dress
As aptly did the harlot's mind express;
Subtile she is, and practis'd in the arts,
By which the wanton conquer heedless hearts:
Stubborn and loud she is, she hates her home,
Varying her place and form, she loves to roam;
Now she's within, now in the street does stray,
Now at each corner stands, and waits her prey.
The youth she seiz'd; and laying now aside
All modesty, the female's justest pride,
She said, with an embrace, Here at my house
Peace-off'rings are, this day I paid my vows;
I therefore came abroad to meet my dear,
And lo, in happy hour, I find thee here.
My chamber I've adorn'd, and o'er my bed
Are cov'rings of the richest tap'stry spread,
With linen it is deck'd, from Egypt brought,
And carvings by the curious artists wrought
It wants no glad perfume Arabia yields,
In all her citron groves and spicy fields:
Here all her store of richest odours meets;
I'll lay thee in a wilderness of sweets.
Whatever to the sense can grateful be
I have collected there——I want but thee.
My husband's gone a journey far away,
Much gold he took abroad, and long will stay;
He nam'd for his return a distant day.
Upon her tongue did such smooth mischief dwell,
And from her lips such welcome flatt'ry fell,
Th' unguarded youth, in silken fetters ty'd,
Resign'd his reason, and with ease comply'd.
Thus does the ox to his own slaughter go,
And thus is senseless of th' impending blow.

Thus flies the simple bird into the snare
That skilful fowlers for his life prepare,
But let my sons attend.——Attend may they
Whom youthful vigour may to sin betray;
Let them false charmers fly, and guard their hearts
Against the wily wanton's pleasing arts;
With care direct their steps, nor turn astray
To tread the paths of her deceitful way;
Lest they too late of her fell power complain,
And fall where many mightier have been slain.

STEELE. T.

No. 411. SATURDAY, JUNE 21.

PAPER I. ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

CONTENTS.

The perfection of our sight above our other senses. The pleasures of the imagination arise originally from sight. The pleasures of the imagination divided under two heads. The pleasures of the imagination in some respects equal to those of the understanding. The extent of the pleasures of the imagination. The advantages a man receives from a relish of these pleasures. In what respect they are preferable to those of the understanding

Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita solo; juvat integros accedere fontes,
Atque haurire——— LUCR.

——Inspir'd I trace the Muses' seats,
Untrodden yet: 'tis sweet to visit first
Untouch'd and virgin streams, and quench my thirst.
CREECH.

OUR sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses. it fills the mind with the

largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments. The sense of feeling can indeed give us a notion of extension, shape, and all other ideas that enter at the eye except colours: but at the same time, it is very much straitened and confined in its operations, to the number, bulk, and distance of its particular objects. Our sight seems designed to supply all these defects, and may be considered as a more delicate and diffusive kind of touch, that spreads itself over an infinite multitude of bodies, comprehends the largest figures, and brings into our reach some of the most remote parts of the universe.

It is this sense which furnishes the imagination with its ideas; so that, by the pleasures of the imagination or fancy, (which I shall use promiscuously,) I here mean such as arise from visible objects, either when we have them actually in our view, or when we call up their ideas into our minds by paintings, statues, descriptions, or any the like occasions. We can not indeed have a single image in the fancy that did not make its first entrance through the sight; but we have the power of retaining, altering, and compounding those images, which we have once received, into all the varieties of picture and vision that are most agreeable to the imagination; for by this faculty a man in a dungeon is capable of entertaining himself with scenes and landscapes more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole compass of nature.

There are few words in the English language

which are employed in a more loose and uncircumscribed sense than those of the fancy and the imagination. I therefore thought it necessary to fix and determine the notion of these two words, as I intend to make use of them in the thread of my following speculations, that the reader may conceive rightly what is the subject which I proceed upon. I must therefore desire him to remember, that, by the pleasures of the imagination, I mean only such pleasures as arise originally from sight, and that I divide these pleasures into two kinds: my design being first of all to discourse of those primary pleasures of the imagination which entirely proceed from such objects as are before our eyes; and, in the next place, to speak of those secondary pleasures of the imagination which flow from the ideas of visible objects, when the objects are not actually before the eye, but are called up into our memories, or formed into agreeable visions of things that are either absent or fictitious.

The pleasures of the imagination, taken in the full extent, are not so gross as those of sense, nor so refined as those of the understanding. The last are indeed more preferable, because they are founded on some new knowledge or improvement in the mind of man; yet it must be confessed that those of the imagination are as great and as transporting as the other. A beautiful prospect delights the soul as much as a demonstration; and a description in Homer has charmed more readers than a chapter in Aristotle. Besides, the pleasures of the imagination have this advantage above those of the understanding, that they are more obvious, and more easy to be acquired: it

is but opening the eye, and the scene enters: the colours paint themselves on the fancy, with very little attention of thought or application of mind in the beholder. We are struck, we know not how, with the symmetry of any thing we see, and immediately assent to the beauty of an object, without inquiring into the particular causes and occasions of it.

A man of a polite imagination is let into a great many pleasures that the vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a statue. He meets with a secret refreshment in a description, and often feels a greater satisfaction in the prospect of fields and meadows than another does in the possession. It gives him, indeed, a kind of property in every thing he sees, and makes the most rude uncultivated parts of nature administer to his pleasures: so that he looks upon the world, as it were, in another light, and discovers in it a multitude of charms that conceal themselves from the generality of mankind.

There are, indeed, but very few who know how to be idle and innocent, or have a relish of any pleasures that are not criminal, every diversion they take is at the expense of some one virtue or another, and their very first step out of business is into vice or folly. A man should endeavour, therefore, to make the sphere of his innocent pleasures as wide as possible, that he may retire into them with safety, and find in them such a satisfaction as a wise man would not blush to take. Of this nature are those of the imagination which do not require such a bent of thought as is necessary to our more serious employments, nor at

the same time suffer the mind to sink into that negligence and remissness which are apt to accompany our more sensual delights, but, like a gentle exercise to the faculties, awaken them from sloth and idleness, without putting them upon any labour or difficulty.

We might here add, that the pleasures of the fancy are more conducive to health than those of the understanding, which are worked out by dint of thinking, and attended by too violent a labour of the brain. Delightful scenes, whether in nature, painting, or poetry, have a kindly influence on the body as well as the mind, and not only serve to clear and brighten the imagination, but are able to disperse grief and melancholy, and to set the animal spirits in pleasing and agreeable motions. For this reason Sir Francis Bacon, in his essay upon health, has not thought it improper to prescribe to his reader a poem or a prospect, where he particularly dissuades him from knotty and subtle disquisitions, and advises him to pursue studies that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects, as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature.

I have in this paper, by way of introduction, settled the notion of those pleasures of the imagination which are the subject of my present undertaking, and endeavoured by several considerations to recommend to my reader the pursuit of those pleasures. I shall, in my next paper, examine the several sources from whence these pleasures are derived.

ADDISON. O.

No. 412. MONDAY, JUNE 23.

PAPER II. ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

CONTENTS.

Three sources of all the pleasures of the imagination, in our survey of outward objects. How what is great pleases the imagination. How what is new pleases the imagination. How what is beautiful in our own species pleases the imagination. How what is beautiful in general pleases the imagination. What other accidental causes may contribute to the heightening of those pleasures.

——*Divisum sic breve fiet opus.* MART.

The work, divided aptly, shorter grows.

I SHALL first consider those pleasures of the imagination which arise from the actual view and survey of outward objects; and these, I think, all proceed from the sight of what is great, uncommon, or beautiful. There may, indeed, be something so terrible or offensive, that the horror or loathsomeness of an object, may overbear the pleasure which results from its greatness, novelty, or beauty; but still there will be such a mixture of delight in the very disgust it gives us, as any of these three qualifications are most conspicuous and prevailing.

By greatness I do not only mean the bulk of any single object, but the largeness of a whole view considered as one entire piece. Such are the prospects of an open champaign country, a vast uncultivated desert, of huge heaps of moun-

tains, high rocks and precipices, or a wide expanse of water, where we are not struck with the novelty or beauty of the sight, but with that rude kind of magnificence which appears in many of these stupendous works of nature.

Our imagination loves to be filled with an object, or to grasp at any thing that is too big for its capacity. We are flung into a pleasing astonishment at such unbounded views, and feel a delightful stillness and amazement in the soul at the apprehensions of them. The mind of man naturally hates every thing that looks like a restraint upon it, and is apt to fancy itself under a sort of confinement, when the sight is pent up in a narrow compass, and shortened on every side by the neighbourhood of walls or mountains. On the contrary, a spacious horizon is an image of liberty, where the eye has room to range abroad, to expatiate at large on the immensity of its views, and to lose itself amidst the variety of objects that offer themselves to its observation. Such wide and undetermined prospects as are pleasing to the fancy, as the speculation of eternity or infinitude are to the understanding. But if there be a beauty or uncommonness joined with this grandeur, as in a troubled ocean, a heaven adorned with stars and meteors, or a spacious landscape cut out into rivers, woods, rocks, and meadows, the pleasure still grows upon us, as it arises from more than a single principle.

Every thing that is new or uncommon raises a pleasure in the imagination, because it fills the soul with an agreeable surprise, gratifies its curiosity, and gives it an idea of which it was not before possessed. We are indeed so often con

versant with one set of objects, and tired out with so many repeated shows of the same things, that whatever is new or uncommon contributes a little to vary human life, and to divert our minds for a while with the strangeness of its appearance. It serves us for a kind of refreshment, and takes off from that satiety we are apt to complain of in our usual and ordinary entertainments. It is this that bestows charms on a monster, and makes even the imperfections of nature please us. It is this that recommends variety, where the mind is every instant called off to something new, and the attention not suffered to dwell too long, and waste itself on any particular object; it is this, likewise, that improves what is great or beautiful, and makes it afford the mind a double entertainment. Groves, fields, and meadows, are at any season of the year pleasant to look upon, but never so much as in the opening of the spring, when they are all new and fresh, with their first gloss upon them, and not yet too much accustomed and familiar to the eye. For this reason there is nothing that more enlivens a prospect than rivers, jetteaus, or falls of water, where the scene is perpetually shifting; and entertaining the sight every moment with something that is new. We are quickly tired with looking upon hills and valleys, where every thing continues fixed and settled in the same place and posture, but find our thoughts a little agitated and relieved at the sight of such objects as are ever in motion, and sliding away from beneath the eye of the beholder.

But there is nothing that makes its way more directly to the soul than beauty, which immedi-

ately diffuses a secret satisfaction and complacency through the imagination, and gives a finishing to any thing that is great or uncommon. The very first discovery of it strikes the mind with an inward joy, and spreads a cheerfulness and delight through all its faculties. There is not perhaps any real beauty or deformity more in one piece of matter than another, because we might have been so made, that whatsoever now appears loathsome to us might have shown itself agreeable; but we find by experience, that there are several modifications of matter, which the mind, without any previous consideration, pronounces at first sight beautiful or deformed. Thus we see that every different species of sensible creatures has its different notions of beauty, and that each of them is most affected with the beauties of its own kind. This is no where more remarkable than in birds of the same shape and proportion, where we often see the mate determined in his courtship by the single grain or tincture of a feather, and never discovering any charms but in the colour of its species.

Scit thalamo servare fidem, sanctasque veretur
Connubii leges; non illum in pectore candor
Sollicitat niveus; neque pravum accendit amorem.
Splendida lanugo, vel honesta in vertice crista,
Purpureusve nitor pennarum; ast agmina latè
Fœminea explorat cautus, maculasque requirit
Cognatas, paribusque interlita corpora guttis:
Ni faceret, pictis sylvam circum undique monstris
Confusam aspiceres vulgò, partusque biformes,
Et genus ambiguum, et veneris monumenta nefandæ.
Hinc merula in nigro se oblectat nigra marito,
Hinc socium lasciva petit philomela canorum,
Agnoscitque pares sonitus, hinc noctua tetram

Canitiem alarum, et glaucos miratur ocellos.
Nempe sibi semper constat, crescitque quotannis
Lucida progenies, castos confessa parentes;
Dum virides inter saltus lucosque sonoros
Vere novo exultat, plumasque decora juventus
Explicat ad solem patriisque coloribus ardet.

The feather'd husband, to his partner true,
Preserves connubial rites inviolate.
With cold indifference every charm he sees,
The milky whiteness of the stately neck,
The shining down, proud crest, and purple wings:
But cautious with a searching eye explores
The female tribes, his proper mate to find,
With kindred colours mark'd: did he not so,
The grove with painted monsters would abound,
The ambiguous product of unnatural love.
The blackbird hence selects her sooty spouse
The nightingale, her musical compeer,
Lur'd by the well known voice: the bird of night,
Smit with her dusky wings and greenish eyes,
Wooes his dun paramour. The beauteous race
Speak the chaste loves of their progenitors;
When, by the spring invited, they exult
In woods and fields, and to the sun unfold
Their plumes, that with paternal colours glow.

There is a second kind of beauty that we find in the several products of art and nature, which does not work in the imagination with that warmth and violence as the beauty that appears in our proper species, but is apt, however, to raise in us a secret delight, and a kind of fondness for the places or objects in which we discover it. This consists either in the gaicty or variety of colours, in the symmetry and proportion of parts, in the arrangement and disposition of bodies, or in a just mixture and concurrence of all together. Among these several kinds of beau-

ty the eye takes most delight in colours. We no where meet with a more glorious or pleasing show in nature, than what appears in the heavens at the rising and setting of the sun, which is wholly made up of those different stains of light that show themselves in clouds of a different situation. For this reason we find the poets, who are always addressing themselves to the imagination, borrowing more of their epithets from colours than from any other topic.

As the fancy delights in every thing that is great, strange, or beautiful, and is still more pleased the more it finds of these perfections in the same object, so it is capable of receiving a new satisfaction by the assistance of another sense. Thus any continued sound, as the music of birds, or a fall of water, awakens every moment the mind of the beholder, and makes him more attentive to the several beauties of the place that lie before him. Thus, if there arises a fragrancy of smells or perfumes, they heighten the pleasures of the imagination, and make even the colours and verdure of the landscape appear more agreeable; for the ideas of both senses recommend each other, and are pleasanter together, than when they enter the mind separately; as the different colours of a picture, when they are well disposed, set off one another, and receive an additional beauty from the advantage of their situation.

ADDISON. O.

No. 413. TUESDAY, JUNE 24.

PAPER III. OF THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

CONTENTS.

Why the necessary cause of our being pleased with what is great, new, or beautiful, unknown. Why the final cause more known and more useful. The final cause of our being pleased with what is great. The final cause of our being pleased with what is new. The final cause of our being pleased with what is beautiful in our own species. The final cause of our being pleased with what is beautiful in general.

——*Causa latet, vis est notissima*—— OVID. METAM.

The cause is secret, but the effect is known. ADDISON.

THOUGH in yesterday's paper we considered how every thing that is great, new, or beautiful, is apt to affect the imagination with pleasure, we must own that it is impossible for us to assign the necessary cause of this pleasure, because we know neither the nature of an idea, nor the substance of a human soul, which might help us to discover the conformity or disagreeableness of the one to the other; and therefore, for want of such a light, all that we can do, in speculations of this kind, is to reflect on those operations of the soul that are most agreeable, and to range, under their proper heads, what is pleasing or displeasing to the mind, without being able to trace out the several necessary and efficient causes from whence the pleasure or displeasure arises.

Final causes lie more bare and open to our observation, as there are often a greater variety that belong to the same effect; and these, though they are not altogether so satisfactory, are generally more useful than the other, as they give us greater occasion of admiring the goodness and wisdom of the first contriver.

One of the final causes of our delight in any thing that is great may be this. The Supreme Author of our being has so formed the soul of man, that nothing but himself can be its last, adequate and proper happiness. Because therefore a great part of our happiness must arise from the contemplation of his being, that he might give our souls a just relish of such a contemplation, he has made them naturally delight in the apprehension of what is great or unlimited. Our admiration, which is a very pleasing motion of the mind, immediately arises at the consideration of any object that takes up a great deal of room in the fancy, and, by consequence, will improve into the highest pitch of astonishment and devotion when we contemplate his nature, that is neither circumscribed by time nor place, nor to be comprehended by the largest capacity of a created being.

He has annexed a secret pleasure to the idea of any thing that is new or uncommon, that he might encourage us in the pursuit after knowledge, and engage us to search into the wonders of his creation; for every new idea brings such a pleasure along with it, as rewards any pains we have taken in its acquisition, and consequently serves as a motive to put us upon fresh discoveries.

He has made every thing that is beautiful in our

own species pleasant, that all creatures might be tempted to multiply their kind, and fill the world with inhabitants, for it is very remarkable, that wherever nature is crossed in the production of a monster (the result of any unnatural mixture,) the breed is incapable of propagating its likeness, and of founding a new order of creatures; so that unless all animals were allured by the beauty of their own species, generation would be at an end, and the earth unpeopled.

In the last place, he has made every thing that is beautiful in all other objects pleasant, or rather has made so many objects appear beautiful, that he might render the whole creation more gay and delightful. He has given almost every thing about us the power of raising an agreeable idea in the imagination, so that it is impossible for us to behold his works with coldness or indifference, and to survey so many beauties without a secret satisfaction and complacency. Things would make but a poor appearance to the eye if we saw them only in their proper figures and motions: and what reason can we assign for their exciting in us many of those ideas which are different from any thing that exists in the objects themselves, (for such are light and colours,) were it not to add supernumerary ornaments to the universe, and make it more agreeable to the imagination? We are every where entertained with pleasing shows and apparitions: we discover imaginary glories in the heavens, and in the earth, and see some of this visionary beauty poured out upon the whole creation; but what a rough unsightly sketch of nature should we be entertained with, did all her colouring disappear, and the

several distinctions of light and shade vanish? In short, our souls are at present delightfully lost and bewildered in a pleasing delusion, and we walk about like the enchanted hero in a romance, who sees beautiful castles, woods and meadows, and at the same time hears the warbling of birds and the purling of streams; but, upon the finishing of some secret spell, the fantastic scene breaks up, and the disconsolate knight finds himself on a barren heath, or in a solitary desert. It is not improbable that something like this may be the state of the soul after its first separation, in respect of the images it will receive from matter; though indeed the ideas of colours are so pleasing and beautiful in the imagination, that it is possible the soul will not be deprived of them, but perhaps find them excited by some other occasional cause, as they are at present by the different impressions of the subtile matter on the organ of sight.

I have here supposed that my reader is acquainted with that great modern discovery which is at present universally acknowledged by all the inquiries into natural philosophy; namely, that light and colours, as apprehended by the imagination, are only ideas in the mind, and not qualities that have any existence in matter. As this is a truth which has been proved incontestably by many modern philosophers, and is indeed one of the finest speculations in that science, if the English reader would see the notion explained at large, he may find it in the eighth chapter of the second book of Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding.

ADDISON.

No. 414. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25.

PAPER VI. ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

CONTENTS.

The works of nature more pleasant to the imagination than those of art. The works of nature still more pleasant, the more they resemble those of art. The works of art more pleasant, the more they resemble those of nature. Our English plantations and gardens considered in the foregoing light.

——Alterius sic,
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amicé.
HOR. ARS. POET.

But mutually they need each other's help.
ROSCOMMON.

IF we consider the works of nature and art as they are qualified to entertain the imagination, we shall find the last very defective in comparison of the former; for though they may sometimes appear as beautiful or strange, they can have nothing in them of that vastness and immensity which afford so great an entertainment to the mind of the beholder. The one may be as polite and delicate as the other, but never can show herself so august and magnificent in the design. There is something more bold and masterly in the rough careless strokes of nature, than in the nice touches and embellishments of art. The beauties of the most stately garden or palace lie in a narrow compass, the imagination immediately runs them over, and requires something

else to gratify her; but, in the wide fields of nature, the sight wanders up and down without confinement, and is fed with an infinite variety of images, without any certain stint or number. For this reason we always find the poet in love with a country-life, where nature appears in the greatest perfection, and furnishes out all those scenes that are most apt to delight the imagination.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes.
HOR. EP.

——To grottos and to groves we run,
To ease and silence, every muse's son. POPE.

Hic secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum; hic latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus; hic frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni.
VIRG. GEORG.

Here easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty the rich owner bless,
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd with noise,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys:
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flow'ry pride
Of meads and streams that through the valley glide;
And shady groves that easy sleep invite,
And, after toilsome days, a short repose at night.
DRYDEN.

But though there are several of those wild scenes that are more delightful than any artificial shows, yet we find the works of nature still more pleasant the more they resemble those of art: for in this case our pleasure rises from a double prin-

ciple; from the agreeableness of the objects to the eye, and from their similitude to other objects: we are pleased as well with comparing their beauties as with surveying them, and can represent them to our minds either as copies or originals. Hence it is that we take delight in a prospect which is well laid out, and diversified with fields and meadows, woods and rivers; in those accidental landscapes of trees, clouds, and cities, that are sometimes found in the veins of marble; in the curious fret-work of rocks and grottos; and, in a word, in any thing that hath such a variety or regularity as may seem the effect of design in what we call the works of chance.

If the products of nature rise in value according as they more or less resemble those of art, we may be sure that artificial works receive a greater advantage from their resemblance of such as are natural; because here the similitude is not only pleasant, but the pattern more perfect. The prettiest landscape I ever saw was one drawn on the walls of a dark room, which stood opposite on one side to a navigable river, and on the other to a park. The experiment is very common in optics. Here you might discover the waves and fluctuations of the water in strong and proper colours, with the picture of a ship entering at one end, and sailing by degrees through the whole piece. On another there appeared the green shadow of trees, waving to and fro with the wind, and herds of deer among them in miniature, leaping about upon the wall. I must confess the novelty of such a sight may be one occasion of its pleasantness to the imagination; but certainly the chief reason is its near resemblance

to nature, as it does not only, like other pictures, give the colour and figure, but the motion of the thing it represents.

We have before observed, that there is generally in nature something more grand and august than what we meet with in the curiosities of art. When therefore we see this imitated in any measure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of pleasure than what we receive from the nicer and more accurate productions of art. On this account our English gardens are not so entertaining to the fancy as those in France and Italy, where we see a large extent of ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of garden and forest, which represents every where an artificial rudeness, much more charming than that neatness and elegance, which we meet with in those of our own country. It might indeed be of ill consequence to the public, as well as unprofitable to private persons, to alienate so much ground from pasturage and the plough, in many parts of a country that is so well peopled and cultivated to a far greater advantage. But why may not a whole estate be thrown into a kind of garden by frequent plantations, that may turn as much to the profit as the pleasure of the owner? A marsh overgrown with willows, or a mountain shaded with oaks, are not only more beautiful, but more beneficial, than when they lie bare and unadorned. Fields of corn make a pleasant prospect: and if the walks were a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural embroidery of the meadows were helped and improved by some small additions of art, and the several rows of hedges set off by trees and flowers that the soil

was capable of receiving, a man might make a pretty landscape of his own possessions.

Writers, who have given us an account of China, tell us the inhabitants of that country laugh at the plantations of our Europeans, which are laid out by the rule and line; because they say any one may place trees in equal rows and uniform figures. They choose rather to show a genius in works of this nature; and therefore always conceal the art by which they direct themselves. They have a word it seems in their language, by which they express the particular beauty of a plantation that thus strikes the imagination at first sight, without discovering what it is that has so agreeable an effect. Our British gardeners, on the contrary, instead of humouring nature, love to deviate from it as much as possible. Our trees rise in cones, globes and pyramids. We see the marks of the scissors upon every plant and bush. I do not know whether I am singular in my opinion: but for my own part, I would rather look upon a tree in all its luxuriance and diffusion of boughs and branches, than when it is thus cut and trimmed into a mathematical figure; and can not but fancy, that an orchard in flower looks infinitely more delightful than all the little labyrinths of the most finished parterre. But as our great modellers of gardens have their magazines of plants to dispose of, it is very natural for them to tear up all the beautiful plantations of fruit trees, and contrive a plan that may most turn to their own profit, in taking off their evergreens, and the like moveable plants, with which their shops are plentifully overstocked.

ADDISON. O.

No. 415. THURSDAY, JUNE 26.

PAPER V. ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

CONTENTS.

Of architecture, as it affects the imagination. Greatness in architecture relates either to the bulk or to the manner. Greatness of bulk in the ancient oriental buildings. The ancient accounts of these buildings confirmed, 1. From the advantages for raising such works, in the first ages of the world, and in the eastern climates; 2. From several of them which are still extant. Instances how greatness of manner affects the imagination. A French author's observations on this subject. Why concave and convex figures give a greatness of manner to works of architecture. Every thing that pleases the imagination in architecture, is either great, beautiful, or new.

Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem.
VIRG. GEORG.

Next add our cities of illustrious name,
Their costly labour, and stupendous frame. DRYDEN.

HAVING already shown how the fancy is affected by the works of nature, and afterwards considered in general both the works of nature and of art, how they mutually assist and complete each other, in forming such scenes and prospects as are most apt to delight the mind of the beholder, I shall in this paper throw together some reflections on that particular art, which has a more immediate tendency than any other to produce those primary pleasures of the imagination, which have hitherto been the subject of this discourse.

The art I mean, is that of architecture; which I shall consider only with regard to the light in which the foregoing speculations have placed it, without entering into those rules and maxims which the great masters of architecture have laid down and explained at large in numberless treatises upon that subject.

Greatness, in the works of architecture, may be considered as relating to the bulk and body of the structure, or to the manner in which it is built. As for the first, we find the ancients, especially among the eastern nations of the world, infinitely superior to the moderns.

Not to mention the tower of Babel, of which an old author says there were the foundations to be seen in his time, which looked like a spacious mountain; what could be more noble than the walls of Babylon, its hanging gardens, and its temple to Jupiter Belus, that rose a mile high by eight several stories, each story a furlong in height, and on the top of which was the Babylonian observatory? I might here likewise take notice of the huge rock that was cut into the figure of Semiramis, with the smaller rocks that lay by it in the shape of tributary kings; the prodigious basin, or artificial lake, which took in the whole Euphrates, till such time as a new canal was formed for its reception, with the several trenches through which that river was conveyed. I know there are persons who look upon some of these wonders of art as fabulous; but I can not find any ground for such a suspicion, unless it be that we have no such works among us at present. There were indeed many greater advantages for building in those times, and in that

part of the world, than have been met with ever since. The earth was extremely fruitful, men lived generally on pasturage, which requires a much smaller number of hands than agriculture: there were few trades to employ the busy part of mankind, and fewer arts and sciences to give work to men of speculative tempers: and what is more than all the rest, the prince was absolute: so that, when he went to war, he put himself at the head of a whole people: as we find Semiramis leading her three millions to the field, and yet overpowered by the number of her enemies. It is no wonder, therefore, when she was at peace, and turned her thoughts on building, that she could accomplish so great works with such a prodigious multitude of labourers: besides, that in her climate there was small interruption of frost and winters, which make the northern workmen lie half the year idle. I might mention too, among the benefits of the climate, what historians say of the earth, that it sweated out a bitumen or natural kind of mortar, which is doubtless the same with that mentioned in holy writ, as contributing to the structure of Babel. 'Slime they used instead of mortar.'

In Egypt we still see their pyramids, which answer to the descriptions that have been made of them; and I question not but a traveller might find out some remains of the labyrinth that covered a whole province, and had a hundred temples disposed among its several quarters and divisions.

The wall of China is one of these eastern pieces of magnificence, which makes a figure even in the map of the world, although an account of it

would have been thought fabulous, were not the wall itself still extant.

We are obliged to devotion for the noblest buildings that have adorned the several countries of the world. It is this which has set men at work on temples and public places of worship, not only that they might, by the magnificence of the building, invite the deity to reside within it, but that such stupendous works might at the same time open the mind to vast conceptions, and fit it to converse with the divinity of the place. For every thing that is majestic imprints an awfulness and reverence on the mind of the beholder, and strikes in with the natural greatness of the soul.

In the second place, we are to consider greatness of manner in architecture, which has such force upon the imagination, that a small building, where it appears, shall give the mind nobler ideas than one of twenty times the bulk, where the manner is ordinary or little. Thus, perhaps, a man would have been more astonished with the majestic air that appeared in one of Lysippus's statues of Alexander, though no bigger than the life, than he might have been with mount Athos, had it been cut into the figure of the hero, according to the proposal of Phidias, with a river in one hand, and a city in the other.

Let any one reflect on the disposition of mind he finds in himself at his first entrance into the Pantheon at Rome, and how the imagination is filled with something great and amazing; and at the same time consider how little, in proportion, he is affected with the inside of a Gothic cathedral, though it be five times larger than the

other, which can arise from nothing else but the greatness of the manner in the one, and the meanness in the other.

I have seen an observation upon this subject in a French author which very much pleased me. It is in Monsieur Freart's parallel of the ancient and modern architecture. I shall give it the reader with the same terms of art which he has made use of. 'I am observing (says he) a thing which, in my opinion, is very curious, whence it proceeds, that in the same quantity of superficies, the one manner seems great and magnificent, and the other poor and trifling; the reason is fine and uncommon. I say then, that to introduce into architecture this grandeur of manner, we ought so to proceed, that the division of the principal members of the order may consist but of few parts, that they be all great and of a bold and ample relievo, and swelling; and that the eye beholding nothing little and mean, the imagination may be more vigorously touched and affected with the work that stands before it. For example; in a cornice, if the gola or cymatium of the corona, the coping, the modillions or dentelli, make a noble show by their graceful projections; if we see none of that ordinary confusion which is the result of those little cavities, quarter rounds of the astragal, and I know not how many other intermingled particulars which produce no effect in great and massy works, and which very unprofitably take up place to the prejudice of the principal member,—it is most certain that this manner will appear solemn and great; as, on the contrary, that it will have but a poor and mean effect, where there is a redundancy of those

smaller ornaments which divide and scatter the angles of the sight into such a multitude of rays, so pressed together that the whole will appear but a confusion.'

Among all the figures of architecture, there are none that have a greater air than the concave and the convex; and we find in all the ancient and modern architecture, as well in the remote parts of China as in countries nearer home, that round pillars and vaulted roofs make a great part of those buildings which are designed for pomp and magnificence. The reason I take to be, because in these figures we generally see more of the body than in those of other kinds. There are indeed figures of bodies, where the eye may take in two-thirds of the surface; but as in such bodies the sight must split upon several angles, it does not take in one uniform idea, but several ideas of the same kind. Look upon the outside of a dome, your eye half surrounds it: look upon the inside, and at one glance you have all the prospect of it; the entire concavity falls into your eye at once, the sight being as the centre that collects and gathers into it the lines of the whole circumference: in a square pillar, the sight often takes in but a fourth part of the surface: and in a square concave, must move up and down to the different sides, before it is master of all the inward surface. For this reason, the fancy is infinitely more struck with the view of the open air, and skies, that passes through an arch, than what comes through a square or any other figure. The figure of the rainbow does not contribute less to its magnificence than the colours to its beauty, as it is very poetically described by the son of Sirach:

'Look upon the rainbow, and praise Him that made it: very beautiful it is in its brightness; it encompasses the heavens with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it.'

Having thus spoken of that greatness which affects the mind in architecture, I might next show the pleasure that rises in the imagination from what appears new and beautiful in this art; but as every beholder has naturally a greater taste of these two perfections in every building which offers itself to his view, than of that which I have hitherto considered, I shall not trouble my readers with any reflections upon it. It is sufficient for my present purpose to observe, that there is nothing in this whole art which pleases the imagination, but as it is great, uncommon, or beautiful.

ADDISON. O.

No. 416. FRIDAY, JUNE 27.

PAPER VI. ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

CONTENTS.

The secondary pleasures of the imagination. The several sources of these pleasures (statuary, painting, description, and music,) compared together. The final cause of our receiving pleasure from these several sources. Of descriptions in particular. The power of words over the imagination. Why one reader more pleased with descriptions than another.

Quatenùs hoc simile est oculis, quod mente videmus.
LUCR.

——Objects still appear the same
To mind and eye, in colour and in frame. CREECH.

I AT first divided the pleasures of the imagination into such as arise from objects that are actually before our eyes, or that once entered in at our eyes, and are afterwards called up into the mind, either barely by its own operations, or on occasion of something without us, as statues or descriptions. We have already considered the first division, and shall therefore enter on the other, which, for distinction's sake, I have called the secondary pleasures of the imagination. When I say the ideas we receive from statues, descriptions, or such like occasions, are the same that were once actually in our view, it must not be understood that we had once seen the very place, action, or person which are carv-

ed or described. It is sufficient that we have seen places, persons, or actions, in general, which bear a resemblance, or at least some remote analogy, with what we find represented; since it is in the power of the imagination, when it is once stocked with particular ideas, to enlarge, compound, and vary them at her own pleasure.

Among the different kinds of representation, statuary is the most natural, and shows us something likest the object that is represented. To make use of a common instance, let one who is born blind take an image in his hands, and trace out with his fingers, the different furrows and impressions of the chisel, and he will easily conceive how the shape of a man or beast may be represented by it; but should he draw his hand over a picture, where all is smooth and uniform, he would never be able to imagine how the several prominences and depressions of a human body could be shown on a plain piece of canvas, that has in it no unevenness or irregularity. Description runs yet farther from the thing it represents than painting; for a picture bears a real resemblance to its original, which letters and syllables are wholly void of. Colours speak all languages, but words are understood only by such a people or nation. For this reason, though men's necessities quickly put them on finding out speech, writing is probably of a later invention than painting; particularly we are told, that in America, when the Spaniards first arrived there, expresses were sent to the emperor of Mexico in paint, and the news of his country delineated by the strokes of a pencil, which was a more natural way than that of writing, though at the same time

much more imperfect, because it is impossible to draw the little connections of speech, or to give the picture of a conjunction or an adverb. It would be yet more strange to represent visible objects by sounds that have no ideas annexed to them, and to make something like description in music. Yet it is certain, there may be confused, imperfect notions of this nature raised in the imagination by an artificial composition of notes, and we find that great masters in the art are able sometimes to set their hearers in the heat and hurry of a battle, to overcast their minds with melancholy scenes and apprehensions of deaths and funerals, or to lull them into pleasing dreams of groves and elysiums.

In all these instances, this secondary pleasure of the imagination proceeds from that action of the mind, which compares the ideas arising from the original objects with the ideas we receive from the statue, picture, description or sound, that represents them. It is impossible for us to give the necessary reason, why this operation of the mind is attended with so much pleasure, as I have before observed on the same occasion; but we find a great variety of entertainments derived from this single principle: for it is this that not only gives us a relish of statuary, painting, and description, but makes us delight in all the actions and arts of mimicry. It is this that makes the several kinds of wit pleasant, which consists, as I have formerly shown, in the affinity of ideas: and we may add, it is this also that raises the little satisfaction we sometimes find in the different sorts of false wit, whether it consists in the affinity of letters, as an anagram, acrostic; or of

syllables, as in doggerel rhymes, echoes; or of words, as in puns, quibbles; or of a whole sentence or poem, as wings and altars. The final cause, probably, of annexing pleasure to this operation of the mind, was to quicken and encourage us in our searches after truth, since the distinguishing one thing from another, and the right discerning betwixt our ideas, depend wholly upon our comparing them together, and observing the congruity or disagreement that appears among the several works of nature.

But I shall here confine myself to those pleasures of the imagination which proceed from ideas raised by words, because most of the observations that agree with descriptions are equally applicable to painting and statuary.

Words, when well chosen, have so great a force in them, that a description often gives us more lively ideas than the sight of things themselves. The reader finds a scene drawn in stronger colours, and painted more to the life in his imagination, by the help of words, than by an actual survey of the scene which they describe. In this case the poet seems to get the better of nature; he takes, indeed, the landscape after her, but gives it more vigorous touches, heightens its beauty; and so enlivens the whole piece, that the images which flow from the objects themselves appear weak and faint, in comparison of those that come from the expressions. The reason probably may be, because in the survey of any object, we have only so much of it painted on the imagination as comes in at the eye; but in its description the poet gives us a free view of it as he pleases, and discovers to us several parts that

either we did not attend to, or that lay out of our sight when we first beheld it. As we look on any object, our idea of it is, perhaps, made up of two or three simple ideas; but when the poet represents it, he may either give us a more complex idea of it, or only raise in us such ideas as are most apt to affect the imagination.

It may be here worth our while to examine how it comes to pass that several readers, who are all acquainted with the same language, and know the meaning of the words they read, should nevertheless have a different relish of the same descriptions. We find one transported with a passage, which another runs over with coldness and indifference; or finding the representation extremely natural, where another can perceive nothing of likeness and conformity. This different taste must proceed either from the *perfection of imagination* in one more than another, or from the *different ideas* that several readers affix to the same words. For to have a true relish and form a right judgment of a description, a man should be born with a good imagination, and must have well weighed the force and energy that lie in the several words of a language, so as to be able to distinguish which are most significant and expressive of their proper ideas, and what additional strength and beauty they are capable of receiving from conjunction with others. The fancy must be warm to retain the print of those images it hath received from outward objects; and the judgment discerning, to know what expressions are most proper to clothe and adorn them to the best advantage. A man who is deficient in either of these respects, though

he may receive the general notion of a description, can never see distinctly all its particular beauties: as a person, with a weak sight, may have the confused prospect of a place that lies before him, without entering into its several parts, or discerning the variety of its colours in their full glory and perfection.

ADDISON. O.

No. 417. SATURDAY, JUNE 28.

PAPER VI. ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

CONTENTS.

How a whole set of ideas hang together, &c. A natural cause assigned for it. How to perfect the imagination of a writer. Who among the ancient poets had this faculty in its greatest perfection. Homer excelled in imagining what is great; Virgil in imagining what is beautiful; Ovid in imagining what is new. Our own countryman Milton very perfect in all three respects.

Quem, tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem placido lumine videris,
Non illum labor Isthmius
Clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger, &c.
Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile perfluunt,
Et spissæ nemorum comæ
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem. HOR. Od.

At whose blest birth propitious rays
The Muses shed, on whom they smile,
No dusty Isthmian game
Shall stoutest of the ring proclaim,
Or, to reward his toil,
Wreathe ivy crowns, and grace his head with bays, &c.

But fruitful Tibur's shady groves,
Its pleasant springs and purling streams,
Shall raise a lasting name,
And set him high on sounding fame
For lyric verse. CREECH.

We may observe, that any single circumstance of what we have formerly seen, often raises up a whole scene of imagery, and awakens numberless ideas that before slept in the imagination; such a particular smell or colour is able to fill the mind on a sudden with a picture of the fields or gardens where we first met with it, and to bring up into view all the variety of images that once attended it. Our imagination takes the hint, and leads us unexpectedly into cities or theatres, plains or meadows. We may further observe, when the fancy thus reflects on the scenes that have past in it formerly, those which were at first pleasant to behold appear more so upon reflection, and that the memory heightens the delightfulness of the original. A Cartesian would account for both these instances in the following manner.

The set of ideas which we received from such a prospect or garden, having entered the mind at the same time, have a set of traces belonging to them in the brain, bordering very near upon one another; when, therefore, any one of these ideas arises in the imagination, and consequently despatches a flow of animal spirits to its proper trace, these spirits, in the violence of their motion, run not only into the trace to which they were more particularly directed, but into several of those that lie about it; by this means they awaken other ideas of the same set, which imme-

diately determine a new despatch of spirits, that in the same manner open other neighbouring traces, till at last the whole set of them is blown up, and the whole prospect or garden flourishes in the imagination. But because the pleasure we receive from these places far surmounted and overcame the little disagreeableness we found in them, for this reason there was at first a wider passage worn in the pleasure traces; and, on the contrary, so narrow a one in those which belonged to the disagreeable ideas, that they were quickly stopt up, and rendered incapable of receiving any animal spirits, and consequently of exciting any unpleasant ideas in the memory.

It would be in vain to inquire, whether the power of imagining things strongly proceeds from any greater perfection in the soul, or from any nicer texture in the brain, of one man than of another. But this is certain, that a noble writer should be born with this faculty in its full strength and vigour, so as to be able to receive lively ideas from outward objects, to retain them long, and to range together, upon occasion, in such figures and representations as are most likely to hit the fancy of the reader. A poet should take as much pains in forming his imagination as a philosopher in cultivating his understanding. He must gain a due relish of the works of nature, and be thoroughly conversant in the various scenery of a country life.

When he is stored with country images, if he would go beyond pastoral, and the lower kinds of poetry, he ought to acquaint himself with the pomp and magnificence of courts. He should be very well versed in every thing that is noble and

stately in the productions of art, whether it appear in painting or statuary, in the great works of architecture which are in their present glory, or in the ruins of those which flourished in former ages.

Such advantages as these help to open a man's thoughts, and to enlarge his imagination, and will therefore have their influence on all kinds of writing, if the author knows how to make right use of them. And among those of the learned languages who excel in this talent, the most perfect in their several kinds are perhaps Homer, Virgil, and Ovid. The first strikes the imagination wonderfully with what is great, the second with what is beautiful, and the last with what is strange. Reading the Iliad is like travelling through a country uninhabited, where the fancy is entertained with a thousand savage prospects of vast deserts, wide uncultivated marshes, huge forests, misshapen rocks and precipices. On the contrary, the Æneid is like a well-ordered garden, where it is impossible to find out any part unadorned, or to cast our eyes upon a single spot that does not produce some beautiful plant or flower. But when we are in the Metamorphoses, we are walking on enchanted ground, and see nothing but scenes of magic lying round us.

Homer is in his province when he is describing a battle or a multitude, a hero or a god. Virgil is never better pleased than when he is in his Elysium, or copying out an entertaining picture. Homer's epithets generally mark out what is great, Virgil's what is agreeable. Nothing can be more magnificent than the figure Jupiter makes

in the first Iliad, nor more charming than that of Venus in the first Æneid.

Η, και κυανεῃσιν επ' οφρυσι νευσε Κρονιων,
Αμβροσιαι δ' αρα χαιται επερρωσαντο ανακτος,
Κρατος απ' αθανατοιο· μεγαν δ' ελελιξεν Ολυμπον.

ILIAD LIB. i. v. 528.

He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows,
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god:
High heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the centre shook. POPE.

Dixit et avertens, roseâ cervice refulsit:
Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere: pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera incessu patuit dea—— ÆN. i. v. 406.

Thus having said, she turn'd, and made appear
Her neck refulgent and dishevell'd hair:
Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the ground,
And widely spread ambrosial scents around:
In length of train descends her sweeping gown,
And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known.
DRYDEN.

Homer's persons are most of them godlike and terrible; Virgil has scarce admitted any into his poem who are not beautiful, and has taken particular care to make his hero so.

——lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflavit honores. ÆN. i. v. 594.

And gave his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,
And breathed a youthful vigour on his face. DRYDEN.

In a word, Homer fills his readers with sublime ideas, and I believe, has raised the imagination of all the good poets that have come after him. I shall only instance Horace, who immediately takes fire at the first hint of any passage in the Iliad or Odyssey, and always rises above himself when he has Homer in his view. Virgil has drawn together into his Æneid all the pleasing scenes his subject is capable of admitting, and in his Georgics has given us a collection of the most delightful landscapes that can be made out of fields and woods, herds of cattle, and swarms of bees.

Ovid, in his Metamorphoses, has shown us how the imagination may be effected by what is strange. He describes a miracle in every story, and always gives us the sight of some new creature at the end of it. His art consists chiefly in well-timing his description, before the first shape is quite worn off and the new one perfectly finished, so that he every where entertains us with something we never saw before, and shows us monster after monster to the end of the Metamorphoses.

If I were to name a poet that is a perfect master in all these arts of working on the imagination, I think Milton may pass for one: and if his Paradise Lost falls short of the Æneid or Iliad in this respect, it proceeds rather from the fault of the language in which it is written, than from any defect of genius in the author. So divine a poem in English is like a stately palace, built of brick, where one may see architecture in as great a perfection as in one of marble, though the materials are of a coarser nature. But to consider it only as it regards our present subject: what can

be conceived greater than the battle of angels, the majesty of Messiah, the stature and behaviour of Satan and his peers? What more beautiful than Pandæmonium, Paradise, Heaven, Angels, Adam and Eve? What more strange than the creation of the world, the several metamorphoses of the fallen angels, and the surprising adventures their leader meets with in his search after Paradise? No other subject could have furnished a poet with scenes so proper to strike the imagination, as no other poet could have painted those scenes in more strong and lively colours.

ADDISON. O.

No. 418. MONDAY, JUNE 30.

PAPER VIII. ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

CONTENTS.

Why any thing that is unpleasant to behold pleases the imagination when well described. Why the imagination receives a more exquisite pleasure from the description of what is great, new, or beautiful. The pleasure still heightened, if what is described raises passion in the mind. Disagreeable passions pleasing when raised by apt descriptions. Why terror and grief are pleasing to the mind when excited by description. A particular advantage the writers in poetry and fiction have to please the imagination. What liberties are allowed them.

——*feret et rubus asper amomum.* VIRG. ECL.

The rugged thorn shall bear the fragrant rose.

THE pleasures of these secondary views of the

imagination are of a wider and more universal nature than those it has when joined with sight; for not only what is great, strange, or beautiful, but any thing that is disagreeable when looked upon, pleases us in an apt description. Here, therefore, we must inquire after a new principle of pleasure, which is nothing else but the action of the mind, which *compares* the ideas that arise from words with the ideas that arise from the objects themselves; and why this operation of the mind is attended with so much pleasure, we have before considered. For this reason, therefore, the description of a dunghill is pleasing to the imagination, if the image be presented to our minds by suitable expressions: though, perhaps, this may be more properly called the pleasure of understanding than of the fancy, because we are not so much delighted with the image that is contained in the description, as with the aptness of the description to exite the image.

But if the description of what is little, common, or deformed; be acceptable to the imagination, the description of what is great, surprising, or beautiful, is much more so: because here we are not only delighted with *comparing* the representation with the original, but are highly pleased with the original itself. Most readers, I believe, are more charmed with Milton's description of Paradise than of Hell: they are both, perhaps, equally perfect in their kind; but in the one the brimstone and sulphur are not so refreshing to the imagination as the beds of flowers and the wilderness of sweets in the other.

There is yet another circumstance which recommends a description more than all the rest,

and that is, if it represents to us such objects as are apt to raise a secret ferment in the mind of the reader, and to work with violence upon his passions. For, in this case, we are at once warmed and enlightened, so that the pleasure becomes more universal, and is several ways qualified to entertain us. Thus, in painting, it is pleasant to look on the picture of any face where the resemblance is hit; but the pleasure increases if it be the picture of a face that is beautiful, and is still greater if the beauty be softened with an air of melancholy or sorrow. The two leading passions which the more serious parts of poetry endeavour to stir up in us are terror and pity. And here, by the way, one would wonder how it comes to pass, that such passions as are very unpleasant at all other times, are very agreeable when excited by proper descriptions It is not strange, that we should take delight in such passages as are apt to produce hope, joy, admiration, love, or the like emotions, in us, because they never rise in the mind without an inward pleasure which attends them: but how comes it to pass, that we should take delight in being terrified or dejected by a description, when we find so much uneasiness in the fear or grief which we receive from any other occasion?

If we consider, therefore, the nature of this pleasure, we shall find that it does not arise so properly from the description of what is terrible, as from the reflection we make on ourselves at the time of reading it. When we look on such hideous objects, we are not a little pleased to think we are in no danger of them. We consider them at the same time as dreadful and harm

less; so that the more frightful appearance they make, the greater is the pleasure we receive from the sense of our own safety. In short, we look upon the terrors of a description with the same curiosity and satisfation that we survey a dead monster.

———*Informe cadaver*
Protrahitur; nequeunt expleri corda tuendo
Terribiles oculos vultum, villosaque setis
Pectora semiferi atque extinctos faucibus ignes.
VIRG. ÆN.

——They drag him from his den.
The wond'ring neighbourhood, with glad surprise,
Beheld his shagged breast, his giant size,
His mouth that flames no more, and his extinguish'd eyes.
DRYDEN.

It is for the same reason that we are delighted with the reflecting upon dangers that are past, or in looking on a precipice at a distance, which would fill us with a different kind of horror if we saw it hanging over our heads.

In the like manner, when we read of torments, wounds, death, and the like dismal accidents, our pleasure does not flow so properly from the grief which such melancholy descriptions give us, as from the secret comparison which we make between ourselves and the person who suffers.—Such representations teach us to set a just value upon our own condition, and make us prize our good fortune which exempts us from the like calamities. This is, however, such a kind of pleasure as we are not capable of receiving, when we see a person actually lying

under the tortures that we meet with in a description; because, in this case, the object presses too close upon our senses; and bears so hard upon us, that it does not give us time or leisure to reflect on ourselves. Our thoughts are so intent upon the miseries of the sufferer, that we can not turn them upon our own happiness. Whereas, on the contrary, we consider the misfortunes we read in history or poetry, either as past, or as fictitious; so that the reflection upon ourselves rises in us insensibly, and overbears the sorrow we conceive for the sufferings of the afflicted.

But because the mind of man requires something more perfect in matter than what it finds there, and can never meet with any sight in nature which sufficiently answers its highest ideas of pleasantness; or, in other words, because the imagination can fancy to itself things more great, strange, or beautiful, than the eye ever saw, and is still sensible of some defect in what it has seen; on this account it is the part of a poet to humour the imagination in its own notions, by mending and perfecting nature where he describes a reality, and by adding greater beauties than are put together in nature, where he describes a fiction.

He is not obliged to attend her in the slow advances which she makes from one season to another, or to observe her conduct in the successive production of plants and flowers. He may draw into his description all the beauties of the spring and autumn, and make the whole year contribute something to render it more agreeable. His rose-trees, woodbines, and jessamines, may

flower together, and his beds be covered at the same time with lilies, violets, and amaranths. His soil is not restrained to any particular set of plants, but is proper either for oaks or myrtles, and adapts itself to the products of every climate. Oranges may grow wild in it; myrrh may be met with in every hedge; and if he thinks it proper to have a grove of spices, he can quickly command sun enough to raise it. If all this will not furnish out an agreeable scene, he can make several new species of flowers, with richer scents and higher colours than any that grow in the gardens of nature. His concerts of birds may be as full and harmonious, and his woods as thick and gloomy, as he pleases. He is at no more expense in a long vista than in a short one, and can as easily throw his cascades from a precipice of half a mile high, as from one of twenty yards. He has his choice of the winds, and can turn the course of his rivers in all the variety of meanders, that are most delightful to the reader's imagination. In a word, he has the modelling of nature in his own hands, and may give her what charms he pleases, provided he does not reform her too much, and run into absurdities by endeavouring to excel.

ADDISON. O.

No. 419. TUESDAY, JULY 1.

PAPER IX. ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

CONTENTS.

Of that kind of poetry which Mr. Dryden calls 'The Fairy Way of Writing.' How a poet should be qualified for it. The pleasures of the imagination that arise from it. In this respect why the moderns excel the ancients. Why the English excel the moderns. Who the best among the English. Of emblematical persons.

——*mentis gratissimus error.* HOR. EP.

In pleasing error lost, and charmingly deceived.

THERE is a kind of writing, wherein the poet quite loses sight of nature, and entertains his reader's imagination with the characters and actions of such persons as have many of them no existence, but what he bestows on them. Such are fairies, witches, magicians, demons, and departed spirits. This Mr. Dryden calls 'the fairy way of writing,' which is indeed more difficult than any other that depends on the poet's fancy, because he has no pattern to follow in it, and must work altogether out of his own invention.

There is a very odd turn of thought required for this sort of writing; and it is impossible for a poet to succeed in it, who has not a particular cast of fancy, and an imagination naturally fruitful and superstitious. Besides this, he ought to be very well versed in legends and

fables, antiquated romances, and the tradition of nurses and old women, that he may fall in with our natural prejudices, and humour those notions which we have imbibed in our infancy. For otherwise he will be apt to make his fairies talk like people of his own species, and not like other sects of beings, who converse with different objects, and think in a different manner from that of mankind.

Sylvis deducti caveant, me judice, fauni,
Ne velut innati triviis, ac pené forenses,
Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus——
HOR. ARS. POET.

A satyr, that comes staring from the woods,
Must not at first speak like an orator.
ROSCOMMON.

I do not say, with Mr. Bays in the Rehearsal, that spirits must not be confined to speak sense; but it is certain their sense ought to be a little discoloured, that it may seem particular, and proper to the person and condition of the speaker.

These descriptions raise a pleasing kind of horror in the mind of the reader, and amuse his imagination with the strangeness and novelty of the persons who are represented in them. They bring up into our memory, the stories we have heard in our childhood, and favour those secret terrors and apprehensions to which the mind of man is naturally subject. We are pleased with surveying the different habits and behaviours of foreign countries: how much more must we be delighted and surprised when we are led, as it were, into a new creation, and see the persons

and manners of another species! Men of cold fancies, and philosophical dispositions, object to this kind of poetry, that it has not probability enough to affect the imagination. But to this it may be answered, that we are sure, in general, there are many intellectual beings in the world beside ourselves, and several species of spirits, who are subject to different laws and economies from those of mankind; when we see, therefore, any of these represented naturally, we can not look upon the representation as altogether impossible; nay, many are prepossessed with such false opinions, as dispose them to believe these particular delusions; at least we have all heard so many pleasing relations in favour of them, that we do not care for seeing through the falsehood, and willingly give ourselves up to so agreeable an imposture.

The ancients have not much of this poetry among them; for, indeed, almost the whole substance of it owes its original to the darkness and superstition of later ages, when pious frauds were made use of to amuse mankind, and frighten them into a sense of their duty. Our forefathers looked upon nature with more reverence and horror, before the world was enlightened by learning and philosophy; and loved to astonish themselves with the apprehensions of witchcraft, prodigies, charms, and enchantments. There was not a village in England that had not a ghost in it; the churchyards were all haunted; every large common had a circle of fairies belonging to it; and there was scarce a shepherd to be met with who had not seen a spirit. (See Nos. 110 and 117.)

Among all the poets of this kind, our English are much the best, by what I have yet seen; whether it be that we abound with more stories of this nature, or that the genius of our country is fitter for this sort of poetry. For the English are naturally fanciful, and very often disposed, by that gloominess and melancholy of temper which is so frequent in our nation, to many wild notions and visions, to which others are not so liable.

Among the English, Shakspeare has incomparably excelled all others. That noble extravagance of fancy, which he had in so great perfection, thoroughly qualified him to touch this weak superstitious part of his reader's imagination; and made him capable of succeeding, where he had nothing to support him besides the strength of his own genius. There is something so wild, and yet so solemn, in the speeches of his ghosts, fairies, witches, and the like imaginary persons, that we can not forbear thinking them natural, though we have no rule by which to judge of them, and must confess, if there are such beings in the world, it looks highly probable they should talk and act as he has represented them.

There is another sort of imaginary beings, that we sometimes meet with among the poets, when the author represents any passion, appetite, virtue, or vice, under a visible shape, and makes it a person or an actor in his poem. Of this nature are the descriptions of Hunger and Envy in Ovid, of Fame in Virgil, and of Sin and Death in Milton. We find a whole creation of the like shadowy persons in Spenser, who had an admirable talent in representations of this kind. I have

discoursed of these emblematical persons in former papers, (See No. 273) and shall therefore only mention them in this place. Thus we see how many ways poetry addresses itself to the imagination, as it has not only the whole circle of nature for its province, but makes new worlds of its own, shows us persons who are not to be found in being, and represents even the faculties of the soul, with the several virtues and vices, in a sensible shape and character.

I shall, in my two following papers, consider, in general, how other kinds of writing are qualified to please the imagination; with which I intend to conclude this essay.

ADDISON. O.

No. 420. WEDNESDAY, JULY 2.

PAPER X. ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

CONTENTS.

What authors please the imaginaton. Who have nothing to do with fiction. How history pleases the imagination. How the authors of the new philosophy please the imagination. The bounds and defects of the imagination. Whether those defects are essential to the imagination.

——*Quocunque volent animum auditorius agunto.*
HOR. ARS. POET.

And raise men's passions to what height they will.
ROSCOMMON.

As the writers in poetry and fiction borrow their several materials from outward objects, and

join them together at their own pleasure, there are others who are obliged to follow nature more closely, and to take entire scenes out of her. Such are historians, natural philosophers, travellers, geographers, and in a word, all who describe visible objects of a real existence.

It is the most agreeable talent of an historian to be able to draw up his armies and fight his battles in proper expressions, to set before our eyes the divisions, cabals, and jealousies of great men, and to lead us step by step into the several actions and events of his history. We love to see the subject unfolding itself by just degrees, and breaking upon us insensibly, that so we may be kept in pleasing suspense, and have time given us to raise our expectations, and to side with one of the parties concerned in the relation. I confess this shows more the art than the veracity of the historian; but I am only to speak of him as he is qualified to please the imagination. And in this respect Livy has, perhaps, excelled all who went before him, or who have written since his time. He describes every thing in so lively a manner, that his whole history is an admirable picture, and touches on such proper circumstances in every story, that his reader becomes a kind of spectator, and feels in himself all the variety of passions which are correspondent to the several parts of the relation.

But among this set of writers there are none who more gratify and enlarge the imagination, than the authors of the new philosophy, whether we consider their theories of the earth or heavens, the discoveries they have made by glasses, or any other of their contemplations on nature.

We are not a little pleased to find every green leaf swarm with millions of animals, that at their largest growth are not visible to the naked eye. There is something very engaging to the fancy, as well as to our reason, in the treatises of metals, minerals, plants, and meteors. But when we survey the whole earth at once, and the several planets that lie within its neighbourhood, we are filled with a pleasing astonishment, to see so many worlds hanging one above another, and sliding round their axles in such an amazing pomp and solemnity. If, after this, we contemplate those wild fields of ether, that reach in height as far as from Saturn to the fixed stars, and run abroad almost to an infinitude, our imagination finds its capacity filled with so immense a prospect, and puts itself upon the stretch to comprehend it. But if we yet rise higher, and consider the fixed stars as so many vast oceans of flame, that are each of them attended with a different set of planets, and still discover new firmaments and new lights that are sunk farther in those unfathomable depths of ether, so as not to be seen by the strongest of our telescopes, we are lost in such a labyrinth of suns and worlds, and confounded with the immensity and magnificence of nature.

Nothing is more pleasant to the fancy, than to enlarge itself by degrees, in its contemplation of the various proportions which its several objects bear to each other, when it compares the body of man to the bulk of the whole earth, the earth to the circle it describes round the sun, that circle to the sphere of the fixed stars, the sphere of the fixed stars to the circuit of the whole crea-

tion, the whole creation itself to the infinite space that is every where diffused about it; or when the imagination works downward, and considers the bulk of a human body in respect of an animal a hundred times less than a mite, the particular limbs of such an animal, the different springs which actuate the limbs, the spirits which set these springs a-going, and the proportionable minuteness of these several parts before they have arrived at their full growth and perfection; but if, after all this, we take the least particle of these animal spirits, and consider its capacity of being wrought into a world that shall contain within those narrow dimensions a heaven and earth, stars and planets, and every different species of living creatures, in the same analogy and proportion they bear to each other in our own universe; such a speculation, by reason of its nicety, appears ridiculous to those who have not turned their thoughts that way, though at the same time it is founded on no less than the evidence of a demonstration. Nay, we may yet carry it farther, and discover in the smallest particle of this little world, a new inexhausted fund of matter, capable of being spun out into another universe.

I have dwelt the longer on this subject, because I think it may show us the proper limits, as well as the defectiveness of our imagination; how it is confined to a very small quantity of space, and immediately stopped in its operations, when it endeavours to take in any thing that is very great or very little. Let a man try to conceive the different bulk of an animal, which is twenty, from another which is a hundred times less than a mite, or to compare in his thoughts a length of

a thousand diameters of the earth, with that of a million; and he will quickly find that he has no different measures in his mind, adjusted to such extraordinary degrees of grandeur or minuteness. The understanding, indeed, opens an infinite space on every side of us; but the imagination, after a few faint efforts, is immediately at a stand, and finds herself swallowed up in the immensity of the void that surrounds it: our reason can pursue a particle of matter through an infinite variety of divisions: but the fancy soon loses sight of it, and feels in itself a kind of chasm that wants to be filled with matter of a more sensible bulk. We can neither widen or contract the faculty to the dimensions of either extreme. The object is too big for our capacity, when we would comprehend the circumference of a world, and dwindles into nothing, when we endeavour after the idea of an atom.

It is possible this defect of imagination may not be in the soul itself, but as it acts in conjunction with the body. Perhaps there may not be room in the brain for such a variety of impressions, or the animal spirits may be incapable of figuring them in such a manner, as is necessary to excite so very large or very minute ideas. However it be, we may well suppose, that beings of a higher nature very much excel us in this respect, as it is probable the soul of man will be infinitely more perfect hereafter in this faculty, as well as in all the rest; insomuch, that, perhaps, the imagination will be able to keep pace with the understanding, and to form in itself distinct ideas of all the different modes and quantities of space.

ADDISON. O.

No. 421. THURSDAY, JULY 3.

PAPER XI. ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

CONTENTS.

How those please the imagination, who treat of subjects abstracted from matter, by allusions taken from it. What allusions most pleasing to the imagination. Great writers how faulty in this respect. Of the art of imagining in general. The imagination capable of pain as well as pleasure. In what degree the imagination is capable either of pain or pleasure.

Ignotis errare locis, ignota videre
Flumina gaudebat; studio minuente laborem.
OVID. MET.

He sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil!
The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.
ADDISON.

THE pleasures of the imagination are wholly confined to such particular authors as are conversant in material objects, but are often to be met with among the polite masters of morality, criticism, and other speculations abstracted from matter, who, though they do not directly treat of the visible parts of nature, often draw from them their similitudes, metaphors, and allegories. By these allusions, a truth in the understanding is, as it were, reflected by the imagination; we are able to see something like colour and shape in a notion, and to discover a scheme of thoughts traced out upon matter. And here

the mind receives a great deal of satisfaction, and has two of its faculties gratified at the same time, while the fancy is busied in copying after the understanding, and transcribing ideas out of the intellectual world into the material.

The great art of a writer shows itself in the choice of pleasing allusions, which are generally to be taken from the great or beautiful works of art or nature; for though whatever is new or uncommon is apt to delight the imagination, the chief design of an allusion being to illustrate and explain the passages of an author, it should be always borrowed from what is more known and common than the passages which are to be explained.

Allegories, when well chosen, are like so many tracts of light in a discourse, that make every thing about them clear and beautiful. A noble metaphor, when it is placed to an advantage, casts a kind of glory round it, and darts a lustre through a whole sentence. These different kinds of allusion are but so many different manners of similitude; and, that they may please the imagination, the likeness ought to be very exact, or very agreeable, as we love to see a picture where the resemblance is just, or the posture and air graceful. But we often find eminent writers very faulty in this respect; great scholars are apt to fetch their comparisons and allusions from the sciences in which they are most conversant, so that a man may see the compass of their learning in a treatise on the most indifferent subject. I have read a discourse upon love, which none but a profound chemist could understand, and have heard many a sermon that should only have been

preached before a congregation of Cartesians. On the contrary, your men of business usually have recourse to such instances as are too mean and familiar. They are for drawing the reader into a game of chess or tennis, or for leading him from shop to shop, in the cant of particular trades and employments. It is certain, there may be found an infinite variety of very agreeable allusions in both these kinds; but, for the generality, the most entertaining ones lie in the works of nature, which are obvious to all capacities, and more delightful than what is to be found in arts and sciences.

It is this talent of affecting the imagination, that gives an embellishment to good sense, and makes one man's compositions more agreeable than another's. It sets off all writings in general, but is the very life and highest perfection of poetry; where it shines in an eminent degree, it has preserved several poems for many ages, that have nothing else to recommend them; and where all the other beauties are present, the work appears dry and insipid, if this single one be wanting. It has something in it like creation. It bestows a kind of existence, and draws up to the reader's view, several objects which are not to be found in being. It makes additions to nature, and gives greater variety to God's works. In a word, it is able to beautify and adorn the most illustrious scenes in the universe, or to fill the mind with more glorious shows and apparitions, than can be found in any part of it.

We have now discovered the several originals of those pleasures that graitfy the fancy; and here, perhaps, it would not be very difficult to cast un-

der their proper heads those contrary objects, which are apt to fill it with distaste and terror; for the imagination is as liable to pain as pleasure, When the brain is hurt by an accident, or the mind disordered by dreams or sickness, the fancy is overrun with wild dismal ideas, and terrified with a thousand hideous monsters of its own framing.

Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus,
Et solem geminum, et duplices se ostendere Thebas:
Aut Agamemnonius scenis agitatus Orestes,
Armatam facibus matrem et serpentibus atris
Cùm fugit, ultricesque sedent in limine diræ. VIRG. Æn.

Like Pentheus, when distracted by his fear,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes appear
Or mad Orestes, when his mother's ghost
Full in his face infernal torches tost.
And shook her snaky locks: he shuns the sight,
Flies o'er the stage, surprised with mortal fright;
The furies guard the door, and intercept his flight.
DRYDEN.

There is not a sight in nature so mortifying as that of a distracted person, when his imagination is troubled, and his whole soul disordered and confused. Babylon in ruins is not so melancholy a spectacle. But to quit so disagreeable a subject, I shall only consider, by way of conclusion, what an infinite advantage this faculty gives an Almighty Being over the soul of man, and how great a measure of happiness or misery we are capable of receiving from the imagination only.

We have already seen the influence that one man has over the fancy of another, and with what ease he conveys into it a variety of imagery; how great a power then may we suppose lodged in him, who knows all the ways of affecting the

imagination, who can infuse what ideas he pleases, and fill those ideas with terror and delight to what degree he thinks fit? He can excite images in the mind without the help of words, and make scenes rise up before us, and seem present to the eye, without the assistance of bodies or exterior objects. He can transport the imagination with such beautiful and glorious visions, as can not possibly enter into our present conceptions, or haunt it with such ghastly spectres and apparitions, as would make us hope for annihilation, and think existence no better than a curse. In short, he can so exquisitely ravish or torture the soul through this single faculty, as might suffice to make the whole heaven or hell of any finite being.

ADDISON. O.

No. 422. FRIDAY, JULY 4.

Hæc scripsi non otii abundantiâ, sed amoris erga te.
TULL. EPIST.

I have written this, not out of abundance of leisure, but of my affection towards you.

I do not know any thing which gives greater disturbance to conversation, than the false notion some people have of raillery. It ought, certainly, to be the first point to be aimed at in society, to gain the good will of those with whom you converse: the way to that is, to show you are well inclined towards them: what then can be more absurd than to set up for being extremely sharp and biting, as the term is, in your expressions to your familiars? A man who has no

good quality but courage, is in a very ill way towards making an agreeable figure in the world, because that which he has superior to other people can not be exerted, without raising himself an enemy. Your gentleman of a satirical vein is in the like condition. To say a thing which perplexes the heart of him you speak to, or brings blushes into his face, is a degree of murder, and it is, I think, an unpardonable offence to show a man you do not care whether he is pleased or displeased. But won't you then take a jest?—Yes; but pray let it be a jest. It is no jest to put me, who am so unhappy as to have an utter aversion to speaking to more than one man at a time, under a necessity to explain myself in much company, and reducing me to shame and derision, except I perform what my infirmity of silence disables me to do.

Callisthenes has great wit, accompanied with that quality, without which a man can have no wit at all, a sound judgment. This gentleman rallies the best of any man I know, for he forms his ridicule upon a circumstance which you are in your heart not unwilling to grant him; to wit, that you are guilty of an excess in something which is in itself laudable. He very well understands what you would be, and needs not fear your anger for declaring you are a little too much that thing. The generous will bear being reproached as lavish, and the valiant as rash, without being provoked to resentment against their monitor. What has been said to be a mark of a good writer will fall in with the character of a good companion. The good writer makes his reader better pleased with himself, and the agreea-

ble man makes his friends enjoy themselves, rather than him, while he is in their company. Callisthenes does this with inimitable pleasantry. He whispered a friend the other day, so as to be overheard by a young officer, who gave symptoms of cocking upon the company, 'That gentleman has very much the air of a general officer.' The youth immediately put on a composed behaviour, and behaved himself suitably to the conceptions he believed the company had of him. It is to be allowed that Callisthenes will make a man run into impertinent relations, to his own advantage, and express the satisfaction he has in his own dear self till he is very ridiculous; but in this case the man is made a fool by his own consent, and not exposed as such whether he will or no. I take it therefore, that, to make raillery agreeable, a man must either not know he is rallied, or think never the worse of himself if he sees he is.

Acetus is of a quite contrary genius, and is more generally admired than Callisthenes, but not with justice. Acetus has no regard to the modesty or weakness of the person he rallies; but if the quality or humility gives him any superiority to the man he would fall upon, he has no mercy on making the onset. He can be pleased to see his best friend out of countenance, while the laugh is loud in his own applause. His raillery always puts the company into little divisions and separate interests, while that of Callisthenes cements it, and makes every man not only better pleased with himself, but also with all the rest in the conversation.

To rally well, it is absolutely necessary that

kindness must run through all you say, and you must ever preserve the character of a friend to support your pretensions to be free with a man. Acetus ought to be banished human society, because he raises his mirth upon giving pain to the person upon whom he is pleasant. Nothing but the malevolence which is too general towards those who excel, could make his company tolerated; but they with whom he converses are sure to see some man sacrificed wherever he is admitted; and all the credit he has for wit, is owing to the gratification it gives to other men's ill nature.

Minutius has a wit that conciliates a man's love at the same time that it is exerted against his faults. He has an art in keeping the person he rallies in countenance, by insinuating that he himself is guilty of the same imperfection. This he does with so much address, that he seems rather to bewail himself than fall upon his friend.

It is really monstrous to see how unaccountably it prevails among men, to take the liberty of displeasing each other. One would think sometimes that the contention is, who shall be most disagreeable. Allusions to past follies, hints which revive what a man has a mind to forget for ever, and deserves what all the rest of the world should, are commonly brought forth even in company of men of distinction. They do not thrust with the skill of fencers, but cut up with the barbarity of butchers. . It is, methinks, below the character of men of humanity and good manners, to be capable of mirth while there is any one of the company in pain and disorder. They who have the true taste of conversation, enjoy themselves in a communication of each

other's excellences, and not in a triumph over their imperfections. Fortius would have been reckoned a wit, if there had never been a fool in the world: he wants not foils to be a beauty, but has that natural pleasure in observing perfection in others, that his own faults are overlooked out of gratitude by all his acquaintance.

After these several characters of men who succeed or fail in raillery, it may not be amiss to reflect a little further what one takes to be the most agreeable kind of it; and that to me appears when the satire is directed against vice, with an air of contempt of the fault, but no ill-will to the criminal. Mr. Congreve's Doris is a masterpiece in this kind. It is the character of a woman utterly abandoned; but her impudence, by the finest piece of raillery, is made only generosity.

Peculiar therefore is her way,
Whether by nature taught,
I shall not undertake to say,
Or by experience bought;

For who o'ernight obtain'd her grace,
She can next day disown,
And stare upon the strange man's face,
As one she ne'er had known:

So well she can the truth disguise,
Such artful wonder frame,
The lover or distrusts his eyes,
Or thinks 'twas all a dream.

Some censure this as lewd or low,
Who are to bounty blind;
But to forget what we bestow,
Bespeaks a noble mind.

STEELE. T.

END OF VOL. VIII.

T. Stothard R.A.

Engraved by C. B. Ellis

THE

SPECTATOR.

WITH

Sketches of the Lives of the Authors,

AN INDEX,

AND

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IX.

PHILADELPHIA:
CRISSY & MARKLEY,
AND THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT & CO.
1851.

Printed by T. K. & P. G. Collins.

THE SPECTATOR.

No. 423. SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1712.

Nuper idoneus. Hor. Od.

Once fit myself.

I look upon myself as a kind of guardian to the fair, and am always watchful to observe any thing which concerns their interest. The present paper shall be employed in the service of a very fine young woman, and the admonitions I give her may not be unuseful to the rest of the sex. Gloriana shall be the name of the heroine in to-day's entertainment; and when I have told you that she is rich, witty, young, and beautiful, you will believe she does not want admirers. She has had, since she came to town, about twenty-five of those lovers, who make their addresses by way of jointure and settlement. These come and go with great indifference on both sides; and, as beauteous as she is, a line in a deed has had exception enough against it, to outweigh the lustre of her eyes, the readiness of her understanding, and the merit of her general character. But among the crowd of such cool adorers, she has two who are very assiduous in their attendance

There is something so extraordinary and artful in their manner of application, that I think it but common justice to alarm her in it. I have done it in the following letter.

'MADAM,

'I have for some time taken notice of two gentlemen who attend you in all public places, both of whom have also easy access to you at your own house: but the matter is adjusted between them. And Damon who so passionately addresses you, has no design upon you, but Strephon, who seems to be indifferent to you, is the man who is, as they have settled it, to have you. The plot was laid over a bottle of wine, and Strephon, when he first thought of you, proposed to Damon to be his rival. The manner of his breaking of it to him, I was so placed at a tavern that I could not avoid hearing. Damon, said he, with a deep sigh, I have long languished for that miracle of beauty, Gloriana, and if you will be very steadfastly my rival, I shall certainly obtain her. Do not, continued he, be offended at this overture: for I go upon the knowledge of the temper of the woman, rather than any vanity that I should profit by an opposition of your pretensions to those of your humble servant. Gloriana has very good sense, a quick relish of the satisfactions of life, and will not give herself, as the crowd of women do, to the arms of a man to whom she is indifferent. As she is a sensible woman, expressions of rapture and adoration will not move her neither; but he that has her must be the object of her desire, not her pity. The way to this end I take to be, that a man's general conduct should

be agreeable, without addressing in particular to the woman he loves. Now, sir, if you will be so kind as to sigh and die for Gloriana, I will carry it with great respect towards her, but seem void of any thoughts as a lover. By this means I shall be in the most amiable light of which I am capable; I shall be received with freedom, you with reserve. Damon, who has himself no designs of marriage at all, easily fell into the scheme; and you may observe, that wherever you are, Damon appears also. You see he carries on an unaffected exactness in his dress and manner, and strives always to be the very contrary of Strephon. They have already succeeded so far, that your eyes are ever in search of Strephon, and turn themselves of course from Damon. They meet and compare notes upon your carriage; and the letter which was brought to you the other day was a contrivance to mark your resentment. When you saw the billet subscribed Damon, and turned away with a scornful air, and cried impertinence! you gave hopes to him that shuns you, without mortifying him that languishes for you.

'What I am concerned for, madam, is, that in the disposal of your heart, you should know what you are doing, and examine it before it is lost.—Strephon contradicts you in discourse with the civility of one who has a value for you, but gives up nothing like one that loves you. This seeming unconcern gives his behaviour the advantage of sincerity, and insensibly obtains your good opinion, by appearing disinterested in the purchase of it. If you watch these correspondents hereafter, you will find that Strephon makes his visit of civility immediately after Damon has tired you

with one of love. Though you are very discreet, you will find it no easy matter to escape the toils so well laid, as when one studies to be disagreeable in passion, the other to be pleasing without it. All the turns of your temper are carefully watched, and their quick and faithful intelligence gives your lovers irresistible advantage. You will please, Madam, to be upon your guard, and take all the necessary precautions against one who is amiable to you before you know he is enamoured.

'I am, Madam,

'Your most obedient servant.'

Strephon makes great progress in this lady's good graces; for most women being actuated by some little spirit of pride and contradiction, he has the good effects of both those motives by this covert-way of courtship. He received a message yesterday from Damon in the following words, superscribed, *With speed.*

'All goes well: she is very angry at me, and I dare say hates me in earnest. It is a good time to visit. 'Yours.'

The comparison of Strephon's gayety to Damon's languishment strikes her imagination with a prospect of very agreeable hours with such a man as the former, and abhorrence of the insipid prospect with one like the latter. To know when a lady is displeased with another, is to know the best time of advancing yourself. This method of two persons playing into each other's hand is so dangerous, that I can not tell how a woman could

be able to withstand such a siege. The condition of Gloriana, I am afraid, is irretrievable; for Strephon has had so many opportunities of pleasing without suspicion, that all which is left for her to do, is to bring him, now she is advised, to an explanation of his passion, and beginning again, if she can conquer the kind sentiments she has already conceived for him. When one shows himself a creature to be avoided, the other proper to be fled to for succour, they have the whole woman between them, and can occasionally rebound her love and hatred from one to the other, in such a manner as to keep her at a distance from all the rest of the world, and cast lots for the conquest.

N.B. I have many other secrets which concern the empire of love; but I consider that while I alarm my women, I instruct my men.

STEELE. T.

No. 424. MONDAY, JULY 7.

Est ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus. HOR. EP.

'Tis not the place disgust or pleasure brings;
From our own mind our satisfaction springs.

'MR. SPECTATOR, *London, June 24.*

'A MAN who has it in his power to choose his own company, would certainly be much to blame, should he not, to the best of his judgment, take such as are of a temper most suitable to his own; and where that choice is wanting, or where a

man is mistaken in his choice, and yet under a necessity of continuing in the same company, it will certainly be his interest to carry himself as easily as possible.

'In this I am sensible I do but repeat what has been said a thousand times; at which, however, I think nobody has any title to take exception, but they who never failed to put this in practice.—Not to use any longer preface, this being the season of the year in which great numbers of all sorts of people retire from this place of business and pleasure to country solitude, I think it not improper to advise them to take with them as great a stock of good humour as they can; for though a country life is described as the most pleasant of all others, and though it may in truth be so, yet it is so only to those who know how to enjoy leisure and retirement.

'As for those who can not live without the constant helps of business or company, let them consider, that in the country there is no Exchange, there are no play-houses, no variety of coffee-houses, nor many of those other amusements which serve here as so many reliefs from the repeated occurrences in their own families; but that there the greatest part of their time must be spent within themselves, and consequently it behoves them to consider how agreeable it will be to them before they leave this dear town.

'I remember, Mr. Spectator, we were very well entertained last year with the advices you gave us from Sir Roger's country seat;(107) which I the rather mention, because it is almost impossible not to live pleasantly where the master of the family is such a one as you there describe your

friend, who can not therefore (I mean as to his domestic character) be too often recommended to the imitation of others. How amiable is that affability and benevolence with which he treats his neighbours, and every one, even the meanest of his own family! and yet how seldom imitated! —Instead of which we commonly meet with ill-natured expostulations, noise, and chidings.— And this I hinted, because the humour and disposition of the head is what chiefly influences all the other parts of a family.

'An agreement and kind correspondence between friends and acquaintance is the greatest pleasure of life. This is an undoubted truth; and yet any man who judges from the practice of the world, will be almost persuaded to believe the contrary; for how can we suppose people should be so industrious to make themselves uneasy? What can engage them to entertain and foment jealousies of one another upon every the least occasion? Yet so it is, there are people who (as it should seem) delight in being troublesome and vexatious, who, as Tully speaks, '*Mirâ sunt alacritate ad litigandum*,' have a certain cheerfulness in wrangling. And thus it happens that there are very few families in which there are not feuds and animosities, though it is every one's interest, there more particularly, to avoid them; because there, as I would willingly hope, no one gives another uneasiness without feeling some share of it.—But I am gone beyond what I designed, and had almost forgot what I chiefly proposed; which was, barely to tell you how hardly we who pass most of our time in town dispense with a long vacation in the country; how uneasy

we grow to ourselves and to one another when our conversation is confined, insomuch that by Michaelmas it is odds but we come to downright squabbling, and make as free with one another to our faces as we do with the rest of the world behind their backs. After I have told you this, I am to desire that you would now and then give us a lesson of good humour, a family-piece, which, since we are all very fond of you, I hope may have some influence upon us.

'After these plain observations, give me leave to give you a hint of what a set of company of my acquaintance, who are now gone into the country, and have the use of an absent nobleman's seat, have settled among themselves, to avoid the inconveniences abovementioned. They are a collection of ten or twelve, of the same good inclination towards each other, but of very different talents and inclinations: from hence they hope that the variety of their tempers will only create variety of pleasures. But as there always will arise among the same people, either for want of diversity of objects, or the like causes, a certain satiety, which may grow into ill-humour or discontent, there is a large wing of the house which they design to employ in the nature of an infirmary. Whoever says a peevish thing, or acts any thing which betrays a sourness or indisposition to company, is immediately to be conveyed to his chambers in the infirmary, from whence he is not to be relieved till by his manner of submission and the sentiments expressed in his petition for that purpose, he appears to the majority of the company to be again fit for society. You are to understand, that all ill-natured words or uneasy

gestures are sufficient cause for banishment; speaking impatiently to servants, making a man repeat what he says, or any thing that betrays inattention or dishumour, are also criminal without reprieve: but it is provided, that whoever observes the ill-natured fit coming upon himself, and voluntarily retires, shall be received at his return from the infirmary with the highest marks of esteem. By these and other wholesome methods, it is expected that if they can not cure one another, yet at least they have taken care that the ill-humour of one shall not be troublesome to the rest of the company. There are many other rules which the society have established for the preservation of their ease and tranquillity; the effects of which, with the incidents that arise among them, shall be communicated to you from time to time for the public good, by,

'Sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'R. O.'

STEELE. T.

No. 425. TUESDAY, JULY 8, 1712.

Frigora mitescunt zephyris; ver proterit æstas
Interitura, simul
Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit; et mox
Bruma recurrit iners. HOR. Od.

The cold grows soft with western gales,
The summer over spring prevails,
But yields to autumn's fruitful rain,
As this to winter storms and hails;
Each loss the hasting moon repairs again.
SIR W. TEMPLE.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is hardly any thing gives me more sensible delight than the enjoyment of a cool still evening after the uneasiness of a hot sultry day. Such a one I passed not long ago, which made me rejoice when the hour was come for the sun to set, that I might enjoy the freshness of the evening in my garden, which then affords me the pleasantest hours I pass in the whole four-and-twenty. I immediately rose from my couch, and went down into it. You descend at first by twelve stone steps into a large square divided into four grass plots, in each of which is a statue of white marble. This is separated from a large parterre by a low wall, and from thence through a pair of iron gates you are led into a long broad walk of the finest turf, set on each side with tall yews, and on either hand bordered by a canal, which on the right divides the walk from a wilderness parted into a variety of alleys and arbours, and on the left from a kind of amphitheatre, which is the receptacle of a great number of oranges and myr

tles.—The moon shone bright, and seemed then most agreeably to supply the place of the sun, obliging me with as much light as was necessary to discover a thousand pleasing objects, and at the same time divested of all power of heat. The reflection of it in the water, the fanning of the wind rustling on the leaves, the singing of the thrush and nightingale, and the coolness of the walks, all conspired to make me lay aside all displeasing thoughts, and brought me into such a tranquillity of mind, as is, I believe, the next happiness to that of hereafter. In this sweet retirement I naturally fell into the repetition of some lines out of a poem of Milton's, which he entitles *Il Penseroso*, the ideas of which were exquisitely suited to my present wanderings of thought

"Sweet bird! that shun'st the noise of folly,
Most musical! most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among,
I woo to hear thy evening song:
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that hath been led astray,
Through the heav'n's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Then let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid;
And as I wake, sweet music breathe,
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirits to mortals good,
Or th' unseen genius of the wood."

'I reflected then upon the sweet vicissitudes of night and day, on the charming disposition of the seasons, and their return again in a perpetual circle; and oh! said I, that I could from these my declining years return again to my first spring of youth and vigour; but that, alas! is impossible: all that remains within my power is, to soften the inconveniences I feel with an easy contented mind, and the enjoyment of such delights as this solitude affords me. In this thought I sat me down on a bank of flowers, and dropt into a slumber; which, whether it were the effect of fumes and vapours, or my present thoughts, I know not; but methought the genius of the garden stood before me, and introduced into the walk where I lay, this drama, and different scenes of the revolution of the year, which, whilst I then saw, even in my dream, I resolved to write down, and send to the Spectator.

'The first person whom I saw advancing towards me was a youth of a most beautiful air and shape, though he seemed not yet arrived at that exact proportion and symmetry of parts, which a little more time would have given him; but, however, there was such a bloom in his countenance, such satisfaction and joy, that I thought it the most desirable form that I had ever seen. He was clothed in a flowing mantle of green silk, interwoven with flowers: he had a chaplet of roses on his head, and a Narcissus in his hand; primroses and violets sprang up under his feet, and all nature was cheered at his approach. Flora was on one hand, and Vertumnus on the other, in a robe of changeable silk. After this I was surprised to see the moon-beams reflected with a

sudden glare from armour, and to see a man completely armed advancing with his sword drawn. I was soon informed by the genius it was Mars, who had long usurped a place among the attendants of the Spring. He made way for a softer appearance; it was Venus, without any ornament but her own beauties, not so much as her own *cestus*, with which she had encompassed a globe, which she held in her right hand, and in her left she had a sceptre of gold. After her followed the Graces, with their arms entwined within one another; their girdles were loosed, and they moved to the sound of soft music, striking the ground alternately with their feet: then came up the three months which belong to this season. As March advanced towards me, there was, methought, in his look a lowering roughness, which ill befitted a month which was ranked in so soft a season; but as he came forwards, his features became insensibly more mild and gentle: he smoothed his brow, and looked with so sweet a countenance, that I could not but lament his departure, though he made way for April. He appeared in the greatest gaiety imaginable, and had a thousand pleasures to attend him: his look was frequently clouded, but immediately returned to its first composure, and remained fixed in a smile. Then came May attended by Cupid, with his bow strung, and in a posture to let fly an arrow: as he passed by, methought I heard a confused noise of soft complaints, gentle ecstacies, and tender sighs of lovers; vows of constancy, and as many complainings of perfidiousness; all which the winds waft ed away as soon as they had reached my hearing. After these I saw a man advance in the full prime

and vigour of his age: his complexion was sanguine and ruddy, his hair black, and fell down in beautiful ringlets beneath his shoulders; a mantle of hair-coloured silk hung loosely upon him: he advanced with a hasty step after the Spring, and sought out the shade and cool fountains which played in the garden. He was particularly well pleased when a troop of Zephyrs fanned him with their wings: he had two companions who walked on each side, that made him appear the most agreeable: the one was Aurora with fingers of roses, and her feet dewy, attired in gray; the other was Vesper in a robe of azure beset with drops of gold, whose breath he caught whilst it passed over a bundle of honeysuckles and tuberoses, which he held in his hand. Pan and Ceres followed them with four reapers, who danced a morrice to the sound of oaten pipes and cymbals. Then came the attendant months. June retained still some small likeness of the Spring; but the other two seemed to step with a less vigorous tread, especially August, who seemed almost to faint; whilst, for half the steps he took, the dog-star levelled his rays full at his head. They passed on, and made way for a person that seemed to bend a little under the weight of years; his beard and hair, which were full grown, were composed of an equal number of black and gray; he wore a robe which he had girt round him of a yellowish cast, not unlike the colour of fallen leaves, which he walked upon. I thought he hardly made amends for expelling the foregoing scene by the large quantity of fruits which he bore in his hands.—Plenty walked by his side, with a healthy fresh countenance, pouring out from a horn all the va-

rious products of the year. Pomona followed with a glass of cyder in her hand, with Bacchus in a chariot drawn by tigers, accompanied by a whole troop of satyrs, fauns, and sylvans. September, who came next, seemed in his looks to promise a new Spring, and wore the livery of those months. The succeeding month was all soiled with the juice of grapes, as if he had just come from the wine-press. November, though he was in this division, yet, by the many stops he made, seemed rather inclined to the Winter, which followed close at his heels. He advanced in the shape of an old man in the extremity of age: the hair he had was so very white it seemed a real snow; his eyes were red and piercing, and his beard hung with a great quantity of icicles: he was wrapt up in furs, but yet so pinched with excess of cold, that his limbs were all contracted, and his body bent to the ground, so that he could not have supported himself, had it not been for Comus the god of revels, and Necessity the mother of Fate, who sustained him on each side. The shape and mantle of Comus was one of the things that most surprised me: as he advanced towards me, his countenance seemed the most desirable I had ever seen; on the fore part of his mantle was pictured joy, delight, and satisfaction, with a thousand emblems of merriment, and jests with faces looking two ways at once; but as he passed from me I was amazed at a shape so little correspondent to his face: his head was bald, and all the rest of his limbs appeared old and deformed. On the hinder part of his mantle was represented Murder, with dishevelled hair, and a dagger all bloody; Anger in a robe of scarlet, and

Suspicion squinting with both eyes; but, above all, the most conspicuous was the battle of the Lapithæ and the Centaurs. I detested so hideous a shape, and turned my eyes upon Saturn, who was stealing away behind him, with a scythe in one hand and an hour-glass in the other, unobserved. Behind Necessity was Vesta, the goddess of fire, with a lamp which was perpetually supplied with oil, and whose flame was eternal. She cheered the rugged brow of Necessity, and warmed her so far as almost to make her assume the features and likeness of Choice. December, January, and February, passed on after the rest all in furs; there was little distinction to be made amongst them, and they were more or less displeasing, as they discovered more or less haste towards the grateful return of Spring.'

[Supposed to be by POPE.] Z.

No. 426. WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1712.

——Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames?—— VIRG. Æn.

O sacred hunger of pernicious gold!
What bands of faith can impious lucre hold? DRYDEN.

A VERY agreeable friend of mine, the other day carrying me in his coach into the country to dinner, fell into a discourse concerning the care of parents due to their children, and the piety of children towards their parents. He was reflecting upon the succession of particular virtues and qualities there might be preserved from one ge

neration to another, if these regards were reciprocally held in veneration; but as he never fails to mix an air of mirth and good humour with his good sense and reasoning, he entered into the following relation.

'I will not be confident in what century or under what reign it happened, that this want of mutual confidence and right understanding between father and son was fatal to the family of the Valentines in Germany. Basilius Valentinus was a person who had arrived at the utmost perfection in the hermetic art, and initiated his son Alexandrinus in the same mysteries; but, as you know, they are not to be attained but by the painful, the pious, the chaste, and pure of heart, Basilius did not open to him, because of his youth, and the deviations too natural to it, the greatest secrets of which he was master, as well knowing, that the operation would fail in the hands of a man so liable to errors in life as Alexandrinus. But believing, from a certain indisposition of mind as well as body, his dissolution was drawing nigh, he called Alexandrinus to him, and as he lay on a couch, over against which his son was seated, and prepared by sending out his servants one after another, and admonition to examine that no one overheard them, he revealed the most important of his secrets with the solemnity and language of an adept. My son, said he, many have been the watchings, long the lucubrations, constant the labours of thy father, not only to gain a great and plentiful estate to his posterity, but also to take care that he should have no posterity. Be not amazed, my child; I do not mean that thou shalt be taken from me, but that I will never leave

thee, and consequently can not be said to have posterity. Behold, my dearest Alexandrinus, the effect of what was propagated in nine months: we are not to contradict nature, but to follow and to help her: just as long as an infant is in the womb of its parent, so long are these medicines of revivification in preparing. Observe this small phial and this little gallipot, in this an unguent, in the other a liquor. In these, my child, are collected such powers as shall revive the springs of life when they are yet but just ceased, and give new strength, new spirits, and, in a word, wholly restore all the organs and senses of the human body to as great a duration as it before had enjoyed from its birth to the day of the application of these my medicines. But, my beloved son, care must be taken to apply them within ten hours after the breath is out of the body, while yet the clay is warm with its late life, and yet capable of resuscitation. I find my frame grown crazy with perpetual toil and meditation; and I conjure you, as soon as I am dead, to anoint me with this unguent; and when you see me begin to move, pour into my lips this inestimable liquor, else the force of the ointment will be ineffectual. By this means you will give me life, as I have you, and we will from that hour mutually lay aside the authority of having bestowed life on each other, but live as brethren, and prepare new medicines against such another period of time as will demand another application of the same restoratives. In a few days after these wonderful ingredients were delivered to Alexandrinus, Basilius departed this life. But such was the pious sorrow of the son at the loss of so excellent a father, and

the first transports of grief had so wholly disabled him from all manner of business, that he never thought of the medicines till the time to which his father had limited their efficacy was expired. To tell the truth, Alexandrinus was a man of wit and pleasure, and considered his father had lived out his natural time, his life was long and uniform, suitable to the regularity of it; but that he himself, poor sinner, wanted a new life to repent of a very bad one hitherto; and in the examination of his heart, resolved to go on as he did with this natural being of his, but repent very faithfully, and spend very piously the life to which he should be restored by application of these rarities, when time should come to his own person.

It has been observed that Providence frequently punishes the self-love of men, who would do immoderately for their own offspring, with children very much below their characters and qualifications, insomuch that they only transmit their names to be borne by those who give daily proofs of the vanity of the labour and ambition of their progenitors.

It happened thus in the family of Basilius; for Alexandrinus began to enjoy his ample fortune in all the extremities of household expense, furniture, and insolent equipage, and this he pursued till the day of his own departure began, as he grew sensible, to approach. As Basilius was punished with a son very unlike him, Alexandrinus was visited by one of his own disposition. It is natural that ill men should be suspicious; and Alexandrinus, besides that jealousy, had proof of the vicious disposition of his son Renatus, for that was his name.

Alexandrinus, as I have observed, having very good reason for thinking it unsafe to trust the real secret of his phial and gallipot to any man living, projected to make sure work, and hope for his success depending from the avarice, not the bounty of his benefactor.

With this thought he called Renatus to his bedside, and bespoke him in the most pathetic gesture and accent: As much, my son, as you have been addicted to vanity and pleasure, as I also have been before you, neither you nor I could escape the fame of the good effects of the profound knowledge of our progenitor, the renowned Basilius. His symbol is very well known in the philosophic world, and I shall never forget the venerable air of his countenance, when he let me into the profound mysteries of the Smaragdine table of Hermes. 'It is true,' said he, 'and far removed from all colour of deceit, that which is inferior is like that which is superior, by which are acquired and perfected all the miracles of a certain work. The father is the sun, the mother the moon, the wind is the womb, the earth is the nurse of it, and mother of all perfection. All this must be received with modesty and wisdom.'—The chemical people carry in all their jargon a whimsical sort of piety which is ordinary with great lovers of money, and is no more but deceiving themselves, that their regularity and strictness of manners for the ends of this world, has some affinity to the innocence of heart which must recommend them to the next. Renatus wondered to hear his father talk so like an adept, and with such a mixture of piety, while Alexandrinus, observing his attention

fixed, proceeded: This phial, child, and this little earthen-pot, will add to thy estate so much, as to make thee the richest man in the German empire. I am going to my long home, but shall not return to common dust. Then he resumed a countenance of alacrity, and told him, that if, within an hour after his death, he anointed his whole body, and poured down his throat that liquor which he had from old Basilius, the corpse would be converted into pure gold. I will not pretend to express to you the unfeigned tenderness that passed between these two extraordinary persons; but if the father recommended the care of his remains with vehemence and affection, the son was not behind hand in professing that he would not cut the least bit off him, but upon the utmost extremity, or to provide for his younger brothers and sisters.

Well, Alexandrinus died, and the heir of his body (as our term is,) could not forbear, in the wantonness of his heart, to measure the length and breadth of his beloved father, and cast up the ensuing value of him before he proceeded to the operation. When he knew the immense reward of his pains, he began the work: but lo! when he had anointed the corpse all over, and began to apply the liquor, the body stirred, and Renatus in a fright, broke the phial.

STEELE. T.

No. 427. THURSDAY, JULY 10

Quantam à rerum turpitudine abes, tantùm te à verborum libertate sejungas.—— TULL.

We should be as careful of our words as our actions, and as far from speaking as from doing ill.

It is a certain sign of an ill heart to be inclined to defamation. They who are harmless and innocent can have no gratification that way; but it ever arises from a neglect of what is laudable in another. Else why should virtue provoke? why should beauty displease in such a degree, that a man given to scandal never lets the mention of either pass by him without offering something to the diminution of it? A lady the other day, at a visit, being attacked somewhat rudely by one, whose own character has been very roughly treated, answered a great deal of heat and intemperance very calmly; 'Good madam, spare me, who am none of your match; I speak ill of nobody, and it is a new thing to me to be spoken ill of.' Little minds think that fame consists in the number of votes they have on their side among the multitude, whereas it is really the inseparable follower of good and worthy actions. Fame is as natural a follower of merit, as a shadow is of a body. It is true, when crowds press upon you, this shadow can not be seen, but when they separate from around you, it will again appear. The lazy, the idle, and the froward, are the persons who are most pleased with the little tales which pass about the town to the disadvantage of the rest of the world. Were it not for the pleasure

of speaking ill, there are numbers of people who are too lazy to go out of their own houses, and too ill-natured to open their lips in conversation. It was not a little diverting the other day to observe a lady reading a post-letter, and at these words, 'After all her airs, he has heard some story or other, and the match is broke off,' give orders in the midst of her reading, 'Put to the horses.' That a young woman of merit had missed an advantageous settlement was news not to be delayed, lest somebody else should give her malicious acquaintance that satisfaction before her. The unwillingness to receive good tidings is a quality as inseparable from a scandal-bearer as the readiness to divulge bad; but alas! how wretchedly low and contemptible is that state of mind that can not be pleased but by what is the subject of lamentation! This temper has ever been in the highest degree odious to gallant spirits. The Persian soldier, who was heard reviling Alexander the Great, was well admonished by his officer, 'Sir, you are paid to fight against Alexander, and not to rail at him.

Cicero, in one of his pleadings, defending his client from general scandal, says very handsomely, and with much reason, 'There are many who have particular engagements to the prosecutor; there are many who are known to have ill will to him for whom I appear; there are many who are naturally addicted to defamation, and envious of any good to any man who may have contributed to spread reports of this kind; for nothing is so swift as scandal, nothing is more easily sent abroad, nothing received with more welcome, nothing diffuses itself so universally. I shall not de-

sire, that if any report to our disadvantage has any ground for it, you would overlook or extenuate it: but if there be any thing advanced, without a person who can say whence he had it, or which is attested by one who forgot who told him it; or who had it from one of so little consideration that he did not then think it worth his notice, all such testimonies as these, I know, you will think too slight to have any credit against the innocence and honour of your fellow citizens.' When an ill report is traced, it very often vanishes among such as the orator has here recited: and how despicable a creature must that be, who is in pain for what passes among so frivolous a people? There is a town in Warwickshire of good note, and formerly pretty famous for much animosity and dissension, the chief families of which have now turned all their whispers, back-bitings, envies, and private malices, into mirth and entertainment, by means of a peevish old gentlewoman, known by the title of the Lady Bluemantle. This heroine had for many years together outdone the whole sisterhood of gossips, in invention, quick utterance, and unprovoked malice. This good body is of a lasting constitution, though extremely decayed in her eyes, and decrepit in her feet. The two circumstances of being always at home from her lameness, and very attentive from her blindness, make her lodgings the receptacle of all that passes in town, good or bad; but for the latter she seems to have the better memory. There is another thing to be noted of her, which is, that, as it is usual with old people, she has a livelier memory of things which passed when she was very young than of late years. Add to all this,

that she does not only not love any body, but she hates every body. The statue in Rome* does not serve to vent malice half so well as this old lady does to disappoint it. She does not know the author of any thing that is told her, but can readily repeat the matter itself; therefore, though she exposes all the town, she offends no one body in it. She is so exquisitely restless and peevish, that she quarrels with all about her, and sometimes in a freak will instantly change her habitation. To indulge this humour, she is led about the grounds belonging to the same house she is in, and the persons to whom she is to remove being in the plot, are ready to receive her at her own chamber again. At stated times, the gentlewoman, at whose house she supposes she is at the time, is sent for to quarrel with, according to her common custom; when they have a mind to drive the jest, she is immediately urged to that degree, that she will board in a family with which she has never yet been; and away she will go this instant, and tell them all that the rest have been saying of them. By this means she has been an inhabitant of every house in the place without stirring from the same habitation; and the many stories which every body furnishes her with to favour that deceit, make her the general intelligencer of the town of all that can be said by one woman against another. Thus groundless stories die away, and sometimes truths are smothered under the general word, when they have a mind

* A statue of Pasquin in that city, to which the people fixed their papers of satirical observation, and which were thence called Pasquinades.

to discountenance a thing, 'Oh! that is in my Lady Bluemantle's memoirs.'

Whoever receives impressions to the disadvantage of others, without examination, is to be had in no other credit for intelligence than this good Lady Bluemantle, who is subjected to have her ears imposed upon for want of other helps to better information. Add to this that other scandal bearers suspend the use of these faculties, which she has lost, rather than apply them to do justice to their neighbours; and I think, for the service of my fair readers, to acquaint them, that there is a voluntary Lady Bluemantle at every visit in town.

STEELE. T.

No. 428. FRIDAY, JULY 11.

Occupet extremum scabies——Hor. Ars. Poet.
The devil take the hindmost! English Proverb.

It is an impertinent and unreasonable fault in conversation for one man to take up all the discourse. It may possibly be objected to me myself, that I am guilty in this kind, in entertaining the town every day, and not giving so many able persons who have it more in their power, and as much in their inclination, an opportunity to oblige mankind with their thoughts. Besides, said one whom I overheard the other day: why must this paper turn altogether upon topics of learning and morality? Why should it pretend only to wit, humour, or the like? things which are useful on-

ly to amuse men of literature and superior education. I would have it consist also of all things which may be necessary or useful to any part of society, and the mechanic arts should have their place as well as the liberal. The ways of gain, husbandry, and thrift, will serve a greater number of people, than discourses upon what was well said or done by such a philosopher, hero, general, or poet. I no sooner heard this critic talk of my works, but I minuted what he had said: and from that instant resolved to enlarge the plan of my speculations, by giving notice to all persons of all orders, and each sex, that if they are pleased to send me discourses with their names and places of abode to them, so that I can be satisfied that the writings are authentic, such their labours shall be faithfully inserted in this paper. It will be of much more consequence to a youth in his apprenticeship to know by what rules and arts such a one became sheriff of the city of London, than to see the sign of one of his own quality with a lion's heart in each hand. The world indeed is enchanted with romantic and improbable achievements, when the plain path to respective greatness and success in the way of life a man is in is wholly overlooked. Is it possible that a young man at present could pass his time better, than in reading the history of stocks, and knowing by what secret springs they have had such sudden ascents and falls in the same day? Could he be better conducted in his way to wealth, which is the great article of life, than in a treatise dated from 'Change Alley by an able proficient there? Nothing certainly could be more useful, than to be well instructed in his hopes and fears, to be

diffident when others exult, and with a secret joy buy when others think it their interest to sell. I invite all persons who have any thing to say for the profitable information of the public, to take their turns in my paper, they are welcome; from the late noble inventor of the longitude, to the humble author of strops for razors. If to carry ships in safety, to give help to people tossed in a troubled sea, without knowing to what shores they bear, what rocks to avoid, or what coast to pray for in their extremity, be a worthy labour, and an invention that deserves a statue; at the same time, he who has found a means to let the instrument which is to make your visage less horrible, and your person more smug, easy in the operation, is worthy of some kind of good reception: if things of high moment meet with renown, those of little consideration, since of any consideration, are not to be despised. In order that no merit may lie hid, and no art unimproved, I repeat it, that I call artificers, as well as philosophers to my assistance in the public service. It would be of great use if we had an exact history of the successes of every great shop within the city walls, what tracts of land have been purchased by a constant attendance within a walk of thirty feet; if it could also be noted in the equipage of those who are ascending from the successful trade of their ancestors into figure and equipage, such accounts would quicken industry in the pursuit of such acquisitions, and discountenance luxury and the enjoyment of them.

To diversify these kinds of informations, the industry of the female world is not to be unobserved: she to whose household virtues it is ow-

ing that men do honour to her husband, should be recorded with veneration; she who has wasted his labours, with infamy. When we are come into domestic life in this manner, to awaken caution and attendance to the main point, it would not be amiss to give now and then a touch of tragedy, and describe that most dreadful of all human conditions, the case of bankruptcy; how plenty, credit, cheerfulness, full hopes, and easy possessions, are in an instant turned into penury, faint aspects, diffidence, sorrow, and misery; how the man who, with an open hand the day before could administer to the extremities of others, is shunned to-day by the friend of his bosom. It would be useful to show how just this is on the negligent, how lamentable on the industrious. A paper written by a merchant might give this island a true sense of the worth and importance of his character; it might be visible from what he could say, that no soldier entering a breach adventures more for honour than the trader does for wealth to his country. In both cases the adventurers have their own advantage, but I know no cases wherein every body else is a sharer in the success.

It is objected by readers of history, that the battles in those narrations are scarce ever to be understood. This misfortune is to be ascribed to the ignorance of historians in the methods of drawing up, changing the forms of a battalia, and the enemy retreating from, as well as approaching to, the charge. But in the discourses from the correspondents whom I now invite, the danger will be of another kind: and it is necessary to caution them only against using terms of art, and describing things that are familiar to them in

words unknown to their reader. I promise myself a great harvest of new circumstances, persons, and things, from this proposal; and a world, which many think they are well acquainted with, discovered as wholly new. This sort of intelligence will give a lively image of the chain and mutual dependence of human society, take off impertinent prejudices, enlarge the minds of those whose views are confined to their own circumstances; and, in short, if the knowing in several arts, professions, and trades, will exert themselves, it can not but produce a new field of diversion, and instruction more agreeable than has yet appeared.

STEELE. T.

No. 429. SATURDAY, JULY 12.

——Populumque falsis dedocet uti
Vocibus—— HOR. OD.

From cheats of words the crowd she brings
To real estimates of things. CREECH.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'SINCE I gave an account of an agreeable set of company which were gone down into the country, I have received advices from thence, that the institution of an infirmary for those who should be out of humour (No. 424) has had very good effects. My letters mention particular circumstances of two or three persons who had the good sense to retire of their own accord, and notified that they were withdrawn, with the reasons of it, to the company, in their respective memorials.

'The Memorial of Mrs. Mary Dainty, Spinster,

'HUMBLY SHOWETH,

'That, conscious of her own want of merit, accompanied with a vanity of being admired, she had gone into exile of her own accord.

'She is sensible that a vain person is the most insufferable creature living in a well-bred assembly.

'That she desired, before she appeared in public again, she might have assurances, that though she might be thought handsome, there might not more address of compliment be paid to her than to the rest of the company.

'That she conceived it a kind of superiority, that no one person should take upon him to commend another.

'Lastly, that she went into the infirmary to avoid a particular person who took upon him to profess an admiration of her.

'She therefore prayed, that to applaud out of due place might be declared an offence, and punished in the same manner with detraction, in that the latter did but report persons defective, and the former made them so.

'All which is submitted,' &c.

'There appeared a delicacy and sincerity in this memorial very uncommon: but my friend informs me, that the allegations of it were groundless, insomuch that this declaration of an aversion to being praised was understood to be no other than a secret trap to purchase it; for which reason it lies still on the table unanswered.'

'*The humble Memorial of the Lady Lydia Loller,*

'SHOWETH,

'That the Lady Lydia is a woman of quality, married to a private gentleman.

'That she finds herself neither well nor ill.

'That her husband is a clown.

'That Lady Lydia can not see company.

'That she desires the infirmary may be her apartment during her stay in the country.

'That they would please to make merry with their equals.

'That Mr. Loller might stay with them if he thought fit.'

It was immediately resolved that Lady Lydia was still at London.

'*The humble Memorial of Thomas Sudden, Esq. of the Inner Temple,*

'SHOWETH,

'That Mr. Sudden is conscious that he is too much given to argumentation.

'That he talks loud.

'That he is apt to think all things matter of debate.

'That he staid behind in Westminster-Hall, when the late shake of the roof happened, only because a counsel of the other side asserted it was coming down.

'That he can not for his life consent to any thing.

'That he stays in the infirmary to forget himself.

'That as soon as he has forgot himself he will wait on the company.'

His indisposition was allowed to be sufficient to require a cessation from company.

'*The Memorial of Frank Jolly,*

'SHOWETH,

'That he hath put himself into the infirmary, in regard he is sensible of a certain rustic mirth which renders him unfit for polite conversation.

'That he intends to prepare himself by abstinence and thin diet to be one of the company.

'That at present he comes into a room as if he were an express from abroad.

'That he has chosen an apartment with a matted antichamber, to practise motion without being heard.

'That he bows, talks, drinks, eats, and helps himself before a glass, to learn to act with moderation.

'That by reason of his luxuriant health, he is oppressive to persons of composed behaviour.

'That he is endeavouring to forget the word *pshaw, pshaw.*

'That he is also weaning himself from his cane.

'That when he has learned to live without his said cane, he will wait on the company.

'*The Memorial of John Rhubarb, Esq.*

'SHOWETH,

'That your petitioner has retired to the infirmary, but that he is in perfect good health,

except that he has by long use, and for want of discourse, contracted a habit of complaint that he is sick.

'That he wants for nothing under the sun, but what to say, and therefore has fallen into this unhappy malady of complaining that he is sick.

'That this custom of his makes him by his own confession, fit only for the infirmary, and therefore he has not waited for being sentenced to it.

'That he is conscious there is nothing more improper than such a complaint in good company, in that they must pity whether they think the lamenter ill or not, and that the complainant must make a silly figure whether he is pitied or not.

'Your petitioner humbly prays that he may have time to know how he does, and he will make his appearance.

The valetudinarian was likewise easily excused; and the society being resolved not only to make it their business to pass their time agreeably for the present season, but also to commence such habits in themselves, as may be of use in their future conduct in general, are very ready to give into a fancied or real incapacity to join with their measures, in order to have no humourist, proud man, impertinent or sufficient fellow, break in upon their happiness. Great evils seldom happen to disturb company, but indulgence in particularities of humour is the seed of making half our time hang in suspense, or waste away under real discomposures.

Among other things it is carefully provided, that there may not be disagreeable familiarities

No one is to appear in the public rooms undressed, or enter abruptly into each other's apartment, without intimation. Every one has hitherto been so careful in his behaviour, that there has but one offender in ten days time been sent into the infirmary, and that was for throwing away his cards at whist.

He has offered his submission in the following terms:

'*The humble petition of Jeoffrey Hotspur, Esq.*

SHOWETH,

'Though the petitioner swore, stamped, and threw down his cards, he has all imaginable respect for the ladies and the whole company.

'That he humbly desires it may be considered in the case of gaming, there are many motives which provoke the disorder.

'That the desire of gain, and the desire of victory, are both thwarted in losing.

'That all conversations in the world have indulged human infirmity in this case.

'Your petitioner therefore most humbly prays, that he may be restored to the company; and he hopes to bear ill fortune with a good grace for the future, and to demean himself so as to be no more cheerful when he wins, than grave when he loses.'

STEELE. T.

No. 430. MONDAY, JULY 14.

Quære peregrinum vicinia rauca reclamat. Hor. Ep.

———The crowd replies,
Go seek a stranger to believe thy lies. Creech.

'SIR,

'As you are a Spectator-General, you may with authority censure whatsoever looks ill, and is offensive to the sight; the worst nuisance of which kind, methinks, is the scandalous appearance of poor in all parts of this wealthy city. Such miserable objects affect the compassionate beholder with dismal ideas, discompose the cheerfulness of his mind, and deprive him of the pleasure that he might otherwise take in surveying the grandeur of our metropolis. Who can without remorse see a disabled sailor, the purveyor of our luxury, destitute of necessaries? Who can behold an honest soldier, that bravely withstood the enemy, prostrate and in want amongst his friends? It were endless to mention all the variety of wretchedness, and the numberless poor, that not only singly, but in companies, implore your charity. Spectacles of this nature every where occur; and it is unaccountable, that amongst the many lamentable cries that infest this town, your comptroller-general (See No. 251) should not take notice of the most shocking, viz. those of the needy and afflicted. I can not but think he waved it merely out of good-breeding, choosing rather to stifle his resentment, than upbraid his countrymen with inhumanity; however, let not charity be sacrificed to popularity; and if his ears were deaf to their complaints, let not your eyes over-

look their persons. There are, I know, many impostors among them; lameness and blindness are certainly very often acted, but can those that have their sight and limbs employ them better than in knowing whether they are counterfeited or not? I know not which of the two misapplies his senses most, he who pretends himself blind to move compassion, or he who beholds a miserable object without pitying it. But in order to remove such impediments, I wish, Mr. Spectator, you would give us a discourse upon beggars, that we may not pass by true objects of charity, or give to impostors. I looked out of my window the other morning earlier than ordinary, and saw a blind beggar, an hour before the passage he stands in is frequented, with a needle and thread, thriftily mending his stockings: my astonishment was still greater, when I beheld a lame fellow, whose legs were too big to walk within an hour after, bring him a pot of ale. I will not mention the shakings, distortions, and convulsions which many of them practise to gain an alms; but sure, I am, they ought to be taken care of in this condition either by the beadle or the magistrate. They, it seems, relieve their posts according to their talents. There is the voice of an old woman never begins to beg till nine in the evening, and then she is destitute of lodging, turned out for want of rent, and has the same ill fortune every night in the year. You should employ an officer to hear the distress of each beggar that is constant at a particular place, who is ever in the same tone, and succeeds because his audience is continually changing, though he does not alter his lamentation. If we have nothing else for our

money, let us have more invention to be cheated with. All which is submitted to your spectatorial vigilance; and I am, sir,

'Your most humble servant.'

'SIR,

'I was last Sunday highly transported at our parish church: the gentleman in the pulpit pleaded movingly in behalf of the poor children, and they for themselves much more forcibly by singing a hymn, and I had the happiness to be a contributor to this little religious institution of innocents; and I am sure I never disposed of money more to my satisfaction and advantage. The inward joy I find in myself, and the good will I bear to mankind, make me heartily wish that those pious works may be encouraged, that the present promoters may reap the delight, and posterity the benefit of them. But whilst we are building this beautiful edifice, let not the old ruins remain in view to sully the prospect; whilst we are cultivating and improving this young hopeful offspring, let not the ancient and helpless creatures be shamefully neglected. The crowds of poor, or pretended poor, in every place, are a great reproach to us, and eclipse the glory of all other charity. It is the utmost reproach to society, that there should be a poor man unrelieved or a poor rogue unpunished. I hope you will think no part of human life out of your consideration, but will, at your leisure, give us the history of plenty and want, and the natural gradations towards them, calculated for the cities of London and Westminster. I am, sir,

'Your humble servant, T D.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I beg you would be pleased to take notice of a very great indecency, which is extremely common, though, I think, never yet under your censure. It is, sir, the strange freedoms some ill-bred married people take in company; the unseasonable fondness of some husbands, and the ill-timed tenderness of some wives. They talk and act as if modesty was only fit for maids and bachelors, and that too before both. I was once, Mr. Spectator, where the fault I speak of was so very flagrant, that (being, you must know, a very bashful fellow, and several young ladies in the room) I protest I was quite out of countenance. Lucina, it seems, was breeding, and she did nothing but entertain the company with a discourse upon the difficulty of reckoning to a day, and said she knew those who were certain to an hour; then fell a laughing at a silly inexperienced creature who was a month above her time. Upon her husband's coming in, she put several questions to him, which he not caring to resolve, "Well," cries Lucina, "I shall have them all at night." But lest I should seem guilty of the very fault I write against, I shall only entreat Mr. Spectator to correct such misdemeanours;

"For higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence, I deem."

'I am, sir,
'Your humble servant,
'T. MEANWELL.'

STEELE. T.

No. 431. TUESDAY, JULY 15.

Quid dulcius hominum generi à natura datum est, quam sui cuique liberi? TULL.

What is there in nature so dear to a man as his own children?

I HAVE lately been casting in my thoughts the several unhappinesses of life, and comparing the infelicities of old age to those of infancy. The calamities of children are due to the negligence and misconduct of parents, those of age to the past life which led to it. I have here the history of a boy and girl to their wedding-day, and think I can not give the reader a livelier image of the insipid way in which time uncultivated passes, than by entertaining him with their authentic epistles, expressing all that was remarkable in their lives till the period of their life abovementioned. The sentence at the head of this paper, which is only a warm interrogation, *What is there in nature so dear as a man's own children to him?* is all the reflection I shall at present make on those who are negligent or cruel in the education of them.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am now entering into my one-and-twentieth year, and do not know that I had one day's thorough satisfaction since I came to years of any reflection, till the time that they say others lose their liberty, the day of my marriage. I am son to a gentleman of a very great estate, who resolved to keep me out of the vices of the age; and in order to it never let me see any thing that he thought could give me the least pleasure. At ten

years old I was put to a grammar-school, where my master received orders every post to use me very severely, and have no regard to my having a great estate. At fifteen I was removed to the university, where I lived, out of my father's great discretion, in scandalous poverty and want, till I was big enough to be married, and I was sent for to see the lady who sends you the under-written. When we were put together, we both considered that we could not be worse than we were in taking one another, and out of a desire of liberty entered into wedlock. My father says I am now a man, and may speak to him like another gentleman. I am, sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'RICHARD RENTFREE.'

'MR. SPEC.

'I grew tall and wild at my mother's, who is a gay widow, and did not care for showing me till about two years and a half ago; at which time my guardian-uncle sent me to a boarding-school, with orders to contradict me in nothing, for I had been misused enough already. I had not been there above a month, when, being in the kitchen, I saw some oat-meal on the dresser; I put two or three corns in my mouth, liked it, stole a handful, went into my chamber, chewed it, and for two months after never failed taking toll of every penny worth of oat-meal that came into the house; but one day, playing with a tobacco-pipe between my teeth, it happened to break in my mouth, and the spitting out the pieces left such a delicious roughness on my tongue, that I could not be satisfied till I had champed up the remaining part

of the pipe. I forsook the oat-meal, and stuck to the pipes three months, at which time I had dispensed with thirty-seven foul pipes, all to the boles; they belonged to an old gentleman, father to my governess—he locked up the clean ones. I left off eating of pipes, and fell to licking of chalk. I was soon tired of this; I then nibbled all the red wax off our last ball-tickets, and three weeks after the black wax from the burying-tickets of the old gentleman. Two months after this I lived upon thunder-bolts, a certain long, round, bluish stone, which I found among the gravel in our garden. I was wonderfully delighted with this: but thunder-bolts growing scarce, I fastened tooth and nail upon our garden-wall, which I stuck to almost a twelvemonth, and had in that time peeled and devoured half a foot towards our neighbour's yard. I now thought myself the happiest creature in the world, and I believe in my conscience I had eaten quite through, had I had it in my chamber; but now I became lazy, and unwilling to stir, and was obliged to seek food nearer home. I then took a strange hankering to coals; I fell to scranching them, and had already consumed, I am certain, as much as would have dressed my wedding-dinner, when my uncle came for me home. He was in the parlour with my governess when I was called down. I went in, fell on my knees, for he made me call him father; and when I expected the blessing I asked, the good gentleman, in a surprise, turns himself to my governess, and asks, whether this (pointing to me) was his daughter? This (added he) is the very picture of death: my child was a plump-faced, hale, fresh-coloured girl; but this

looks as if she was half starved, a mere skeleton. My governess, who is really a good woman, assured my father I had wanted for nothing; and withal told him I was continually eating some trash or other, and that I was almost eaten up with the green sickness, her orders being never to cross me. But this signified but little with my father, who presently in a kind of pet paying for my board, took me home with him. I had not been long at home, but one Sunday at church (I shall never forget it) I saw a young neighbouring gentleman that pleased me hugely; I liked him of all men I ever saw in my life, and began to wish I could be as pleasing to him. The very next day he came with his father a visiting to our house; we were left alone together, with directions on both sides to be in love with one another, and in three weeks time we were married. I regained my former health and complexion, and am now as happy as the day is long. Now, Mr. Spec., I desire you would find out some name for these craving damsels, whether dignified or distinguished under some or all of the following denominations, (to wit) *trash-eaters*, *oat-meal-chewers*, *pipe-champers*, *chalk-lickers*, *wax-nibblers*, *coal-scranchers*, *wall-peelers*, or *gravel-diggers:* and, good sir, do your utmost endeavour to prevent, by exposing this unaccountable folly, so prevailing among the young ones of our sex, who may not meet with such sudden good luck as, sir,

'Your constant reader,
'And very humble servant,
'SABINA GREEN,
'NOW SABINA RENTFREE.'

STEELE. T.

No. 432. WEDNESDAY, JULY 16.

From the Letter-Box.

Inter strepit anser olores.—— VIRG. Ecl.
He gabbles like a goose amidst the swan-like quire.
DRYDEN.

'MR. SPECTATOR, *Oxford, July* 14.

'ACCORDING to a late invitation in one of your papers to every man who pleases to write, I have sent you the following short dissertation against the vice of being prejudiced.

'Your most humble servant.'

'Man is a sociable creature and a lover of glory; whence it is that when several persons are united in the same society, they are studious to lessen the reputation of others, in order to raise their own. The wise are content to guide the springs in silence, and rejoice in secret at their regular progress; to prate and triumph is the part allotted to the trifling and superficial; the geese were providentially ordained to save the capitol. Hence it is, that the invention of marks and devices to distinguish parties is owing to the *beaux* and *belles* of this island. Hats moulded into different cocks and pinches have long bid mutual defiance; patches have been set against patches in battle-array, stocks have risen and fallen in proportion to head dresses; and peace or war been expected as the *white* or the *red* hood hath prevailed. These are the standard-bearers in our contending armies, the dwarfs and 'squires who

carry the impresses of the giants or knights, not born to fight themselves, but to prepare the way for the ensuing combat.

'It is matter of wonder to reflect how far men of weak understanding and strong fancy are hurried by their prejudices, even to the believing that the whole body of the adverse party are a band of villains and demons. Foreigners complain that the English are the proudest nation under heaven. Perhaps they too have their share: but, be that as it will, general charges against bodies of men is the fault I am writing against. It must be owned, to our shame, that our common people, and most who have not travelled, have an irrational contempt for the language, dress, customs, and even the shape and minds of other nations. Some men, otherwise of sense, have wondered that a great genius should spring out of Ireland, and think you mad in affirming that fine odes have been written in Lapland.

'This spirit of rivalship, which heretofore reigned in the two universities, is extinct, and almost over betwixt college and college; in parishes and schools the thirst of glory still obtains. At the seasons of foot-ball and cock-fighting, these little republics resume their natural hatred to each other. My tenant in the country is verily persuaded that the parish of the enemy hath not one honest man in it.

'I always hated satires against women and satires against men: I am apt to suspect a stranger who laughs at the religion of *the faculty:* my spleen rises at a dull rogue, who is severe upon mayors and aldermen: and was never better pleased than with a piece of justice executed

upon the body of a templar, who was very arch upon parsons.

'The necessities of mankind require various employments: and whoever excels in his province is worthy of praise. All men are not educated after the same manner, nor have all the talents. Those who are deficient deserve our compassion, and have a title to our assistance. All can not be bred in the same place; but in all places there arise, at different times, such persons as do honour to their society, which may raise envy in little souls, but are admired and cherished by generous spirits.

'It is certainly a great happiness to be educated in societies of great and eminent men. Their instructions and examples are of extraordinary advantage. It is highly proper to instil such a reverence of the governing persons, and concern for the honour of the place, as may spur the growing members to worthy pursuits and honest emulation: but to swell young minds with vain thoughts of the dignity of their own brotherhood, by debasing and villifying all others, doth them a real injury. By this means I have found that their efforts have become languid, and their prattle irksome, as thinking it sufficient praise that they are children of so illustrious and ample a family. I should think it a surer as well as more generous method, to set before the eyes of youth such persons as have made a noble progress in fraternities less talked of; which seems tacitly to reproach their sloth, who loll so heavily in the seats of mighty improvement: active spirits hereby would enlarge their notions; whereas by a servile imitation of one, or perhaps two, admired

men in their own body, they can only gain a secondary and derivative kind of fame. These copiers of men, like those of authors or painters, run into affectations of some oddness, which perhaps was not disagreeable in the original, but sits ungracefully on the narrow-souled transcriber.

'By such early corrections of vanity, while boys are growing into men, they will gradually learn not to censure superficially, but imbibe those principles of general kindness and humanity, which alone can make them easy to themselves, and beloved by others.

'Reflections of this nature have expunged all prejudice out of my heart, insomuch, that though I am a firm protestant, I hope to see the pope and cardinals without violent emotions; and though I am naturally grave, I expect to meet good company at Paris.

'I am, sir,
'Your obedient servant.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I find you are a general undertaker, and have by your correspondents or self an insight into most things: which makes me apply myself to you at present in the sorest calamity that ever befell man. My wife has taken something ill of me, and has not spoken one word, good or bad, to me, or any body in the family, since Friday was se'enight. What must a man do in this case? Your advice would be a great obligation to, sir,

'Your most humble servant,
'RALPH THIMBLETON.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, *July 15th*, 1712.

'When you want a trifle to fill up a paper, by inserting this, you will lay an obligation on

'Your humble servant,

'OLIVIA.'

'DEAR OLIVIA,

'It is but this moment I have had the happiness of knowing to whom I am obliged for the present I received the second of April. I am heartily sorry it did not come to hand the day before; for I can not but think it very hard upon people to lose their jest, that offer at one but once a-year. I congratulate myself however upon the earnest given me of something further intended in my favour; for I am told, that the man who is thought worthy by a lady to make a fool of, stands fair enough in her opinion to become one day her husband. Till such times as I have the honour of being sworn, I take leave to subscribe myself,

'DEAR OLIVIA,

'Your fool elect,

'NICODEMUNCIO.'

STEELE. T.

No. 433. THURSDAY, JULY 17.

Perlege Mæonio cantatas carmine ranas,
Et frontem nugis solvere disce meis. MART. Epig.

To banish anxious thought, and quiet pain,
Read Homer's frogs, or my more trifling strain.

THE moral world, as consisting of males and females, is of a mixed nature, and filled with se-

veral customs, fashions, and ceremonies, which would have no place in it were there but *one* sex. Had our species no females in it, men would be quite different creatures from what they are at present; their endeavours to please the opposite sex, polishes and refines them out of those manners which are most natural to them, and often sets them upon modelling themselves, not according to the plans which they approve in their own opinions, but according to those plans which they think are most agreeable to the female world. In a word, man would not only be an unhappy, but a rude unfinished creature, were he conversant with none but those of his own make.

Women, on the other side, are apt to form themselves in every thing with regard to that other half of reasonable creatures, with whom they are here blended and confused; their thoughts are ever turned upon appearing amiable to the other sex; they talk, and move, and smile, with a design upon us; every feature of their faces, every part of their dress, is filled with snares and allurements. There would be no such animals as prudes or coquettes in the world, were there not such an animal as man. In short, it is the male that gives charms to womankind, that produces an air in their faces, a grace in their motions, a softness in their voices, and a delicacy in their complexions.

As this mutual regard between the two sexes, tends to the improvement of each of them, we may observe that men are apt to degenerate into rough and brutal natures, who live as if there were no such things as women in the world; as, on the contrary, women, who have an indiffer-

ence or aversion for their counterparts in human nature, are generally sour and unamiable, sluttish and censorious.

I am led into this train of thoughts by a little manuscript which is lately fallen into my hands, and which I shall communicate to the reader, as I have done some other curious pieces of the same nature, without troubling him with any inquiries about the author of it. It contains a summary account of two different states which bordered upon one another. The one was a commonwealth of Amazons, or women without men; the other was a republic of males that had not a woman in their whole community. As these two states bordered upon one another, it was their way, it seems, to meet upon their frontiers at a certain season of the year, where those among the men, who had not made their choice in any former meeting, associated themselves with particular women, whom they were afterwards obliged to look upon as their wives in every one of these yearly rencounters. The children that sprung from this alliance, if males, were sent to their respective fathers; if females, continued with their mothers. By means of this anniversary carnival, which lasted about a week, the commonwealths were recruited from time to time, and supplied with their respective subjects.

These two states were engaged together in a perpetual league, offensive and defensive; so that if any foreign potentate offered to attack either of them, both the sexes fell upon him at once, and quickly brought him to reason. It was remarkable that for many ages this agreement continued inviolable between the two states, not-

withstanding, as was said before, they were husbands and wives; but this will not appear so wonderful, if we consider that they did not live together above a week in a year.

In the account which my author gives of the male republic, there were several customs very remarkable. The men never shaved their beards or pared their nails above once in a twelvemonth, which was probably about the time of the great annual meeting upon their frontiers. I find the name of a minister of state in one part of their history, who was fined for appearing too frequently in clean linen; and of a certain great general who was turned out of his post for effeminacy, it having been proved upon him by several credible witnesses, that he washed his face every morning. If any member of the commonwealth had a soft voice, a smooth face, or a supple behaviour, he was banished into the commonwealth of females, where he was treated as a slave, dressed in petticoats, and set a spinning. They had no titles of honour among them, but such as denoted some bodily strength or perfection, as such a one *the tall*, such a one *the stocky*, such a one *the gruff*. Their public debates were generally managed with kicks and cuffs, insomuch that they often came from the council-table with broken shins, black eyes, and bloody noses. When they would reproach a man in the most bitter terms, they would tell him his teeth were white, or that he had a fair skin and a soft hand. The greatest man I meet with in their history was one who could lift five hundred weight, and wore such a prodigious pair of whiskers as had never been seen in the commonwealth before his time. These

accomplishments, it seems, had rendered him so popular that if he had not died very seasonably, it is thought he might have enslaved the republic. Having made this short extract out of the history of the male commonwealth, I shall look into the history of the neighbouring state which consisted of females, and if I find any thing in it, will not fail to communicate it to the public.

ADDISON. C.

No. 434. FRIDAY, JULY 18.

Quales Threïciæ, cùm flumina Thermodoontis
Pulsant, et pictis bellantur Amazones armis:
Seu circum Hippolyten, seu cùm se Martia curru
Penthesilea refert, magnoque utulante tumultu
Fœminea exultant lunatis agmina peltis. VIRG. Æn.

So marched the Thracian Amazons of old,
When Thermodon with bloody billows roll'd;
Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,
When Theseus met in fight their maiden queen.
Such to the field Penthesilea led
From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled.
With such return'd triumphant from the war,
Her maids with cries attend the lofty car;
They clash with manly force their moony shields;
With female shouts resound the Phrygian fields.

DRYDEN.

HAVING carefully perused the manuscript I mentioned in my yesterday's paper, so far as it relates to the republic of women, I find in it several particulars which may very well deserve the reader's attention.

The girls of quality, from six to twelve years old, were put to public schools, where they learn

ed to box and play at cudgels, with several other accomplishments of the same nature; so that nothing was more usual than to see a little miss returning home at night with a broken pate, or two or three teeth knocked out of her head. They were afterwards taught to ride the great horse, to shoot, dart, or sling, and listed into several companies, in order to perfect themselves in military exercises. No woman was to be married till she had killed her man. The ladies of fashion used to play with young lions instead of lap dogs, and when they made any parties of diversion, instead of entertaining themselves at ombre and piquet, they would wrestle and pitch the bar for a whole afternoon together. There was never any such thing as a blush seen or a sigh heard in the commonwealth. The women never dressed but to look terrible; to which end they would sometimes after a battle paint their cheeks with the blood of their enemies. For this reason likewise the face which had the most scars was looked upon as the most beautiful. If they found lace, jewels, ribands, or any ornaments in silver or gold, among the booty which they had taken, they used to dress their horses with it; but never entertained a thought of wearing it themselves. There were particular rights and privileges allowed to any member of the commonwealth who was a mother of three daughters. The senate was made up of old women; for, by the laws of the country none was to be a counsellor of state that was not past child-bearing. They used to boast their republic had continued four thousand years, which is altogether improbable, unless we may suppose,

what I am very apt to think, that they measured their time by lunar years.

There was a great revolution brought about in this female republic, by means of a neighbouring king, who had made war upon them several years with various success, and at length overthrew them in a very great battle. This defeat they ascribe to several causes. Some say, that the secretary of state having been troubled with the vapours, had committed some fatal mistakes in several despatches about that time. Others pretend that the first minister, being big with child, could not attend the public affairs, as so great an exigency of state required; but this I can give no manner of credit to, since it seems to contradict a fundamental maxim in their government, which I have before mentioned. My author gives the most probable reason of this great disaster: for he affirms, that the general was brought to bed, or (as others say) miscarried the very night before the battle: however it was, this single overthrow obliged them to call in the male republic to their assistance; but notwithstanding their common efforts to repulse the victorious enemy, the war continued for many years before they could entirely bring it to a happy conclusion.

The campaigns which both sexes passed together made them so well acquainted with one another, that at the end of the war they did not care for parting. In the beginning of it they lodged in separate camps, but afterwards, as they grew more familiar, they pitched their tents promiscuously.

From this time, the armies being checquered with both sexes, they polished apace. The men

used to invite their fellow-soldiers into their quarters, and would dress their tents with flowers and boughs for their reception. If they chanced to like one more than another, they would be cutting her name in the table, or chalking out her figure upon a wall, or talking of her in a kind of rapturous language, which by degrees improved into verse and sonnet. These were as the first rudiments of architecture, painting and poetry, among this savage people. After any advantage over the enemy, both sexes used to jump together and make a clattering with their swords and shields for joy, which in a few years produced several regular tunes and set dances.

As the two armies romped upon these occasions, the women complained of the thick bushy beards and long nails of their confederates; who thereupon took care to prune themselves into such figures as were most pleasing to their female friends and allies.

When they had taken any spoils from the enemy, the men would make a present of every thing that was rich and showy to the women whom they most admired, and would frequently dress the necks, or heads, or arms, of their mistresses, with any thing which they thought appeared gay or pretty. The women observing that the men took delight in looking upon them when they were adorned with such trappings and gewgaws, set their heads at work to find out new inventions, and to outshine one another in all councils of war, or the like solemn meetings. On the other hand, the men, observing how the women's hearts were set upon finery, begun to embellish themselves, and look as agreeable as they could

in the eyes of their associates. In short, after a few years conversing together, the women had learnt to smile, and the men to ogle; the women grew soft, and the men lively.

When they had thus insensibly formed one another, upon finishing the war, which concluded with an entire conquest of their common enemy, the colonels in one army married the colonels in the other; the captains in the same manner took the captains to their wives; the whole body of common soldiers were matched after the example of their leaders. By this means the two republics incorporated with one another, and became the most flourishing and polite government in the part of the world which they inhabited.

ADDISON. C.

No. 435. SATURDAY, JULY 19.

Nec duo sunt, at forma duplex, nec fœmina dici
Nec puer ut possint, neutrumque et utrumque videntur.
OVID. Metam.

Both bodies in a single body mix,
A single body with a double sex. ADDISON.

MOST of the papers I give the public are written on subjects that never vary, but are for ever fixed and immutable. Of this kind are all my more serious essays and discourses, but there is another sort of speculations, which I consider as occasional papers, that take their rise from the folly, extravagance, and caprice, of the present age. For I look upon myself as one set to watch the manners and behaviour of my countrymen

and contemporaries, and to mark down every absurd fashion, ridiculous custom, or affected form of speech, that makes its appearance in the world during the course of these my speculations. The petticoat no sooner begun to swell, but I observed its motions. The party-patches had not time to muster themselves before I detected them. I had intelligence of the coloured hood the very first time it appeared in a public assembly. I might here mention several other the like contingent subjects, upon which I have bestowed distinct papers. By this means I have so effectually quashed those irregularities which gave occasion to them, that I am afraid posterity will scarce have a sufficient idea of them to relish those discourses which were in no little vogue at the time when they were written. They will be apt to think that the fashions and customs I attacked were some fantastic conceits of my own, and that their great-grandmothers could not be so whimsical as I have represented them. For this reason, when I think on the figure my several volumes of speculations will make about a hundred years hence, I consider them as so many pieces of old plate, where the weight will be regarded, but the fashion lost.

Among the several female extravagancies I have already taken notice of, there is one which still keeps its ground, I mean that of the ladies who dress themselves in a hat and feather, a riding-coat and a periwig, or at least tie up their hair in a bag or riband, in imitation of the smart part of the opposite sex. As in my yesterday's paper I gave an account of the mixture of two sexes in one commonwealth, I shall here take no-

tice of this mixture of two sexes in one person. I have already shown my dislike of this immodest custom more than once, but in contempt of every thing I have hitherto said, I am informed that the high-ways about this great city are still very much infested with these female cavaliers.

I remember when I was at my friend Sir Roger de Coverley's about this time twelvemonth, an equestrian lady of this order appeared upon the plains which lay at a distance from his house. I was at that time walking in the fields with my old friend; and as his tenants ran out on every side to see so strange a sight, Sir Roger asked one of them who came by us what it was? To which the country fellow replied, 'Tis a gentlewoman, saving your worship's presence, in a coat and hat.' This produced a great deal of mirth at the knight's house, where we had a story at the same time of another of his tenants, who meeting this gentleman-like lady on the highway, was asked by her whether that was Coverley-Hall? The honest man seeing only the male part of the querist, replied, 'Yes, Sir;' but upon the second question, whether Sir Roger de Coverley was a married man, having dropped his eye upon the petticoat, he changed his note into, 'No, Madam.'

Had one of these hermaphrodites appeared in Juvenal's days, with what an indignation should we have seen her described by that excellent satirist? He would have represented her in a riding habit, as a greater monster than the centaur. He would have called for sacrifices of purifying waters, to expiate the appearance of such a prodigy. He would have invoked the shades of Portia and

Lucretia, to see into what the Roman ladies had transformed themselves.

For my own part, I am for treating the sex with greater tenderness, and have all along made use of the most gentle methods to bring them off from any little extravagance into which they have sometimes unwarily fallen: I think it however absolutely necessary to keep up the partition between the two sexes, and to take notice of the smallest encroachment which the one makes upon the other. I hope therefore that I shall not hear any more complaints on this subject. I am sure my she-disciples who peruse these my daily lectures have profited but little by them, if they are capable of giving into such an amphibious dress. This I should not have mentioned, had not I lately met one of these my female readers in Hyde-Park, who looked upon me with a masculine assurance, and cocked her hat full in my face.

For my part, I have one general key to the behaviour of the fair sex. When I see them singular in any part of their dress, I conclude it is not without some evil intention; and therefore question not but the design of this strange fashion is to smite more effectually their male beholders. Now, to set them right in this particular, I would fain have them consider with themselves, whether we are not more likely to be struck by a figure entirely female, than with such a one as we may see every day in our glasses: or, if they please, let them reflect upon their own hearts, and think how they would be affected should they meet a man on horseback, in his breeches and jack-boots, and at the same time dressed up in a commode and a night-raile.

I must observe that this fashion was first of all brought to us from France; a country which has infected all the nations of Europe with its levity. I speak not this in derogation of a whole people, having more than once found fault with those general reflections which strike at kingdoms or commonwealths in the gross: a piece of cruelty, which an ingenious writer of our own compares to that of Caligula, who wished the Roman people had all but one neck, that he might behead them at a blow. I shall therefore only remark, that as liveliness and assurance are in a peculiar manner the qualifications of the French nation, the same habits and customs will not give the same offence to that people which they produce among those of our own country. Modesty is our distinguishing character, as vivacity is theirs; and when this our national virtue appears in that female beauty, for which our British ladies are celebrated above all others in the universe, it makes up the most amiable object that the eye of man can possibly behold.

ADDISON.

No. 436. MONDAY, JULY 21.

——*Verso pollice vulgi*
Quemlibet occidunt populariter—— JUV. SAT.
With thumbs bent back, they popularly kill. DRYDEN.

BEING a person of insatiable curiosity, I could not forbear going on Wednesday last to a place of no small renown for the gallantry of the lower

order of Britons, namely, to the bear garden at Hockley in the Hole; where (as a whitish brown paper, put into my hand in the street, informed me,) there was to be a trial of skill exhibited between two masters of the noble science of defence, at two of the clock precisely. I was not a little charmed with the solemnity of the challenge, which ran thus:

'I James Miller, serjeant (lately come from the frontiers of Portugal, master of the noble science of defence, hearing, in most places where I have been, of the great fame of Timothy Buck of London, master of the said science, do invite him to meet me, and exercise at the several weapons following, viz.

'Back sword,	Single falchion,
'Sword and dagger,	Case of falchions,
'Sword and buckler,	Quarter staff.

If the generous ardour in James Miller to dispute the reputation of Timothy Buck, had something resembling the old heroes of romance, Timothy Buck returned answer in the same paper with the like spirit, adding a little indignation at being challenged, and seeming to condescend to fight James Miller, not in regard to Miller himself, but in that, as the fame went about, he had fought Parkes of Coventry. The acceptance of the combat ran in these words:

'I Timothy Buck of Clare Market, master of the noble science of defence, hearing he did fight

Mr. Parkes of Coventry,* will not fail (God willing) to meet this fair inviter at the time and place appointed, desiring a clear stage and no favour. VIVAT REGINA.'

I shall not here look back on the spectacles of the Greeks and Romans of this kind, but must believe this custom took its rise from the ages of knight-errantry; from those who loved one woman so well that they hated all men and women else; from those who would fight you, whether you were or were not of their mind; from those who demanded the combat of their contemporaries, both for admiring their mistress or discommending her. I can not therefore but lament that the terrible part of the ancient fight is preserved, when the amorous side of it is forgotten. We have retained the barbarity, but lost the gallantry of the old combatants. I could wish, methinks, these gentlemen had consulted me in the promulgation of the conflict. I was obliged by a fair young maid, whom I understood to be called Elizabeth Preston, daughter of the keeper of the garden, with a glass of water; who I imagined might have been, for form's sake, the general representative of the lady fought for, and from

* On a tomb in the church-yard of Coventry there is the following inscription:

'To the memory of Mr. John Sparkes, a native of this city; he was a man of a mild disposition, a gladiator by profession, who after having fought 350 pitched battles in the principal parts of Europe with honour and applause, at length quitted the stage, sheathed his sword, and with Christian resignation submitted to the grand victor, in the 52d year of his age. A. S. HUMANÆ, 1733.' His friend Serjeant Miller was afterwards a captain in the British army.

her beauty the proper Amarillis on these occasions. It would have run better in the challenge, 'I James Miller, serjeant, who have travelled parts abroad, and came last from the frontiers of Portugal, for the love of Elizabeth Preston, do assert, that the said Elizabeth is the fairest of women.' Then the answer; 'I Timothy Buck, who have stayed in Great Britain during all the war in foreign parts, for the sake of Susanna Page, do deny that Elizabeth Preston is so fair as the said Susanna Page. Let Susanna Page look on, and I desire of James Miller no favour.'

This would give the battle quite another turn; and a proper station for the ladies, whose complexion was disputed by the sword, would animate the disputants with a more gallant incentive than the expectation of money from the spectators; though I would not have that neglected, but thrown to that fair one whose lover was approved by the donor.

Yet, considering the thing wants such amendments, it was carried with great order. James Miller came on first, preceded by two disabled drummers, to show, I suppose, that the prospect of maimed bodies did not in the least deter him. There ascended with the daring Miller a gentleman, whose name I could not learn, with a dogged air, as unsatisfied that he was not principal. This son of anger lowered at the whole assembly, and weighing himself as he marched around from side to side, with a stiff knee and shoulder, he gave intimations of the purpose he smothered till he saw the issue of this encounter. Miller had a blue riband tied round the sword arm; which ornament I conceive to be the remains of that cus-

tom of wearing a mistress's favour on such occasions of old.

Miller is a man of six feet eight inches height, of a kind, but bold aspect, well-fashioned, and ready of his limbs; and such a readiness as spoke his ease in them was obtained from a habit of motion in military exercise.

The expectation of the spectators was now almost at its height; and the crowd pressing in, several active persons thought they were placed rather according to their fortune than their merit, and took it in their heads to prefer themselves from the open area or pit to the galleries. The dispute between desert and property brought many to the ground, and raised others in proportion to the highest seats by turns, for the space of ten minutes, till Timothy Buck came on, and the whole assembly, giving up their disputes, turned their eyes upon the champions. Then it was that every man's affection turned to one or the other irresistibly. A judicious gentleman near me said, 'I could, methinks, be Miller's second, but I had rather have Buck for mine.' Miller had an audacious look that took the eye; Buck, a perfect composure, that engaged the judgment. Buck came on in a plain coat, and kept all his air, till the instant of engaging: at which time he undressed to his shirt, his arm adorned with a bandage of red riband. No one can describe the sudden concern in the whole assembly; the most tumultuous crowd in nature was as still and as much engaged as if all their lives depended on the first blow. The combatants met in the middle of the stage, and shaking hands, as removing all malice, they retired with

much grace to the extremities of it; from whence they immediately faced about, and approached each other, Miller with a heart full of resolution, Buck with a watchful untroubled countenance; Buck regarding principally his own defence, Miller chiefly thoughtful of annoying his opponent. It is not easy to describe the many escapes and imperceptible defences between two men of quick eyes and ready limbs: but Miller's heat laid him open to the rebuke of the calm Buck by a large cut on the forehead. Much effusion of blood covered his eyes in a moment, and the huzzas of the crowd undoubtedly quickened the anguish. The assembly was divided into parties upon their different ways of fighting; while a poor nymph in one of the galleries apparently suffered for Miller, and burst into a flood of tears. As soon as his wound was wrapped up, he came on again with a little rage, which still disabled him further. But what brave man can be wounded into more patience and caution? The next was a warm eager onset, which ended in a decisive stroke on the left leg of Miller. The lady in the gallery, during this second strife, covered her face; and for my part, I could not keep my thoughts from being mostly employed on the consideration of her unhappy circumstance that moment, hearing the clash of swords, and apprehending life or victory concerning her lover in every blow, but not daring to satisfy herself on whom they fell. The wound was exposed to the view of all who could delight in it, and sewed up on the stage. The surly second of Miller declared at this time, that he would that day fortnight fight Mr. Buck at the same weapons, declaring

himself the master of the renowned Gorman; but Buck denied him the honour of that courageous disciple, and asserting that he himself had taught that champion, accepted the challenge.

There is something in nature very unaccountable on such occasions, when we see the people take a certain painful gratification in beholding these encounters. Is it cruelty that administers this sort of delight? Or is it a pleasure which is taken in the exercise of pity? It was methought pretty remarkable, that the business of the day being a trial of skill, the popularity did not run so high as one would have expected on the side of Buck. Is it that people's passions have their rise in self-love, and thought themselves (in spite of all the courage they had) liable to the fate of Miller, but could not so easily think themselves qualified like Buck?

Tully speaks of this custom with less horror than one would expect, though he confesses it was much abused in his time, and seems directly to approve of it under its first regulations when criminals only fought before the people. *Crudele gladiatorum spectaculum et inhumanum nonnullis videri solet; et haud scio annon ita sit ut nunc fit; cùm verò sontes ferro depugnabant, auribus fortasse multa, oculis quidem nulla, poterat esse fortior contra dolorem et mortem disciplina.* 'The shows of gladiators may be thought barbarous and inhuman, and I know not but it is so, as it is now practised; but in those times, when only criminals were combatants, the ear perhaps might receive many better instructions, but it is impossible that any

thing which affects our eyes should fortify us so well against pain and death.'

STEELE. T.

No. 437. TUESDAY, JULY 22.

Tune impune hæc facias? Tune hic homines adolescentulos,
Imperitos rerum, eductos libere, in fraudem illicis?
Sollicitando et pollicitando eorum animos lactas?
Ac meretricios amores nuptiis conglutinas? TER. Andr.

Shall you escape with impunity; you, who lay snares for young men, of a liberal education, but unacquainted with the world, and, by force of importunity and promises, draw them in to marry harlots?

THE other day passed by me in her chariot a lady with that pale and wan complexion, which we sometimes see in young people who are fallen into sorrow and private anxiety of mind, which antedate age and sickness. It is not three years ago since she was gay, airy, and a little towards libertine in her carriage; but, methought, I easily forgave her that little insolence, which she so severely pays for in her present condition. Flavilla, of whom I am speaking, is married to a sullen fool with wealth: her beauty and merit are lost upon the dolt, who is insensible of perfection in any thing. Their hours together are either painful or insipid: the minutes she has to herself in his absence are not sufficient to give vent at her eyes to the grief and torment of his last conversation. This poor creature was sacrificed with a temper, which, under the cultivation of a man of sense, would have made the most

agreeable companion, into the arms of his loathsome yoke-fellow by Sempronia. Sempronia is a good lady who supports herself in an affluent condition, by contracting friendship with rich young widows and maids of plentiful fortunes at their own disposal, and bestowing her friends upon worthless indigent fellows; on the other side, she ensnares inconsiderate and rash youths of great estates into the arms of vicious women. For this purpose she is accomplished in all the arts which can make her acceptable at impertinent visits; she knows all that passes in every quarter and is well acquainted with all the favourite servants, busy-bodies, dependants, and poor relations of all persons of condition in the whole town. At the price of a good sum of money, Sempronia, by the instigation of Flavilla's mother, brought about the match for the daughter; and the reputation of this, which is apparently, in point of fortune, more than Flavilla could expect, has gained her the visits and frequent attendance of the crowd of mothers, who had rather see their children miserable in great wealth, than the happiest of the race of mankind in a less conspicuous state of life. When Sempronia is so well acquainted with a woman's temper and circumstances, that she believes marriage would be acceptable to her, and advantageous to the man who shall get her, her next step is to look out for some one whose condition has some secret wound in it, and wants a sum, yet, in the eye of the world not unsuitable to her. If such is not easily had, she immediately adorns a worthless fellow with what estate she thinks convenient, and adds as great a share of good humour

and sobriety as is requisite; after this is settled, no importunities, arts, and devices, are omitted to hasten the lady to her happiness. In the general, indeed, she is a person of so strict justice, that she marries a poor gallant to a rich wench, and a moneyless girl to a man of fortune. But then she has no manner of conscience in the disparity: when she has a mind to impose a poor rogue for one of an estate, she has no remorse in adding to it, that he is illiterate, ignorant, and unfashioned; but makes these imperfections arguments of the truth of his wealth, and will, on such an occasion, with a very grave face, charge the people of condition with negligence in the education of their children. Exception being made the other day against an ignorant booby of her own clothing, whom she was putting off for a rich heir, 'Madam,' said she, 'you know there is no making children, who know they have estates, attend their books.'

Sempronia, by these arts, is loaded with presents, importuned for her acquaintance, and admired by those who do not know the first taste of life, as a woman of exemplary good breeding. But sure, to murder and to rob are less iniquities, than to raise profit by abuses as irreparable as taking away life; but more grievous, as making it lastingly unhappy. To rob a lady at play of half her fortune, is not so ill as giving the whole and herself to an unworthy husband. But Sempronia can administer consolation to an unhappy fair at home, by leading her to an agreeable gallant elsewhere. She then can preach the general condition of all the married world, and tell an unexperienced young woman the methods of

softening her affliction, and laugh at her simplicity and want of knowledge, with an 'Oh! my dear, you will know better.'

The wickedness of Sempronia, one would think, should be superlative; but I can not but esteem that of some parents equal to it; I mean such as sacrifice the greatest endowments and qualifications to base bargains. A parent who forces a child of a liberal and ingenuous spirit into the arms of a clown or a blockhead, obliges her to a crime too odious for a name. It is in a degree the unnatural conjunction of rational and brutal beings. Yet what is there so common, as the bestowing an accomplished woman with such a disparity? and I could name crowds who lead miserable lives, for want of knowledge in their parents of this maxim, that good sense and good nature always go together. That which is attributed to fools, and called good nature, is only an inability of observing what is faulty, which turns, in marriage, into a suspicion of every thing as such, from a consciousness of that inability.

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'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am entirely of your opinion with relation to the equestrian females, who affect both the masculine and feminine air at the same time; and can not forbear making a presentment against another order of them who grow very numerous and powerful, and since our language is not very capable of good compound words, I must be contented to call them only the *naked shouldered.* These beauties are not contented to make lovers wherever they appear; but they must make rivals at the same time. Were you to see Gatty walk

the Park at high mall, you would expect those who followed her, and those who met her, would immediately draw their swords for her. I hope, sir, you will provide, for the future, that women may stick to their faces for doing any further mischief, and not allow any but direct traders in beauty to expose more than the fore part of the neck, unless you please to allow this after game to those who are very defective in the charms of the countenance. I can say, to my sorrow, the present practice is very unfair, when to look back is death, and it may be said of our beauties, as a great poet did of bullets,

"They kill and wound like Parthians as they fly."

'I submit this to your animadversion: and am, for the little while I have left,

'Your humble servant,

'The languishing

'PHILANTHUS.'

'P. S. Suppose you mended my letter and made a simile about the "porcupine;" but I submit that also.'

STEELE. T.

No. 438. WEDNESDAY, JULY 23.

——*Animum rege, qui, nisi paret,*
Imperat——— HOR. Ep.

———Curb thy soul,
And check thy rage, which must be rul'd or rule. CREECH.

IT is a very common expression, that such a one is very good-natured, but very passionate. The expression indeed is very good-natured, to allow passionate people so much quarter: but I think a passionate man deserves the least indulgence imaginable. It is said, it is soon over; that is, all the mischief he does is quickly dispatched, which, I think, is no great recommendation to favour. I have known one of these good-natured passionate men say in a mixed company, even to his own wife or child, such things as the most inveterate enemy of his family would not have spoken even in imagination. It is certain, that quick sensibility is inseparable from a ready understanding; but why should not that good understanding call to itself all its force on such occasions to master that sudden inclination to anger? One of the greatest souls now in the world is the most subject by nature to anger,* and yet so famous for a conquest of himself this way, that he is the known example when you talk of temper and command of a man's self. To contain the spirit of anger is the worthiest discipline we can put ourselves to. When a man has made any progress this way, a frivolous fellow in a passion is to him as contemptible as a froward child. It

* Lord Somers.

ought to be the study of every man for his own quiet and peace. When he stands combustible and ready to flame upon every thing that touches him, life is as uneasy to himself as it is to all about him. Syncropius leads, of all men living, the most ridiculous life: he is ever offending, and begging pardon. If his man enters the room without what he was sent for, 'That blockhead,' begins he—'Gentlemen, I ask your pardon, but servants now-a-days—.' The wrong plates are laid, they are thrown into the middle of the room; his wife stands by in pain for him, which he sees in her face, and answers as if he had heard all she was thinking; 'Why, what the devil? why don't you take care to give orders in these things?' His friends sit down to a tasteless plenty of every thing, every minute expecting new insults from his impertinent passions. In a word, to eat with or visit Syncropius, is no other than going to see nim exercise his family, exercise their patience and his own anger.

It is monstrous that the shame and confusion in which this good-natured angry man must needs behold his friends, while he thus lays about him, does not give him so much reflection as to create an amendment. This is the most scandalous disuse of reason imaginable; all the harmless part of him is no more than that of a bull-dog, they are tame no longer than they are not offended. One of these good-natured angry men shall, in an instant, assemble together so many allusions to secret circumstances, as are enough to dissolve the peace of all the families and friends he is acquainted with in a quarter of an hour, and yet the next moment be the best natured

man in the world. If you would see passion in its purity without mixture of reason, behold it represented in a mad hero, drawn by a mad poet. Nat. Lee makes his Alexander say thus:

'Away, begone, and give a whirlwind room,
Or I will blow you up like dust! Avaunt!
Madness but meanly represents my toil.
Eternal discord!
Fury! revenge! disdain! and indignation
Tear my swoln breast; make way for fire and tempest?
My brain is burst, debate and reason quench'd!
The storm is up, and my hot bleeding heart
Splits with the rack, while passions, like the wind,
Rise up to heaven, and put out all the stars!'

Every passionate fellow in town talks half the day with as little consistency, and threatens things as much out of his power.

The next disagreeable person to the outrageous gentleman is one of a much lower order of anger, and he is what we commonly call a peevish fellow. A peevish fellow is one who has some reason in himself for being out of humour, or has a natural incapacity for delight, and therefore disturbs all, who are happier than himself, with pishes and pshaws, or other well-bred interjections, at every thing that is said or done in his presence. There should be physic mixed in the food of all which these fellows eat in good company. This degree of anger passes, forsooth, for a delicacy of judgment that will not admit of being easily pleased: but none above the character of wearing a peevish man's livery, ought to bear with his ill-manners. All things among men of sense and condition should pass the censure and have the protection of the eye of reason.

No man ought to be tolerated in an habitual humour, whim, or particularity of behaviour, by any who do not wait upon him for bread. Next to the peevish fellow is the snarler. This gentleman deals mightily in what we call the irony: and as those sort of people exert themselves most against those below them, you see their humour best in their talk to their servants. That is so like you, You are a fine fellow, Thou art the quickest head-piece, and the like. One would think the hectoring, the storming, the sullen, and all the different species and subordinations of the angry, should be cured, by knowing they live only as pardoned men: and how pitiful is the condition of being only suffered? But I am interrupted by the pleasantest scene of anger and the disappointment of it that I have ever known, which happened while I was yet writing, and I overheard, as I sat in the back room at a French bookseller's. There came into the shop a very learned man with an erect solemn air, and, though a person of great parts, otherwise slow in understanding any thing which makes against himself. The composure of the faulty man, and the whimsical perplexity of him that was justly angry, is perfectly new. After turning over many volumes, said the seller to the buyer, 'Sir, you know I have long asked you to send me back the first volume of French sermons I formerly lent you:' Sir, said the chapman, I have often looked for it; but can not find it; it is certainly lost, and I know not to whom I lent it, it is so many years ago. 'Then, sir, here is the other volume, I'll send you home that, and please to pay for both.' My friend, replied he.

canst thou be so senseless as not to know that one volume is as imperfect in my library as in your shop? 'Yes, sir, but it is you have lost the first volume, and to be short, I will be paid.' Sir, answered the chapman, you are a young man, your book is lost, and learn by this little loss to bear much greater adversities, which you must expect to meet with. 'Yes, sir, I'll hear when I must; but I have not lost now, for I say you have it, and shall pay me.' Friend, you grow warm, I tell you the book is lost, and I foresee, in the course even of a prosperous life, that you will meet afflictions to make you mad, if you can not bear this trifle. 'Sir, there is in this case no need of bearing, for you have the book' I say, sir, I have not the book: but your passion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn resignation of yourself to the distresses of this life: nay, do not fret and fume; it is my duty to tell you that you are of an impatient spirit, and an impatient spirit is never without woe. 'Was ever any thing like this?' Yes, sir, there have been many things like this. The loss is but a trifle, but your temper is wanton, and incapable of the least pain; therefore let me advise you, be patient; the book is lost, but do not you for that reason lose yourself.*

STEELE. T.

The scene passed in the shop of Mr. Vaillant, bookseller, in the Strand; and the subject of it was, it is said, a volume of Massillon's Sermon.

No. 439. THURSDAY, JULY 24

Hi narrata ferunt aliò: mensuraque ficti
Crescit; et auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor.
OVID. MET.

Some tell what they have heard, or tales devise;
Each fiction still improved with added lies.

OVID describes the palace of Fame as situated in the very centre of the universe, and perforated with so many windows and avenues as give her the sight of every thing that was done in the heavens, in the earth, and in the sea. The structure of it was contrived in so admirable a manner, that it echoed every word which was spoken in the whole compass of nature; so that the palace, says the poet, was always filled with a confused hubbub of low dying sounds, the voices being almost spent and worn out before they arrived at this general rendezvous of speeches and whispers.

I consider courts with the same regard to the governments which they superintend, as Ovid's palace of Fame with regard to the universe: the eyes of a watchful minister run through the whole people. There is scarce a murmur or complaint that does not reach his ears. They have news-gatherers and intelligencers distributed into their several walks and quarters, who bring in their respective quotas, and make them acquainted with the discourse and conversation of the whole kingdom or commonwealth where they are employed. The wisest of kings, alluding to these invisible and unsuspected spies, who are planted

by kings and rulers over their fellow citizens, as well as to those voluntary informers that are buzzing about the ears of a great man, and making their court by such secret methods of intelligence, has given us a very prudent caution;—'Curse not the king, no not in thy thought, and curse not the rich in thy bed-chamber; for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter.'

As it is absolutely necessary for rulers to make use of other people's eyes and ears, they should take particular care to do it in such a manner, that it may not bear too hard on the person whose life and conversation are inquired into. A man who is capable of so infamous a calling as that of a spy, is not very much to be relied upon. He can have no great ties of honour, or checks of conscience, to restrain him in those covert evidences, where the person accused has no opportunity of vindicating himself. He will be more industrious to carry that which is grateful than that which is true. There will be no occasion for him, if he does not hear and see things worth discovery; so that he naturally inflames every word and circumstance, aggravates what is faulty, perverts what is good, and misrepresents what is indifferent. Nor is it to be doubted but that such ignominious wretches let their private passions into these their clandestine informations, and often wreak their particular spite and malice against the person whom they are set to watch. It is a pleasant scene enough, which an Italian author describes between a spy and a cardinal who employed him. The cardinal is represented as minuting down every thing

that is told him; the spy begins with a low voice, Such a one, the advocate, whispered to one of his friends, within my hearing, that your eminence was a very great poltroon; and after having given his patron time to take it down, adds, that another called him a mercenary rascal in a public conversation. The cardinal replies, Very well, and bids him go on. The spy proceeds, and loads him with reports of the same nature, till the cardinal rises in great wrath, calls him an impudent scoundrel, and kicks him out of the room.

It is observed of great and heroic minds, that they have not only shown a particular disregard to those unmerited reproaches which have been cast upon them, but have been altogether free from that impertinent curiosity of inquiring after them, for the poor revenge of resenting them.—The histories of Alexander and Cæsar are full of this kind of instances. Vulgar souls are of a quite contrary character. Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily, had a dungeon which was a very curious piece of architecture; and of which, as I am informed, there are still to be seen some remains in that island. It was called Dionysius's ear, and built with several little windings and labyrinths in the form of a real ear. The structure of it made it a kind of whispering place, but such a one as gathered the voice to him who spoke into a funnel, which was placed at the very top of it. The tyrant used to lodge all his state criminals, or those whom he supposed to be engaged together in any evil designs upon him in this dungeon. He had at the same time an apartment over it, where he used to apply himself to the funnel,

and by that means overheard every thing that was whispered in the dungeon. I believe one may venture to affirm, that a Cæsar or an Alexander would have rather died by the treason, than have used such disingenuous means for the detecting of it.

A man who in ordinary life is very inquisitive after every thing which is spoken ill of him, passes his time but very indifferently: he is wounded by every arrow that is shot at him, and puts it in the power of every insignificant enemy to disquiet him: nay, he will suffer from what has been said of him, when it is forgotten by those who said or heard it. For this reason I could never bear one of those officious friends that would be telling every malicious report, every idle censure, that passed upon me. The tongue of man is so petulant, and his thoughts so variable, that one should not lay too great a stress upon any present speeches and opinions. Praise and obloquy proceed very frequently out of the same mouth upon the same person, and upon the same occasion. A generous enemy will sometimes bestow commendations, as the dearest friend can not sometimes refrain from speaking ill. The man who is indifferent in either of these respects, gives his opinion at random, and praises or disapproves as he finds himself in humour.

I shall conclude this essay with part of a character which is finely drawn by the earl of Clarendon, in the first book of his history, and which gives us the lively picture of a great man teasing himself with an absurd curiosity.

'He had not that application and submission, and reverence for the queen as might have been

expected from his wisdom and breeding, and often crossed her pretences and desires with more rudeness than was natural to him, yet he was impertinently solicitous to know what her majesty said of him in private, and what resentments she had towards him. And when by some confidants, who had their ends upon him from those offices, he was informed of some bitter expressions fallen from her majesty, he was so exceedingly afflicted and tormented with the sense of it, that sometimes by passionate complaints and representations to the king, sometimes by more dutiful addresses and expostulations with the queen in bewailing his misfortune, he frequently exposed himself, and left his condition worse than it was before, and the eclaircissement commonly ended in the discovery of the persons from whom he had received his most secret intelligence.'

ADDISON. C.

No. 440. FRIDAY, JULY 25.

Vivere si rectè nescis, discede peritis. HOR. EP.

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will. POPE.

I HAVE already given my reader an account of a set of merry fellows who are passing their summer together in the country, being provided with a great house, where there is not only a convenient apartment for every particular person, but a large infirmary for the reception of such of them as are any way indisposed or out of humour. Having lately received a letter from the

secretary of this society, by order of the whole fraternity, which acquaints me with their behaviour during the last week, I shall here make a present of it to the public. (See Nos. 424, 429.)

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'We are glad to find that you approve the establishment which we have here made for the retrieving of good manners and agreeable conversation, and shall use our best endeavours so to improve ourselves in this our summer retirement, that we may next winter serve as patterns to the town. But to the end that this our institution may be no less advantageous to the public than to ourselves, we shall communicate to you one week of our proceedings, desiring you at the same time, if you see any thing faulty in them, to favour us with your admonitions. For you must know, sir, that it has been proposed among us to choose you for our visiter; to which I must further add, that one of the college having declared last week he did not like the Spectator of the day, and not being able to assign any just reason for such his dislike, he was sent to the infirmary *nemine contradicente*.

'On Monday the assembly was in very good humour, having received some recruits of French claret that morning; when unluckily, towards the middle of the dinner, one of the company swore at his servant in a very rough manner for having put too much water in his wine. Upon which the president of the day, who is always the mouth of the company, after having convinced him of the impertinence of his passion, and the insult he had made upon the company,

ordered his man to take him from the table, and convey him to the infirmary. There was but one more sent away that day: this was a gentleman who is reckoned by some persons one of the greatest wits, and by others one of the greatest boobies, about town. This, you will say, is a strange character; but what makes it stranger yet, it is a very true one, for he is perpetually the reverse of himself, being always merry or dull to excess. We brought him hither to divert us, which he did very well upon the road, having lavished away as much wit and laughter upon the hackney-coachman as might have served him during his whole stay here, had it been duly managed. He had been lumpish for two or three days, but was so far connived at, in hopes of recovery, that we despatched one of the briskest fellows among the brotherhood into the infirmary for having told him at table he was not merry. But our president observing that he indulged himself in this long fit of stupidity, and construing it as a contempt of the college, ordered him to retire into the place prepared for such companions. He was no sooner got into it, but his wit and mirth returned upon him in so violent a manner that he shook the whole infirmary with the noise of it, and had so good an effect upon the rest of the patients, that he brought them all out to dinner with him the next day.

'On Tuesday we were no sooner sat down but one of the company complained that his head ached; upon which another asked him in an insolent manner, what he did there then? This insensibly grew into some warm words; so that the president, in order to keep the peace, gave direc-

tions to take them both from the table, and lodge them in the infirmary. Not long after, another of the company telling us, he knew by a pain in his shoulder that we should have some rain, the president ordered him to be removed, and placed as a weather-glass in the apartment abovementioned.

'On Wednesday a gentleman having received a letter written in a woman's hand, and changing colour twice or thrice as he read it, desired leave to retire into the infirmary. The president consented, but denied him the use of pen, ink, and paper, till such time as he had slept upon it. One of the company being seated at the lower end of the table, and discovering his secret discontent by finding fault with every dish that was served up, and refusing to laugh at any thing that was said, the president told him, that he found he was in an uneasy seat, and desired him to accommodate himself better in the infirmary. After dinner a very honest fellow chancing to let a pun fall from him, his neighbour cried out, *To the Infirmary;* at the same time pretending to be sick at it, as having the same natural antipathy to a pun which some have to a cat. This produced a long debate. Upon the whole, the punster was acquitted and his neighbour sent off.

'On Thursday there was but one delinquent. This was a gentleman of strong voice, but weak understanding. He had unluckily engaged himself in a dispute with a man of excellent sense, but of a modest elocution. The man of heat replied to every answer of his antagonist with a louder note than ordinary, and only raised his voice when he should have enforced his argu-

ment. Finding himself at length driven to an absurdity, he still reasoned in a more clamorous and confused manner, and, to make the greater impression upon his hearers, concluded with a loud thump upon the table. The president immediately ordered him to be carried off, and dieted with water-gruel, till such time as he should be sufficiently weakened for conversation.

'On Friday there passed very little remarkable, saving only, that several petitions were read of the persons in custody, desiring to be released from their confinement, and vouching for one another's good behaviour for the future.

'On Saturday we received many excuses from persons who had found themselves in an unsociable temper, and had voluntarily shut themselves up. The infirmary was indeed never so full as on this day, which I was at some loss to account for, till, upon my going abroad, I observed that it was an easterly wind. The retirement of most of my friends has given me opportunity and leisure of writing you this letter, which I must not conclude without assuring you, that all the members of our college, as well those who are under confinement, as those who are at liberty, are your very humble servants, though none more than

'Yours, &c.'

ADDISON. C.

No. 441. SATURDAY, JULY 26.

Si fractus illabatus orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ, HOR. OD.

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a fallen world. ANON.

MAN, considered in himself, is a very helpless and a very wretched being: he is subject every moment to the greatest calamities and misfortunes; he is beset with danger on all sides, and may become unhappy by numberless casualties, which he could not foresee, nor have prevented had he foreseen them.

It is our comfort, while we are obnoxious to so many accidents, that we are under the care of one who directs contingencies, and has in his hands the management of every thing that is capable of annoying or offending us; who knows the assistance we stand in need of, and is always ready to bestow it on those who ask it of him.

The natural homage which such a creature bears to so infinitely wise and good a being, is a firm reliance on him for the blessings and conveniences of life, and an habitual trust in him for deliverance out of all such dangers and difficulties as may befall us.

The man who always lives in this disposition of mind, has not the same dark and melancholy views of human nature, as he who considers himself abstractedly from this relation to the Supreme Being. At the same time that he reflects upon his own weakness and imperfection, he comforts

himself with the contemplation of those divine attributes, which are employed for his safety and his welfare. He finds his want of foresight made up by the omniscience of him who is his support. He is not sensible of his own want of strength, when he knows that his helper is Almighty. In short, the person who has a firm trust on the Supreme Being, is powerful in *his* power, wise by *his* wisdom, happy by *his* happiness. He reaps the benefit of every divine attribute, and loses his own insufficiency in the fulness of infinite perfection.

To make our lives more easy to us, we are commanded to put our trust in him who is thus able to relieve and succour us, the divine goodness having made such reliance a duty, notwithstanding we should have been miserable had it been forbidden us.

Among several motives which might be made use of to recommend this duty to us, I shall only take notice of those that follow:

The first and strongest is, that we are promised he will not fail those who put their trust in him.

But, without considering the supernatural blessing which accompanies this duty, we may observe, that it has a natural tendency to its own reward, or, in other words, that this firm trust and confidence in the great disposer of all things contributes very much to the getting clear of any affliction, or to the bearing it manfully. A person who believes he has his succour at hand, and that he acts in the sight of his friend, often exerts himself beyond his abilities, and does wonders that are not to be matched by one who is not ani

mated with such a confidence of success. I could produce instances from history of generals, who out of a belief that they were under the protection of some invisible assistant, did not only encourage their soldiers to do their utmost, but have acted themselves beyond what they would have done, had they not been inspired by such a belief. I might in the same manner show how such a trust in the assistance of an Almighty Being, naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness, and all other dispositions of mind that alleviate those calamities which we are not able to remove.

The practice of this virtue administers great comfort to the mind of man in times of poverty and affliction, but most of all in the hour of death. When the soul is hovering in the last moments of its separation; when it is just entering on another state of existence, to converse with scenes and objects and companions that are altogether new—what can support her under such tremblings of thought; such fear, such anxiety, such apprehensions, but the casting of all her cares upon him, who first gave her being, who has conducted her through one stage of it, and will be always with her to guide and comfort her in her progress through eternity.

David has very beautifully represented this steady reliance on God Almighty in his twenty-third psalm, which is a kind of pastoral hymn, and filled with those allusions which are usual in that kind of writing. As the poetry is very exquisite, I shall present my reader with the following translation of it:

I.

'The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care:
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My wearying wand'ring steps he leads:
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

III.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

IV.

'Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.'

ADDISON. C.

No. 442. MONDAY, JULY 28.

Scribimus indocti doctique——— HOR EP.

———Those who can not write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man. POPE.

I DO not know whether I enough explained myself to the world when I invited all men to

be assistant to me in this my work of speculation; for I have not yet acquainted my readers, that besides the letters and valuable hints I have from time to time received from my correspondents, I have by me several curious and extraordinary papers, sent with a design (as no one will doubt when they are published) that they may be printed entire, and without any alteration by way of Spectator. I must acknowledge, also, that I myself, being the first projector of the paper, thought I had a right to make them my own, by dressing them in my own style, by leaving out what would not appear like mine, and by adding whatever might be proper to adapt them to the character and genius of my paper, with which it was almost impossible they could exactly correspond, it being certain that hardly two men think alike, and therefore so many men, so many Spectators. Besides, I must own my weakness for glory is such, that, if I consulted that only, I might be so far swayed by it, as almost to wish that no one could write a Spectator besides myself; nor can I deny, but upon the first perusal of those papers, I felt some secret inclinations of ill-will towards the persons who wrote them. This was the impression I had upon the first reading them; but upon a late review (more for the sake of entertainment than use), regarding them with another eye than I had done at first, (for by converting them as well as I could to my own use, I thought I had utterly disabled them from ever offending me again as Spectators) I found myself moved by a passion very different from that of envy; sensibly touched with pity, the softest and most generous of all passions.

when I reflected what a cruel disappointment the neglect of those papers must needs have been to the writers, who impatiently longed to see them appear in print, and who, no doubt, triumphed to themselves in the hopes of having a share with me in the applause of the public; a pleasure so great, that none but those who have experienced it can have a sense of it. In this manner of viewing those papers, I really found I had not done them justice, there being something so extremely natural and peculiarly good in some of them, that I will appeal to the world whether it was possible to alter a word in them without doing them a manifest hurt and violence; and whether they can ever appear rightly, and as they ought, but in their own native dress and colours: and therefore I think I should not only wrong them, but deprive the world of a considerable satisfaction, should I any longer delay the making them public.

After I have published a few of these Spectators, I doubt not but I shall find the success of them to equal, if not surpass, that of the best of my own. An author should take all methods to humble himself in the opinion he has of his own performances. When these papers appear to the world, I doubt not but they will be followed by many others; and I shall not repine, though I myself shall have left me but very few days to appear in public: but preferring the general weal and advantage to any considerations of myself, I am resolved for the future to publish any Spectator that deserves it, entire and without any alteration; assuring the world (if there can be need of it) that it is none of mine; and if the

authors think fit to subscribe their names, I will add them.

I think the best way of promoting this generous and useful design will be, by giving out subjects or themes of all kinds whatsoever on which (with a preamble of the extraordinary benefit and advantage that may accrue thereby to the public) I will invite all manner of persons, whether scholars, citizens, courtiers, gentlemen of the town or country, and all beaux, rakes, smarts, prudes, coquettes, housewives, and all sorts of wits, whether male or female, and however distinguished, whether they be true wits, whole or half wits, or whether arch, dry, natural, acquired, genuine, or depraved wits; and persons of all sorts of tempers and complexions, whether the severe, the delightful, the impertinent, the agreeable, the thoughtful, the busy or careless, the serene or cloudy, jovial or melancholy, untowardly or easy, the cold, temperate or sanguine; and of what manners or disposition soever, whether the ambitious or humble-minded, the proud or pitiful, ingenuous or base-minded, good or ill-natured, public spirited or selfish; and under what fortune or circumstance soever, whether the contented or miserable, happy or unfortunate, high or low, rich or poor (whether so through want of money, or desire of more,) healthy or sickly, married or single; nay, whether tall or short, fat or lean, and of what trade, occupation, profession, station, country, faction, party, persuasion, quality, age, or condition soever, who have ever made thinking a part of their business or diversion, and have any thing worthy to impart on these subjects to the world, accord-

ing to their several and respective talents or geniuses; and as the subject given out hits their tempers, humours, or circumstances, or may be made profitable to the public by their particular knowledge or experience in the matter proposed, to do their utmost on them by such a time; to the end they may receive the inexpressible and irresistible pleasure of seeing their essays allowed of and relished by the rest of mankind.

I will not prepossess the reader with too great expectation of the extraordinary advantages which must redound to the public by these essays, when the different thoughts and observations of all sorts of persons, according to their quality, age, sex, education, professions, humours, manners and conditions, &c. shall be set out by themselves in the clearest and most genuine light, and as they themselves would wish to have them appear to the world.

The thesis proposed for the present exercise of the adventurers to write Spectators, is *Money:* on which subject all persons are desired to send in their thoughts within ten days after the date hereof.

STEELE T.

No. 443. TUESDAY, JULY 29.

Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi. HOR. Od.

Snatch'd from our sight, we eagerly pursue,
And fondly would recall her to our view.

CAMILLA* TO THE SPECTATOR.

'MR. SPECTATOR, *Venice, July* 10, *N. S.*

'I TAKE it extremely ill that you do not reckon conspicuous persons of your nation are within your cognizance, though out of the dominions of Great Britain. I little thought in the green years of my life, that I should ever call it a happiness to be out of dear England; but as I grew to woman, I found myself less acceptable in proportion to the increase of my merit. Their ears in Italy are so differently formed from the make of yours in England, that I never come upon the stage, but a general satisfaction appears in every countenance of the whole people. When I dwell upon a note, I behold all the men accompanying me with heads inclining, and falling of their persons on one side, as dying away with me. The women too do justice to my merit, and no ill-natured worthless creature cries, *The vain thing*, when I am wrapt up in the performance of my part, and sensibly touched with the effect my voice has upon all who hear me. I live here distinguished as one whom nature has been liberal to in a graceful person, an exalted mien, and heavenly voice. These particularities in this

* Mrs. Tofts, who performed the character of Camilla in the opera so named.

strange country are arguments for respect and generosity to her who is possessed of them. The Italians see a thousand beauties I am sensible I have no pretence to, and abundantly make up to me the injustice I received in my own country, of disallowing me what I really had.—The humour of hissing which you have among you, I do not know any thing of; and their applauses are uttered in sighs, and bearing a part at the cadences of voice with the persons who are performing. I am often put in mind of those complaisant lines of my own countryman, when he is calling all his faculties together to hear Arabella:

'Let all be hush'd, each softest motion cease,
Be ev'ry loud tumult'ous thought at peace;
And ev'ry ruder gasp of breath
Be calm, as in the arms of death:
And thou, most fickle, most uneasy part,
Thou restless wanderer, my heart,
Be still; gently, ah! gently leave,
Thou busy, idle thing, to heave.
Stir not a pulse; and let my blood,
That turbulent, unruly flood,
Be softly staid;
Let me be all but my attention dead!" CONGREVE.

The whole city of Venice is as still when I am singing as this polite hearer was to Mrs. Hunt. But when they break that silence, did you know the pleasure I am in, when every man utters his applause, by calling me aloud the *dear creature*, the *angel*, the *Venus; what attitude she moves with!—hush, she sings again.* We have no boisterous wits who dare to disturb an audience, and break the public peace merely to show they dare. Mr. Spectator, I write this to you thus

in haste, to tell you I am so very much at ease here, that I know nothing but joy; and I will not return, but leave you in England to hiss all merit of your own growth off the stage. I know, sir, you were always my admirer, and therefore I am yours. 'CAMILLA.'

'*P. S.* I am ten times better dressed than ever I was in England.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'The project in yours of the 11th instant, of furthering the correspondence and knowledge of that considerable part of mankind, the trading world, can not but be highly commendable. Good lectures to young traders may have very good effects on their conduct; but beware you propagate no false notions of trade; let none of your correspondents impose on the world, by putting forth base methods in a good light, and glazing them over with improper terms. I would have no means of profit set for copies to others, but such as are laudable in themselves. Let not noise be called industry, nor impudence courage. Let not good fortune be imposed on the world for good management, nor poverty be called folly; impute not always bankruptcy to extravagance, nor an estate to foresight: niggardliness is not good husbandry, nor generosity profusion.

'Honestus is a well-meaning and judicious trader, hath substantial goods, and trades with his own stock; husbands his money to the best advantage, without taking all the advantages of the necessities of his workmen, or grinding the face of the poor. Fortunatus is stocked with igno-

rance, and consequently with self-opinion; the quality of his goods can not but be suitable to that of his judgment. Honestus pleases discerning people, and keeps their custom by good usage; makes modest profit by modest means, to the decent support of his family: while Fortunatus, blustering always, pushes on, promising much, and performing little; with obsequiousness offensive to people of sense, strikes at all, catches much the greater part, and raises a considerable fortune by imposition on others, to the discouragement and ruin of those who trade fair in the same way.

'I give here but loose hints, and beg you to be very circumspect in the province you have now undertaken: if you perform it successfully it will be a very great good; for nothing is more wanting, than that mechanic industry were set forth with the freedom and greatness of mind, which ought always to accompany a man of a liberal education.

'Your humble servant,

'R. C.

From my shop under the Royal Exchange, July 14.

'MR. SPECTATOR. *July 24th*, 1712.

'Notwithstanding the repeated censures that your Spectatorial wisdom has passed upon people more remarkable for impudence than wit, there are yet some remaining, who pass with the giddy part of mankind for sufficient shares of the latter, who have nothing but the former qualification to recommend them. Another timely animadversion is absolutely necessary. Be pleased, therefore, once for all, to let these gentlemen know,

that there is neither mirth nor good-humour in hooting a young fellow out of countenance; nor that it will ever constitute a wit, to conclude a tart piece of buffoonery with a *what makes you blush?* Pray, please to inform them again, that to speak what they know is shocking, proceeds from ill-nature and sterility of brain: especially when the subject will not admit of raillery, and their discourse has no pretensions to satire, but what is in their design to disoblige. I should be very glad too if you would take notice, that a daily repetition of the same overbearing insolence is yet more insupportable, and a confirmation of very extraordinary dulness. The sudden publication of this may have an effect upon a notorious offender of this kind, whose reformation would redound very much to the satisfaction and quiet of Your most humble servant,

'F. B.'

STEELE. T.

No. 444. WEDNESDAY, JULY 30.

Parturiunt montes—— Hor. Ars. Poet.

The mountain labours, and is brought to bed.

It gives me much despair in the design of reforming the world by my speculations, when I find there always arise from one generation to another successive cheats and bubbles, as naturally as beasts of prey, and those which are to be their food. There is hardly a man in the world, one would think so ignorant, as not to know that

the ordinary quack-doctors, who publish their great abilities in little brown billets, distributed to all who pass by, are, to a man, impostors and murderers; yet such is the credulity of the vulgar, and the impudence of those professors, that the affair still goes on, and new promises of what was never done before are made every day. What aggravates the jest is, that even this promise has been made as long as the memory of man can trace it, and yet nothing performed, and yet still prevails. As I was passing along today, a paper given into my hand by a fellow without a nose, tells us as follows, what good news has come to town, to wit, that there is now a certain cure for the French disease, by a gentleman just come from his travels.

'In Russel-Court over against the Cannon-Ball, at the Surgeon's Arms in Drury-Lane, is lately come from his travels, a Surgeon, who hath practised surgery and physic both by sea and land these twenty-four years. He (by the blessing) cures the *yellow jaundice, green sickness, scurvy, dropsy, surfeits, long sea voyages, campaigns, and women's miscarriages, lyings-in &c.* as some people that has been lame these thirty years can testify; in short, he cureth all diseases incident to men, women, or children.'

If a man could be so indolent as to look upon this havoc of the human species which is made by vice and ignorance, it would be a good ridiculous work to comment upon the declaration of this accomplished traveller. There is something unaccountably taking among the vulgar in those who come from a great way off. Ignorant people of quality, as many there are of such, doat exces-

sively this way; many instances of which every man will suggest to himself without my enumeration of them. The ignorants of lower order, who can not, like the upper ones, be profuse of their money to those recommended by coming from a distance are no less complaisant than the others, for they venture their lives from the same admiration.

'*The doctor has lately come from his travels*,' and has practised both by sea and land,' and therefore cures 'the *green sickness, long sea voyages, campaigns, and lyings-in.*' Both by sea and land!——I will not answer for the distempers called *sea voyages and campaigns;* but I dare say these of green sickness and lying-in might be as well taken care of if the doctor staid ashore. But the art of managing mankind is only to make them stare a little, to keep up their astonishment, to let nothing be familiar to them, but ever to have something in your sleeve, in which they must think you are deeper than they are. There is an ingenious fellow, a barber of my acquaintance, who, besides his broken fiddle and a dried sea-monster, has a twine-cord, strained with two nails at each end, over his window, and the words '*rainy, dry, wet*,' and so forth, written to denote the weather according to the rising or falling of the cord. We very great scholars are not apt to wonder at this: but I observed a very honest fellow, a chance customer, who sat in the chair before me to be shaved, fix his eye upon this miraculous performance during the operation upon his chin and face. When those and his head also were cleared of all incumbrances and excrescences, he looked at the

fish, then at the fiddle, still grubbling in his pockets, and casting his eyes again at the twine, and the words writ on each side; then altered his mind as to farthings, and gave my friend a silver sixpence. The business, as I said, is to keep up the amazement; and if my friend had only the skeleton and kit, he must have been contented with less payment. But the doctor we were talking of adds to his long voyages the testimony of some people '*that* has *been thirty years lame.*' When I received my paper, a sagacious fellow took one at the same time, and read till he came to the thirty years confinement of his friends, and went off very well convinced of the doctor's sufficiency.—You have many of these prodigious persons, who have had some extraordinary accident at their birth, or a great disaster in some part of their lives. Any thing, however foreign from the business the people want of you, will convince them of your ability in that you profess. There is a doctor in Mouse-alley, near Wapping, who sets up for curing cataracts upon the credit of having, as his bill sets forth, lost an eye in the emperor's service. His patients come in upon this, and he shows his muster-roll, which confirms that he was in the Imperial Majesty's troops, and he puts out their eyes with great success. Who would believe that a man should be a doctor for the cure of bursten children, by declaring that his father and grandfather were both bursten? But Charles Ingolston, next door to the Harp in Barbican, has made a pretty penny by that asseveration.—The generality go upon their first conception, and think no further; all the rest is granted. They

take it, that there is something uncommon in you, and give you credit for the rest. You may be sure it is upon that I go, when sometimes, let it be to the purpose or not, I keep a Latin sentence in my front: and I was not a little pleased when I observed one of my readers say, casting his eye upon my twentieth paper, '*More Latin still? What a prodigious scholar is this man!*' But as I have here taken much liberty with this learned doctor, I must make up all I have said by repeating what he seems to be in earnest in, and honestly promises to those who will not receive him as a great man: to wit, that 'from *eight to twelve, and from two till six, he attends for the good of the public to bleed for three-pence.*'

STEELE. T

No. 445. THURSDAY, JULY 31.

Tanti non es, ais, Sapis, Luperce. MART. EPIG.

You say Lupercus, what I write
I'n't worth so much: you're in the right.

THIS is the day on which many eminent authors will probably publish their last words. I am afraid that few of our weekly historians, who are men that above all others delight in war, will be able to subsist under the weight of a stamp*

* August 1, 1712, the stamp duty here alluded to took place, being a halfpenny on the half-sheet.—'Have you seen the red stamp? Methinks the stamping is worth a halfpenny. The *Observator* is fallen; the *Medleys* are jumbled together with the *Flying Post;* the *Examiner* is deadly sick. The Spectator keeps up and doubles its price. SWIFT.'

and an approaching peace. A sheet of blank paper that must have this new imprimatur clapt upon it before it is qualified to communicate any thing to the public, will make its way in the world but very heavily. In short the necessity of carrying a stamp, and the improbability of notifying a bloody battle, will, I am afraid, both concur to the sinking of those thin folios, which have every other day retailed to us the history of Europe for several years last past. A facetious friend of mine, who loves a pun, calls this present mortality among authors, *The fall of the leaf.*

I remember upon Mr. Baxter's death, there was published a sheet of very good sayings, inscribed *The last words of Mr. Baxter.* The title sold so great a number of these papers, that about a week after there came out a second sheet, inscribed *More last words of Mr. Baxter.* In the same manner, I have reason to think, that several ingenious writers, who have taken their leave of the public in farewell papers, will not give over so, but intend to appear again, though perhaps under another form, and with a different title. Be that as it will, it is my business in this place to give an account of my own intentions, and to acquaint my reader with the motives by which I act in this great crisis of the republic of letters.

I have been long debating in my own heart, whether I should throw up my pen, as an author that is cashiered by the act of parliament which is to operate within these four-and-twenty hours; or whether I should still persist in laying my speculations from day to day, before the public. The argument which prevails with me most on

the first side of the question is, That I am informed by my bookseller he must raise the price of every single paper to two-pence, or that he shall not be able to pay the duty of it. Now as I am very desirous my readers should have their learning as cheap as possible, it is with great difficulty that I comply with him in this particular.

However, upon laying my reasons together in the balance, I find that those who plead for the continuance of this work have much the greater weight. For, in the first place, in recompense for the expense to which this will put my readers, it is to be hoped they may receive from every paper so much instruction as will be a very good equivalent. And, in order to this, I would not advise any one to take it in, who, after the perusal of it, does not find himself two-pence the wiser, or the better man for it; or who, upon examination, does not believe that he has had two-penny worth of mirth or instruction for his money.

But I must confess there is another motive which prevails with me more than the former. I consider that the tax on paper was given for the support of the government; and as I have enemies, who are apt to pervert every thing I do or say, I fear they would ascribe the laying down my paper, on such an occasion, to a spirit of malcontentedness, which I am resolved none shall ever justly upbraid me with. No, I shall glory in contributing my utmost to the public weal; and if my country receives five or six pounds a-day by my labours, I shall be very well pleased to find myself so useful a member. It is a received maxim, that no honest man should enrich

himself by methods that are prejudicial to the community in which he lives; and by the same rule I think we may pronounce the person to deserve very well of his countrymen, whose labours bring more into the public coffers than into his own pocket.

Since I have mentioned the word enemies, I must explain myself so far as to acquaint my reader, that I mean only the insignificant party zealots on both sides; men of such poor narrow souls, that they are not capable of thinking on any thing but with an eye to Whig or Tory. During the course of this paper, I have been accused by these despicable wretches of trimming, time-serving, personal reflection, secret satire, and the like. Now, though, in these my compositions, it is visible to any reader of common sense, that I consider nothing but my subject, which is always of an indifferent nature, how is it possible for me to write so clear of party, as not to lie open to the censures of those who will be applying every sentence, and finding out persons and things in it which it has no regard to?

Several paltry scribblers and declaimers have done me the honour to be dull upon me in reflections of this nature; but notwithstanding my name has been sometimes traduced by this contemptible tribe of men, I have hitherto avoided all animadversions upon them. The truth of it is, I am afraid of making them appear considerable by taking notice of them, for they are like those imperceptible insects which are discovered by the microscope, and can not be made the subject of observation without being magnified.

Having mentioned those few who have shown

themselves the enemies of this paper, I should be very ungrateful to the public, did I not at the same time testify my gratitude to those who are its friends; in which number I may reckon many of the most distinguished persons of all conditions, parties, and professions, in the isle of Great Britain. I am not so vain as to think this approbation is so much due to the performance as to the design. There is, and ever will be, justice enough in the world, to afford patronage and protection for those who endeavour to advance truth and virtue, without regard to the passions and prejudices of any particular cause or faction. If I have any other merit in me, it is that I have new-pointed all the batteries of ridicule. They have been generally planted against persons who have appeared serious rather than absurd, or at best have aimed rather at what is unfashionable than what is vicious. For my own part, I have endeavoured to make nothing ridiculous that is not in some measure criminal; I have set up the immoral man as the object of derision: in short, if I have not formed a new weapon against vice and irreligion, I have at least shown how that weapon may be put to a right use, which has so often fought the battles of impiety and profaneness.

ADDISON. C

No. 446. FRIDAY, AUGUST 1.

Quid deceat, quid non; quò virtus, quò ferat error.
HOR. Ars Poet.

What fit, what not; what excellent, or ill. ROSCOMMON.

SINCE two or three writers of comedy, who are now living, have taken their farewell of the stage, those who succeed them, finding themselves incapable of rising up to their wit, humour. and good sense, have only imitated them in some of those loose unguarded strokes, in which they complied with the corrupt taste of the more vicious part of their audience. When persons of a low genius attempt this kind of writing, they know no difference between being merry and being lewd. It is with an eye to some of these degenerate compositions that I have written the following discourse.

Were our English stage but half so virtuous as that of the Greeks or Romans, we should quickly see the influence of it in the behaviour of all the politer part of mankind. It would not be fashionable to ridicule religion or its professors, the man of pleasure would not be the complete gentleman; vanity would be out of countenance, and every quality which is ornamental to human nature would meet with that esteem which is due to it.

If the English stage were under the same regulations the Athenian was formerly, it would have the same effect that had, in recommending the religion, the government, and public worship of its country. Were our plays subject to proper inspections and limitations, we might not only

pass away several of our vacant hours in the highest entertainments, but should always rise from them wiser and better than we sat down to them.

It is one of the most unaccountable things in our age, that the lewdness of our theatre should be so much complained of, so well exposed, and so little redressed. It is to be hoped, that some time or other we may be at leisure to restrain the licentiousness of the theatre, and make it contribute its assistance to the advancement of morality and to the reformation of the age. As matters stand at present, multitudes are shut out from this noble diversion, by reason of those abuses and corruptions that accompany it. A father is often afraid that his daughter should be ruined by those entertainments, which were invented for the accomplishment and refining of human nature. The Athenian and Roman plays were written with such a regard to morality, that Socrates used to frequent the one and Cicero the other.

It happened once indeed, that Cato dropped into the Roman theatre when the Floralia were to be represented; and as in that performance, which was a kind of religious ceremony, there were several indecent parts to be acted, the people refused to see them whilst Cato was present. Martial on this hint made the following epigram, which we must suppose was applied to some grave friend of his, that had been accidentally present at some such entertainment.

Nôsses jocosæ dulce cum sacrum Floræ,
Festosque lusus, et licentiam vulgi,

Cur in theatrum, Cato severe, venisti?
An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires? Ep. I. 1. 1.

'Why dost thou come, great censor of the age,
To see the loose diversions of the stage?
With awful countenance and brow severe,
What, in the name of goodness, dost thou here?
See the mixt crowd! how giddy, lewd, and vain!
Didst thou come in but to go out again?

An accident of this nature might happen once in an age among the Greeks or Romans: but they were too wise and good to let the constant nightly entertainment be of such a nature, that people of the most sense and virtue could not be at it. Whatever vices are represented upon the stage, they ought to be so marked and branded by the poet, as not to appear either laudable or amiable in the person who is tainted with them. But if we look into the English comedies above mentioned, we would think they were formed upon a quite contrary maxim, and that this rule, though it held good upon the heathen stage, was not to be regarded in christian theatres. There is another rule likewise which was observed by authors of antiquity, and which these modern geniuses have no regard to; and that was never to choose an improper subject for ridicule. Now a subject is improper for ridicule, if it is apt to stir up horror and commisseration rather than laughter. For this reason we do not find any comedy in so polite an author as Terence, raised upon the violations of the marriage-bed. The falsehood of the wife or husband has given occasion to noble tragedies: but a Scipio or Lelius would have looked upon incest or murder to have been as proper subjects for comedy. On

the contrary, cuckoldom is the basis of most of our modern plays. If an alderman appears upon the stage, you may be sure it is in order to be cuckolded. A husband that is a little grave or elderly generally meets with the same fate. Knights and baronets, country 'squires and justices of the *quorum*, come up to the town for no other purpose. I have seen poor Dogget cuckolded in all these capacities. In short, our English writers are as frequently severe upon this innocent unhappy creature, commonly known by the name of a cuckold, as the ancient comic writers were upon an eating parasite, or a vain-glorious soldier.

At the same time the poet so contrives matters, that the two criminals are the favourites of the audience. We sit still, and wish well to them through the whole play, are pleased when they meet with proper opportunities, and out of humour when they are disappointed. The truth of it is, the accomplished gentleman upon the English stage is the person that is familiar with other men's wives, and indifferent to his own; as the fine woman is generally a composition of sprightliness and falsehood. I do not know whether it proceeds from barrenness of invention, depravation of manners, or ignorance of mankind, but I have often wondered that our ordinary poets can not frame to themselves the idea of a fine man who is not a whoremaster, or of a fine woman that is not a jilt.

I have sometimes thought of compiling a system of ethics out of the writings of those corrupt poets, under the title of *Stage Morality*. But I have been diverted from this thought by a pro-

ject which has been executed by an ingenious gentleman of my acquaintance. He has composed, it seems, the history of a young fellow, who has taken all his notions of the world from the stage, and who has directed himself in every circumstance of his life and conversation by the maxims and examples of the fine gentlemen in English comedies. If I can prevail upon him to give me a copy of this new-fashioned novel, I will bestow on it a place in my works, and question not but it may have as good an effect upon the drama as Don Quixote had upon romance.

ADDISON. C.

No. 447. SATURDAY, AUGUST 2.

Φημι πολυχρονιην μελετην εμμεναι, φιλε· και
Ταυτην ανθρωποισι τελευτωσαν φυσιν ειναι.

Long exercise, my friend, inures the mind,
And what we once dislik'd, we pleasing find.

THERE is not a common saying which has a better turn of sense in it, than what we often hear in the mouths of the vulgar, that custom is a second nature. It is indeed able to form the man anew, and to give him inclinations and capacities altogether different from those he was born with. Dr. Plot, in his history of Staffordshire, tells us of an idiot that chancing to live within the sound of a clock, and always amusing himself with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock struck, the clock being spoiled by some accident, the idiot continued to strike and count the hour

without the help of it, in the same manner as he had done when it was entire. Though I dare not vouch for the truth of this story, it is very certain that custom has a mechanical effect upon the body at the same time that it has a very extraordinary influence upon the mind.

I shall in this paper consider one very remarkable effect which custom has upon human nature; and which, if rightly observed, may lead us into very useful rules of life. What I shall here take notice of in custom, is its wonderful efficacy in making every thing pleasant to us. A person who is addicted to play or gaming, though he took but little delight in it at first, by degrees contracts so strong an inclination towards it, and gives himself up so entirely to it, that it seems the only end of his being. The love of a retired or busy life will grow upon a man insensibly, as he is conversant in the one or the other, till he is utterly unqualified for relishing that to which he has been for some time disused. Nay, a man may smoke, or drink, or take snuff, till he is unable to pass away his time without it; not to mention how our delight in any particular study, art, or science, rises and improves in proportion to the application which we bestow upon it. Thus what was at first an exercise becomes at length an entertainment. Our employments are changed into our diversions. The mind grows fond of those actions she is accustomed to, and is drawn with reluctancy from those paths in which she has been used to walk.

Not only such actions as were at first indifferent to us, but even such as are painful, will by custom and practice become pleasant. Sir Francis

Bacon observes in his natural philosophy, that our taste is never pleased better than with those things which at first created a disgust in it. He gives particular instances of claret, coffee and other liquors, which the palate seldom approves upon the first taste; but when it has once got a relish of them, generally retains it for life. The mind is constituted after the same manner; and after having habituated herself to any particular exercise or employment, not only loses her first aversion towards it, but conceives a certain fondness and affection for it. I have heard one of the greatest geniuses this age has produced,* who had been trained up in all the polite studies of antiquity, assure me, upon his being obliged to search into several rolls and records, that notwithstanding such an employment was at first very dry and irksome to him, he at last took an incredible pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of Virgil or Cicero. The reader will observe, that I have not here considered custom as it makes things easy, but as it renders them delightful; and though others have often made the same reflections, it is possible they may not have drawn those uses from it with which I intend to fill the remaining part of this paper.

If we consider attentively this property of human nature, it may instruct us in very fine moralities. In the first place, I would have no man discouraged with that kind of life or series of action, in which the choice of others, or his own necessities may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very disagreeable to him at first; but use

* Dr. Atterbury.

and application will certainly render it not only less painful, but pleasing and satisfactory.

In the second place, I would recommend to every one that admirable precept which Pythagoras is said to have given to his disciples, and which that philosopher must have drawn from the observation I have enlarged upon. *Optimum vitæ genus eligito, nam consuetudo faciet jucundissimum;* 'Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and custom will render it the most delightful.' Men, whose circumstances will permit them to choose their own way of life, are inexcusable if they do not pursue that which their judgment tells them is the most laudable. The voice of reason is more to be regarded than the bent of any present inclination, since, by the rule abovementioned, inclination will at length come over to reason, though we can never force reason to comply with inclination.

In the third place, this observation may teach the most sensual and irreligious man to overlook those hardships and difficulties which are apt to discourage him from the prosecution of a virtuous life. 'The gods,' said Hesiod, 'have placed labour before virtue; the way to her is at first rough and difficult, but grows more smooth and easy the further you advance in it.' The man who proceeds in it with steadiness and resolution, will in a little time find that *her ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace.*

To enforce this consideration, we may further observe that the practice of religion will not only be attended with that pleasure which naturally

accompanies those actions to which we are habituated, but with those supernumerary joys of heart, that rise from the consciousness of such a pleasure, from the satisfaction of acting up to the dictates of reason, and from the prospect of a happy immortality.

In the fourth place, we may learn from this observation which we have made on the mind of man, to take particular care, when we are once settled in a regular course of life, how we too frequently indulge ourselves in any the most innocent diversions and entertainments, since the mind may insensibly fall off from the relish of virtuous actions, and by degrees exchange that pleasure which it takes in the performance of its duty, for delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable nature.

The last use which I shall make of this remarkable property in human nature, of being delighted with those actions to which it is accustomed, is to show how absolutely necessary it is for us to gain habits of virtue in this life, if we would enjoy the pleasures of the next. The state of bliss we call heaven will not be capable of affecting those minds which are not thus qualified for it; we must in this world, gain a relish of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taste that knowledge and perfection which are to make us happy in the next. The seeds of those spiritual joys and raptures, which are to rise up and flourish in the soul to all eternity, must be planted in her during this her present state of probation. In short, heaven is not to be looked upon only as the reward, but as the natural effect, of a religious life

On the other hand, those evil spirits, who, by long custom, have contracted in the body habits of lust and sensuality, malice and revenge, an aversion to every thing that is good, just, or laudable, are naturally seasoned and prepared for pain and misery: their torments have already taken root in them. They can not be happy when divested of the body, unless we may suppose, that Providence will, in a manner, create them anew, and work a miracle in the rectification of their faculties. They may indeed taste a kind of malignant pleasure in those actions to which they are accustomed whilst in this life: but when they are removed from all those objects which are here apt to gratify them, they will naturally become their own tormentors, and cherish in themselves those painful habits of mind which are called in scripture phrase the 'worm which never dies.' This notion of heaven and hell is so very conformable to the light of nature, that it was discovered by several of the most exalted heathens; it has been finely improved by many eminent divines of the last age, as in particular by archbishop Tillotson and Dr. Sherlock; but there is none who has raised such noble speculations upon it as Dr. Scott in the first book of his Christian Life, which is one of the finest and most rational schemes of divinity that is written in our tongue or in any other. That excellent author has shown how every particular custom and habit of virtue will, in its own nature, produce the heaven, or a state of happiness, in him who shall hereafter practise it; as, on the contrary, how every custom or habit of vice will be the natural hell of him in whom it subsists.

ADDISON.

No. 448. MONDAY, AUGUST 4.

Fœdius hoc aliquid quandoque audebis. . . Juv. Sat.

In time to greater baseness you'll proceed.

The first steps towards ill are very carefully to be avoided; for men insensibly go on when they are once entered, and do not keep up a lively abhorrence of the least unworthiness. There is a certain frivolous falsehood that people indulge themselves in, which ought to be had in greater detestation than it commonly meets with: what I mean is a neglect of promises made on small and indifferent occasions, such as parties of pleasure, entertainments, and sometimes meetings out of curiosity in men of like faculties to be in each other's company. There are many causes to which one may assign this light infidelity. Jack Sippet never keeps the hour he has appointed to come to a friend's to dinner; but he is an insignificant fellow who does it out of vanity. He could never, he knows, make any figure in company, but by giving a little disturbance at his entry, and therefore takes care to drop in when he thinks you are just seated. He takes his place after having discomposed every body, and desires there may be no ceremony; then does he begin to call himself the saddest fellow, in disappointing so many places as he was invited to elsewhere. It is the fop's vanity to name houses of better cheer, and to acquaint you that he chose yours out of ten dinners which he was obliged to be at that day. The

last time I had the fortune to eat with him, he was imagining how very fat he should have been had he eaten all he had ever been invited to. But it is impertinent to dwell upon the manners of such a wretch as obliges all whom he disappoints, though his circumstances constrain them to be civil to him. But there are those that every one would be glad to see who fall into the same detestable habit. It is a merciless thing that any one can be at ease, and suppose a set of people who have a kindness for him at that moment waiting out of respect to him, and refusing to taste their food or conversation with the utmost impatience. One of these promisers sometimes shall make his excuses for not coming at all, so late that half the company have only to lament that they have neglected matters of moment to meet him whom they find a trifler. They immediately repent of the value they had for him: and such treatment repeated, makes company never depend upon his promises any more; so that he often comes at the middle of a meal, where he is secretly slighted by the persons with whom he eats, and cursed by the servants whose dinner is delayed by his prolonging their master's entertainment. It is wonderful, that men guilty this way could never have observed, that the whiling time, and gathering together, and waiting a little before dinner, is the most awkwardly passed away of any part in the four-and-twenty hours. If they did think at all, they would reflect upon their guilt, in lengthening such a suspension of agreeable life. The constant offending this way has, in a degree, an effect upon the honesty of his mind who is guilty

of it, as common swearing is a kind of habitual perjury; it makes the soul inattentive to what an oath is, even while it utters it at the lips. Phocion beholding a wordy orator while he was making a magnificent speech to the people, full of vain promises, 'Methinks,' said he, 'I am now fixing my eyes upon a cypress-tree; it has all the pomp and beauty imaginable in its branches, leaves, and height, but, alas! it bears no fruit.'

Though the expectation which is raised by impertinent promises is thus barren, their confidence, even after failures, is so great, that they subsist by still promising on. I have heretofore discoursed of the insignificant liar, the boaster, and the castle-builder, (Nos. 136, 167,) and treated them as no ill-designing men (though they are to be placed among the frivolously false ones), but persons who fall into that way purely to recommend themselves by their vivacities; but indeed I can not let heedless promisers, though in the most minute circumstances, pass with so slight a censure. If a man should take a resolution to pay only sums above a hundred pounds, and yet contract with different people debts of five and ten, how long can we suppose he will keep his credit? This man will as long support his good name in business as he will in conversation, who without difficulty makes assignations which he is indifferent whether he keeps or not.

I am the more severe upon this vice, because I have been so unfortunate as to be a very great criminal myself. Sir Andrew Freeport, and all my other friends, who are scrupulous to promises of the meanest consideration imaginable, from a

habit of virtue that way, have often upbraided me with it. I take shame upon myself for this crime, and more particularly for the greatest I ever committed of the sort, that when as agreeable a company of gentlemen and ladies as ever were got together, and I forsooth, Mr. Spectator, to be of the party with women of merit, like a booby as I was, mistook the time of meeting, and came the night following. I wish every fool who is negligent in this kind may have as great a loss as I had in this: for the same company will never meet more, but are dispersed into various parts of the world, and I am left under the compunction that I deserve, in so many different places to be called a *trifler*.

This fault is sometimes to be accounted for, when desirable people are fearful of appearing precise and reserved by denials; but they will find the apprehension of that imputation will betray them into a childish impotence of mind, and make them promise all who are so kind to ask it of them. This leads such soft creatures into the misfortune of seeming to return overtures of good-will with ingratitude. The first steps in the breach of a man's integrity are much more important than men are aware of. The man who scruples *not* breaking his word in little things, would not suffer in his own conscience so great pain for failures of consequence, as he who thinks every little offence against truth and justice a disparagement. We should not make any thing we ourselves disapprove habitual to us, if we would be sure of our integrity.

I remember a falsehood of the trivial sort; though not in relation to assignations, that ex

posed a man to a very uneasy adventure. Will Trap and Jack Stint were chamber-fellows in the Inner-Temple about twenty-five years ago. They one night sat in the pit together at a comedy, where they both observed and liked the same young woman in the boxes. Their kindness for her entered both hearts deeper than they imagined. Stint had a good faculty in writing letters of love, and made his address privately that way; while Trap proceeded in the ordinary course by money, and her waiting maid. The lady gave them both encouragement, receiving Trap into the utmost favour, and answering at the same time Stint's letters, and giving him appointments at third places.—Trap began to suspect the epistolary correspondence of his friend, and discovered also that Stint opened all his letters which came to their common lodgings, in order to form his own assignations. After much anxiety and restlessness, Trap came to a resolution, which he thought would break off their commerce with one another, without any hazardous explanation. He therefore writ a letter in a feigned hand to Mr. Trap at his chambers in the Temple. Stint, according to custom, seized and opened it, and was not a little surprised to find the inside directed to himself, when with great perturbation of spirit, he read as follows:

'MR. STINT,

'You have gained a slight satisfaction at the expense of doing a very heinous crime. At the price of a faithful friend, you have obtained an inconstant mistress. I rejoice in this expedient I have thought of to break my mind to you, and

tell you, you are a base fellow, by a means which does not expose you to the affront except you deserve it. I know, sir, as criminal as you are, you have still shame enough to avenge yourself against the hardiness of any one who should publicly tell you of it. I therefore, who have received so many secret hurts from you, shall take satisfaction with safety to myself, I call you base, and you must bear it, or acknowledge it. I triumph over you, that you can not come at me; nor do I think it dishonourable to come in armour to assault him, who was in ambuscade when he wounded me.

'What need more be said to convince you of being guilty of the basest practice imaginable, than that it is such as has made you liable to be treated after this manner while you yourself can not in your own conscience but allow the justice of the upbraidings of your injured friend,

'W. TRAP.'

STEELE. T.

No. 449. TUESDAY, AUGUST 5.

——*Tibi scriptus, matrona, libellus.* MARTIAL.

A book the chastest matron may peruse.

WHEN I reflect upon my labours for the public, I can not but observe, that part of the species of which I profess myself a friend and guardian, is sometimes treated with severity, that is, there are in my writings many descriptions given of ill persons, and not any direct encomium

made of those who are good. When I was convinced of this error, I could not but immediately call to mind several of the fair sex of my acquaintance, whose characters deserve to be transmitted to posterity in writings which will long outlive mine. But I do not think that a reason why I should not give them their place in my diurnal as long as it will last. For the service therefore of my female readers, I shall single out some characters of maids, wives, and widows, which deserve the imitation of the sex. She who shall lead this small illustrious number of heroines shall be the amiable Fidelia.

Before I enter upon the particular parts of her character, it is necessary to preface, that she is the only child of a decrepit father, whose life is bound up in hers. This gentleman has used Fidelia from her cradle with all the tenderness imaginable, and has viewed her growing perfections with the partiality of a parent, that soon thought her accomplished above the children of all other men, but never thought she was come to the utmost improvement of which she herself was capable. This fondness has had very happy effects upon his own happiness; for she reads, she dances, she sings, uses her spinet and lute to the utmost perfection; and the lady's use of all these excellencies is to divert the old man in his easy chair, when he is out of the pangs of a chronical distemper. Fidelia is now in the twenty-third year of her age; but the application of many lovers, her vigorous time of life, her quick sense of all that is truly gallant and elegant in the enjoyment of a plentiful fortune, are not able to draw her from the side of her good old father. Certain it

is, that there is no kind of affection so pure and angelic as that of a father to a daughter. He beholds her, both with and without regard to her sex. In love to our wives, there is desire, to our sons there is ambition, but in that to our daughters, there is something which there are no words to express. Her life is designed wholly domestic, and she is so ready a friend and companion, that every thing that passes about a man is accompanied with the idea of her presence. Her sex also is naturally so much exposed to hazard, both as to fortune and innocence, that there is, perhaps, a new cause of fondness arising from that consideration also. None but fathers can have a true sense of these sorts of pleasures and sensations; but my familiarity with the father of Fidelia makes me let drop the words which I have heard him speak, and observe upon his tenderness towards her.

Fidelia, on her part, as I was going to say, as accomplished as she is, with all her beauty, wit, air, and mien, employs her whole time in care and attendance upon her father. How have I been charmed to see one of the most beauteous women the age has produced on her knees helping on an old man's slipper! Her filial regard to him is what she makes her diversion, her business, and her glory. When she was asked by a friend of her deceased mother to admit of the courtship of her son, she answered, that she had a great respect and gratitude to her for the overture in behalf of one so near to her, but that, during her father's life, she would admit into her heart no value for any thing that should interfere with her endeavour to make his remains of life as hap-

py and easy as could be expected in his circumstances. The lady admonished her of the prime of life with a smile; which Fidelia answered with a frankness that always attends unfeigned virtue. 'It is true, madam, there is to be sure very great satisfaction to be expected in the commerce of a man of honour, whom one tenderly loves; but I find so much satisfaction in the reflection, how much I mitigate a good man's pains, whose welfare depends upon my assiduity about him, that I willingly exclude the loose gratifications of passion for the solid reflections of duty. I know not whether any man's wife would be allowed, and (what I still more fear) I know not whether I, a wife, should be willing to be as officious as I am at present about my parent.' The happy father has her declaration that she will not marry during his life, and the pleasure of seeing that resolution not uneasy to her. Were one to paint filial affection in its utmost beauty, he could not have a more lively idea of it than in beholding Fidelia serving her father at his hours of rising, meals, and rest.

When the general crowd of female youth are consulting their glasses, preparing for balls, assemblies, or plays; for a young lady, who could be regarded among the foremost in those places, either for her person, wit, fortune, or conversation, and yet contemn all these entertainments, to sweeten the heavy hours of a decrepit parent, is a resignation truly heroic. Fidelia performs the duty of a nurse with all the beauty of a bride; nor does she neglect her person because of her attendance on him when he is too ill to receive company, to whom she may make an appearance.

Fidelia, who gives him up her youth, does not think it any great sacrifice to add to it the spoiling of her dress. Her care and exactness in her habit convince her father of the alacrity of her mind; and she has of all women the best foundation for affecting the praise of a seeming negligence. What adds to the entertainment of the good old man is, that Fidelia, where merit and fortune can not be overlooked by epistolary lovers, reads over the accounts of her conquests, plays on her spinet the gayest airs, (and while she is doing so, you would think her formed only for gallantry) to intimate to him the pleasure she despises for his sake.

Those who think themselves the patterns of good-breeding and gallantry, would be astonished to hear, that in those intervals when the old gentleman is at ease, and can bear company, there are at his house, in the most regular order, assemblies of people of the highest merit, where there is conversation without mention of the faults of the absent, benevolence between men and women without passion, and the highest subjects of morality treated of as natural and accidental discourse; all which is owing to the genius of Fidelia, who at once makes her father's way to another world easy, and herself capable of being an honour to his name in this.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I was the other day at the Bear-Garden in hopes to have seen your short face (No. 436); but not being so fortunate, I must tell you by way of letter, that there is a mystery among the gladiators which has escaped your Spectatorial

penetration. For being in a box at an ale-house near that renowned seat of honour abovementioned, I overheard two masters of the science agreeing to quarrel on the next opportunity. This was to happen in a company of a set of the fraternity of basket-hilts who were to meet that evening. When this was settled, one asked the other, will you give cuts or receive? The other answered, Receive. It was replied, Are you a passionate man? No, provided you cut no more nor no deeper than we agree. I thought it my duty to acquaint you with this, that the people may not pay their money for fighting and be cheated. Your humble servant,

'SCABBARD RUSTY.'

STEELE. T.

No. 450. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6.

From the Letter-Box.

———*Quærenda pecunia primùm,*
Virtus post nummos.— HOR. EP.

———Get money, money still:
And then let virtue follow, if she will. POPE.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'All men, through different paths, make at the same common thing, *money;* (See No. 442) and it is to her we owe the politician, the merchant, and the lawyer; nay, to be free with you, I believe to that also we are beholden for our Spectator. I am apt to think, that could we

look into our own hearts, we should see money engraved in them in more lively and moving characters than self-preservation; for who can reflect upon the merchant hoisting sail in a doubtful pursuit of her, and all mankind sacrificing their quiet to her, but must perceive that the characters of self-preservation (which were doubtless originally the brightest) are sullied, if not wholly defaced; and that those of money (which at first was only valuable as a mean to security) are of late so brightened, that the characters of self-preservation, like a less light set by a greater, are become almost imperceptible. Thus has money got the upperhand of what all mankind formerly thought most dear, viz. security; and I wish I could say she had here put a stop to her victories, but, alas! common honesty fell a sacrifice to her. This is the way scholastic men talk of the greatest good in the world, but I, a tradesman, shall give you another account of this matter in the plain narrative of my own life. I think it proper, in the first place, to acquaint my readers, that since my setting out in the world, which was in the year 1660, I never wanted money, having begun with an indifferent good stock in the tobacco trade, to which I was bred, and, by the continual success it has pleased Providence to bless my endeavours with, am at last arrived at what they call a *plum.** To uphold my discourse in the manner of your wits or philosophers, by speaking fine things, or drawing inferences, as they pretend, from the nature of the subject, I account it vain; having never

* A cant word to signify a hundred thousand pounds.

found any thing in the writings of such men that did not savour more of the invention of the brain, or what is styled speculation, than of sound judgment or profitable observation. I will readily grant indeed, that there is what the wits call natural in their talk; which is the utmost those curious authors can assume to themselves, and is indeed all they endeavour at, for they are but lamentable teachers. And what, I pray, is natural? That which is pleasing and easy? And what are pleasing and easy? Forsooth a new thought or conceit dressed up in smooth quaint language, to make you smile and wag your head, as being what you never imagined before, and yet wonder why you had not: mere frothy amusement, fit only for boys or silly women to be caught with.

'It is not my present intention to instruct my readers in the methods of acquiring riches; that may be the work of another essay; but to exhibit the real and solid advantages I have found by them in my long and manifold experience; nor yet all the advantages of so worthy and valuable a blessing (for who does not know or imagine the comforts of being warm or living at ease, and that power and pre-eminence are their inseparable attendants?) but only to instance the great supports they afford us under the severest calamities and misfortunes; to show that the love of them is a special antedote against immorality and vice, and that the same does likewise naturally dispose men to actions of piety and devotion: all which I can make out by my own experience, who think myself nowise particular from the rest

of mankind, nor better nor worse by nature than generally other men are.

'In the year 1665, when the sickness was, I lost by it my wife and two children, which were all my stock. Probably I might have had more, considering I was married between four and five years; but finding her to be a teeming woman, I was careful, as having then little above a brace of thousand pounds to carry on my trade and maintain a family with. I loved them as usually men do their wives and children, and therefore could not resist the first impulses of nature on so wounding a loss; but I quickly aroused myself, and found means to alleviate, and at last conquer my affliction, by reflecting how that she and her children having been no great expense to me, the best part of her fortune was still left; that my charge being reduced to myself, a journeyman, and a maid, I might live far cheaper than before; and that, being now a childless widower, I might perhaps marry a no less deserving woman, and with a much better fortune than she brought, which was but £800. And to convince my readers that such considerations as these were proper and apt to produce such an effect, I remember it was the constant observation at that deplorable time, when so many hundreds were swept away daily, that the rich ever bore the loss of their families and relations far better than the poor; the latter having little or nothing before-hand, and living from hand to mouth, placed the whole comfort and satisfaction of their lives in their wives and children, and were therefore inconsolable.

'The following year happened the fire; at

which time, by good Providence, it was my fortune to have converted the greatest part of my effects into ready money, on the prospect of an extraordinary advantage which I was preparing to lay hold on. This calamity was very terrible and astonishing, the fury of the flames being such, that whole streets, at several distant places, were destroyed at one and the same time, so that (as it is well known) almost all our citizens were burnt out of what they had. But what did I then do? I did not stand gazing on the ruins of our noble metropolis; I did not shake my head, wring my hands, sigh, and shed tears: I considered with myself what could this avail; I fell a plodding what advantages might be made of the ready cash I had, and immediately bethought myself that wonderful pennyworths might be bought of the goods that were saved out of the fire. In short, with about £2,000, and a little credit, I bought as much tobacco as raised my estate to the value of £10,000. I then "looked on the ashes of our city, and the misery of its late inhabitants, as an effect of the just wrath and indignation of heaven towards a sinful and perverse people!"

'After this I married again, and that wife dying, I took another: but both proved to be idle baggages. The first gave me a great deal of plague and vexation by her extravagances, and I became one of the by-words of the city. I knew it would be to no manner of purpose to go about to curb the fancies and inclinations of women, which fly out the more for being restrained; but what I could I did. I watched her narrowly, and by good luck found her in the embraces (for

which I had two witnesses with me) of a wealthy spark of the court end of the town, of whom I recovered 15,000 pounds, which made me amends for what she had idly squandered, and put a silence to all my neighbours, taking off my reproach by the gain they saw I had by it. The last died about two years after I married her, in labour of three children. I conjecture they were begot by a country kinsman of hers, whom, at her recommendation, I took into my family, and gave wages to as a journeyman. What this creature expended in delicacies and high diet with her kinsman (as well as I could compute by the poulterers, fishmongers, and grocers' bills) amounted in the said two years to one hundred eighty-six pounds four shillings and five-pence half-penny. The fine apparel, bracelets, lockets, and treats, &c. of the other, according to the best calculation, came, in three years and about three quarters, to seven hundred forty-four pounds seven shillings and nine pence. After this I resolved never to marry more, and found I had been a gainer by my marriages and the damages granted me for the abuses of my bed (all charges deducted) eight thousand three hundred pounds within a trifle.

'I come now to show the good effects of the love of money on the lives of men towards rendering them honest, sober and religious. When I was a young man, I had a mind to make the best of my wits, and over-reached a country chap in a parcel of unsound goods; to whom, upon his upbraiding and threatening to expose me for it, I returned the equivalent of his loss; and upon his good advice, wherein he clearly demonstrated

the folly of such artifices, which can never end but in shame, and the ruin of all correspondence, I never after transgressed. Can your courtiers, who take bribes, or your lawyers, or physicians in their practice, or even the divines who intermeddle in worldly affairs, boast of making but one slip in their lives, and of such a thorough and lasting reformation? Since my coming into the world I do not remember I was ever overtaken in drink, save nine times; once at the christening of my first child, thrice at our city feasts, and five times at driving of bargains. My reformation I can attribute to nothing so much as the love and esteem of money; for I found myself to be extravagant in my drink, and apt to turn projector, and make rash bargains. As for women, I never knew any except my wives: for my reader must know, and it is what he may confide in as an excellent *recipe*, that the love of business and money is the greatest mortifier of inordinate desires imaginable, as employing the mind continually in the careful oversight of what one has, in the eager quest after more, in looking after the negligences and deceits of servants, in the due entering and stating of accounts, in hunting after chaps, and in the exact knowledge of the state of markets: which things, whoever thoroughly attends to, will find enough and enough to employ his thoughts on every moment of the day; so that I can not call to mind, that in all the time I was a husband, which, off and on, was about twelve years, I ever once thought of my wives but in bed. And, lastly, for religion, I have ever been a constant churchman, both forenoons and afternoons on

Sundays, never forgetting to be thankful for any gain or advantage I had that day: and on Saturday nights, upon casting up my accounts, I always was grateful for the sum of my week's profits, and at Christmas for that of the whole year. It is true, perhaps, that my devotion has not been the most fervent; which I think, ought to be imputed to the evenness and sedateness of my temper, which never would admit of any impetuosities of any sort; and I can remember, that in my youth and prime of manhood, when my blood ran brisker, I took greater pleasure in religious exercises than at present, or many years past, and that my devotion sensibly declined, as age, which is dull and unwieldy, come upon me.

'I have, I hope, here proved, that the love of money prevents all immorality and vice; which, if you will not allow, you must, that the pursuit of it obliges men to the same kind of life as they would follow if they were really virtuous; which is all I have to say at present, only recommending to you, that you would think of it, and turn ready wit into ready money as fast as you can.

'I conclude, your servant,

'EPHRAIM WEED.'

STEELE. T

No. 451. THURSDAY, AUGUST 7.

——Jam sævus apertam
In rabiem cæpit verti jocus, et per honestas
Ire minax impune domos. HOR. EP.

Times corrupt, and nature ill inclin'd,
Produced the point that left a sting behind;
'Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant malice rag'd through private life. POPE.

THERE is nothing so scandalous to a government, and detestable in the eyes of all good men, as defamatory papers and pamphlets; but, at the same time, there is nothing so difficult to tame as a satirical author. An angry writer, who can not appear in print, naturally vents his spleen in libels and lampoons. A gay old woman, says the fable, seeing all her wrinkles represented in a large looking-glass, threw it upon the ground in a passion and broke it into a thousand pieces: but as she was afterwards surveying the fragments with a spiteful kind of pleasure, she could not forbear uttering herself in the following soliloquy. What have I got by this revengeful blow of mine? I have only multiplied my deformity, and see a hundred ugly faces where before I saw but one.

It has been proposed, to oblige every person that writes a book or a paper, to swear himself the author of it, and enter down in a public register his name and place of abode.

This, indeed, would have effectually suppressed all printed scandal which generally appears under borrowed names or under none at all But it is to be feared, that such an expedient would

not only destroy scandal, but learning: it would operate promiscuously, and root up the corn and tares together. Not to mention some of the most celebrated works of piety, which have proceeded from anonymous authors, who have made it their merit to convey to us so great a charity in secret, there are few works of genius that come out at first with the author's name. The writer generally makes a trial of them in the world before he owns them: and, I believe, very few who are capable of writing would set pen to paper, if they knew beforehand that they must not publish their productions but on such conditions. For my own part, I must declare, the papers I present the public are like fairy favours, which shall last no longer than while the author is concealed.

That which makes it particularly difficult to restrain these sons of calumny and defamation is, that all sides are equally guilty of it, and that every dirty scribbler is countenanced by great names, whose interest he propagates by such vile and infamous methods. I have never yet heard of a ministry who have inflicted an exemplary punishment on an author that has supported their cause with falsehood and scandal, and treated, in a most cruel manner, the names of those who have been looked upon as their rivals and antagonists. Would a government set an everlasting mark of their displeasure upon one of those infamous writers, who makes his court to them by tearing to pieces the reputation of a competitor, we should quickly see an end put to this race of vermin, that are a scandal to government, and a reproach to human nature. Such a proceeding would make a minister of state shine in history,

and would fill all mankind with a just abhorrence of persons who should treat him unworthily, and employ against him those arms which he scorned to make use of against his enemies.

I can not think that any one will be so unjust as to imagine what I have here said is spoken with respect to any party or faction. Every one who has in him the sentiments either of a christian or a gentleman, can not but be highly offended at this wicked and ungenerous practice, which is so much in use among us at present, that it is become a kind of national crime, and distinguishes us from all the governments that lie about us. I can not but look upon the finest strokes of satire which are aimed at particular persons, and which are supported even with the appearances of truth, to be the marks of an evil mind, and highly criminal in themselves. Infamy, like other punishments, is under the direction and distribution of the magistrate, and not of any private person. Accordingly, we learn from a fragment of Cicero, that though there were very few capital punishments in the twelve tables, a libel or lampoon, which took away the good name of another, was to be punished by death. But this is far from being our case. Our satire is nothing but ribaldry and Billingsgate. Scurrility passes for wit; and he who can call names in the greatest variety of phrases is looked upon to have the shrewdest pen. By this means the honour of families is ruined, the highest posts and greatest titles are rendered cheap and vile in the sight of the people; the noblest virtues and most exalted parts exposed to the contempt of the vicious and the ignorant. Should a foreigner, who knows nothing of our private

factions, or one who is to act his part in the world, when our present heats and animosities are forgot; should, I say, such a one form to himself a notion of the greatest men of all sides in the British nation, who are now living, from the characters which are given them in some or other of those abominable writings which are daily published among us, what a nation of monsters must we appear?

As this cruel practice tends to the utter subversion of all truth and humanity among us, it deserves the utmost detestation and discouragement of all who have either the love of their country or the honour of their religion at heart. I would therefore earnestly recommend it to the consideration of those who deal in these pernicious arts of writing, and of those who take pleasure in the reading of them. As for the first, I have spoken of them in former papers, and have not stuck to rank them with the murderer and assassin. Every honest man sets as high a value upon a good name as upon life itself; and I can not but think that those who privily assault the one would destroy the other, might they do it with the same security and impunity.

As for persons who take pleasure in the reading and dispersing of such detestable libels, I am afraid they fall very little short of the guilt of the first composers. By a law of the emperors Valentinian and Valens it was made death for any person not only to write a libel, but if he met with one by chance, not to tear or burn it. But, because I would not be thought singular in my own opinion of this matter, I shall conclude my paper with the words of Monsieur

Bayle, who was a man of great freedom of thought as well as of exquisite learning and judgment.

'I can not imagine, that a man who disperses a libel is less desirous of doing mischief than the author himself. But what shall we say of the pleasure which a man takes in the reading of a defamatory libel? Is it not a heinous sin in the sight of God? We must distinguish in this point. The pleasure is either an agreeable sensation we are affected with, when we meet with a witty thought which is well expressed, or it is a joy which we conceive from the dishonour of the person who is defamed. I will say nothing to the first of these cases; for perhaps some would think that my morality is not severe enough, if I should affirm that a man is not master of those agreeable sensations any more than of those occasioned by sugar or honey, when they touch his tongue; but as to the second, every one will own that pleasure to be a heinous sin. The pleasure in the first case is of no continuance; it prevents our reason and reflection, and may be immediately followed by a secret grief to see our neighbour's honour blasted. If it does not cease immediately, it is a sign that we are not displeased with the ill-nature of the satirist, but are glad to see him defame his enemy by all kinds of stories; and then we deserve the punishment to which the writer of the libel is subject. I shall here add the words of a modern author. "St. Gregory, upon excommunicating those writers who had dishonoured Castorius, does not except those who read their works; because, says he, if calumnies have been always the delight of their hearers, and a gratifi-

cation of those persons who have no other advantage over honest men, is not he who takes pleasure in reading them as guilty as he who composed them? It is an uncontested maxim, that they who approve an action would certainly do it if they could; that is, if some reason of self-love did not hinder them. There is no difference, says Cicero, between advising a crime and approving it when committed. The Roman law confirmed this maxim, having subjected the approvers and authors of this evil to the same penalty. We may therefore conclude, that those who are pleased with reading defamatory libels, so far as to approve the authors and dispersers of them, are as guilty as if they had composed them; for if they do not write such libels themselves, it is because they have not the talent of writing, or because they will run no hazard."

The author produces other authorities to confirm his judgment in this particular.

ADDISON. C.*

No. 452. FRIDAY, AUGUST 8.

Est natura hominum novitatis avida.

PLIN. apud LILLIUM.

Human nature is fond of novelty.

THERE is no humour in my countrymen which I am more inclined to wonder at than their gene-

* It has been told by an acquaintance of Addison's, that he seldom called upon him when he did not find Bayle's Dictionary lying open upon his table.

ral thirst after news. There are about half a dozen ingenious men who live very plentifully upon this curiosity of their fellow subjects. They all of them receive the same advices from abroad, and very often in the same words; but their way of cooking it is so different, that there is no citizen, who has an eye to the public good, that can leave the coffee-house with peace of mind before he has given every one of them a reading. These several dishes of news are so very agreeable to the palate of my countrymen, that they are not only pleased with them when they are served up hot, but when they are again set cold before them, by those penetrating politicians who oblige the public with their reflections and observations upon every piece of intelligence that is sent us from abroad. The text is given us by one set of writers, and the comment by another.

But notwithstanding we have the same tale told us in so many different papers, and if occasion requires, in so many articles of the same paper; notwithstanding in a scarcity of foreign posts we hear the same story repeated, by different advices from Paris, Brussels, the Hague, and from every great town in Europe; notwithstanding the multitude of annotations, explanations, reflections, and various readings which it passes through, our time lies heavy on our hands till the arrival of a fresh mail; we long to receive further particulars, to hear what will be the next step, or what will be the consequences of that which has been already taken. A westerly wind keeps the whole town in suspense, and puts a stop to conversation.

This general curiosity has been raised and in-

flamed by our late wars, and if rightly directed, might be of good use to a person who has such a thirst awakened in him. Why should not a man who takes delight in reading every thing that is new, apply himself to history, travels, and other writings of the same kind, where he will find perpetual fuel for his curiosity, and meet with much more pleasure and improvement than in these papers of the week? An honest tradesman, who languishes a whole summer in expectation of a battle, and perhaps is baulked at last, may here meet with half a dozen in a day. He may read the news of a whole campaign in less time than he now bestows upon the productions of a single post. Fights, conquests, and revolutions lie thick together. The reader's curiosity is raised and satisfied every moment, and his passions disappointed or gratified without being detained in a state of uncertainty from day to day, or lying at the mercy of sea and wind. In short, the mind is not here kept in a perpetual gape after knowledge, nor punished with that eternal thirst, which is the portion of all our modern newsmongers, and coffee-house politicians.

All matters of fact which a man did not know before are news to him; and I do not see how any haberdasher in Cheapside is more concerned in the present quarrel of the Cantons, than he was in that of the League; at least I believe every one will allow me, it is of more importance to an Englishman to know the history of his ancestors, than that of his contemporaries who live upon the banks of the Danube or the Boristhenes. As for those who are of another mind, I shall recommend to them the following letter from a

projector, who is willing to turn a penny by this remarkable curiosity of his countrymen.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'You must have observed, that men who frequent coffee-houses, and delight in news, are pleased with every thing that is matter of fact, so it be what they have not heard before. A victory, or a defeat, are equally agreeable to them. The shutting of a cardinal's mouth pleases them one post, and the opening of it another. They are glad to hear the French court is removed to Marli, and are afterwards as much delighted with its return to Versailles. They read the advertisements with the same curiosity as the articles of public news; and are as pleased to hear of a pye-bald horse, that is strayed out of a field near Islington, as of a whole troop that have been engaged in any foreign adventure. In short, they have a relish for every thing that is news, let the matter of it be what it will; or, to speak more properly, they are men of a voracious appetite, but no taste. Now, sir, since the great fountain of news, I mean the war, is very near being dried up, and since these gentlemen have contracted such an inextinguishable thirst after it; I have taken their case and my own into consideration, and have thought of a project which may turn to the advantage of us both. I have thoughts of publishing a daily paper which shall comprehend in it all the most remarkable occurrences in every little town, village, and hamlet, that lie within ten miles of London, or, in other words, within the verge of the penny-post. I have pitched upon this scene of intelligence for two

reasons; first, because the carriage of letters will be very cheap; and secondly, because I may receive them every day. By this means my readers will have their news fresh, and many worthy citizens who can not sleep with any satisfaction at present, for want of being informed how the world goes, may go to bed contentedly; it being my design to put out my paper every night at nine o'clock precisely. I have already established correspondences in these several places, and received very good intelligence.

'By my last advices from Knightsbridge, I hear that a horse was clapped into the pound on the third instant, and that he was not released when the letters came away.

'We are informed from Pankridge,* that a dozen weddings were lately celebrated in the mother church of that place, but are referred to their next letters for the names of the parties concerned.

'Letters from Brumpton advise, that the widow Blight had received several visits from John Mildew, which affords great matter of speculation in those parts.

'By a fisherman, who lately touched at Hammersmith, there is advice from Putney, that a certain person, well known in that place, is like to lose his election for church-warden: but this being boat-news, we can not give entire credit to it.

'Letters from Paddington being little more than that William Squeak, the sow-gelder, passed through that place the fifth instant.

* Pancras; which was then a fashionable place for weddings

'They advise from Fulham, that things remained there in the same state they were. They had intelligence, just as the letters came away, of a tub of excellent ale just set a-broach at Parson's Green; but this wanted confirmation.

'I have here, sir, given you a specimen of the news with which I intend to entertain the town, and which, when drawn up regularly in the form of a newspaper, will, I doubt not, be very acceptable to many of those public-spirited readers, who take more delight in acquainting themselves with other people's business than their own. I hope a paper of this kind which lets us know what is done near home, may be more useful to us than those which are filled with advices from Zug and Bender, and make some amends for that dearth of intelligence which we may justly apprehend from times of peace. If I find that you receive this project favourably, I will shortly trouble you with one or two more; and in the mean time am, most worthy sir, with all due respect,

'Your most obedient,
'And most humble servant.'

ADDISON. C.

No. 453. SATURDAY, AUGUST 9.

Non usitatâ, nec tenui ferar
Pennâ——— HOR.

No weak, no common wing shall bear
My rising body through the air. CREECH.

THERE is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind than gratitude. It is accompanied with such an inward satisfaction, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive command which enjoined it, nor any recompense laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it, for the natural gratification that accompanies it.

If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker? The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us these bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of him who is the great Author of good, and Father of mercies.

If gratitude, when exerted toward one another, naturally produces a very pleasing sensation in the mind of a grateful man: it exalts the soul into rapture, when it is employed on this great object of gratitude: on this beneficent Being who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

Most of the works of the pagan poets were

either direct hymns to their deities or tended indirectly to the celebration of their respective attributes and perfections. Those who are acquainted with the works of the Greek and Latin poets, which are still extant, will upon reflection find this observation so true that I shall not enlarge upon it. One would wonder that more of our Christian poets have not turned their thoughts this way, especially if we consider that our idea of the Supreme Being is not only infinitely more great and noble than what could possibly enter into the heart of a heathen, but filled with every thing that can raise the imagination, and give an opportunity for the sublimest thoughts and conceptions.

Plutarch tells us of a heathen who was singing a hymn to Diana, in which he celebrated her for her delight in human sacrifices, and other instances of cruelty and revenge; upon which a poet who was present at this piece of devotion, and seems to have had a truer idea of the divine nature, told the votary, by way of reproof, that in recompense for his hymn, he heartily wished he might have a daughter of the same temper with the goddess he celebrated. It was indeed impossible to write the praises of one of those false deities, according to the pagan creed, without a mixture of impertinence and absurdity.

The Jews, who before the time of Christianity, were the only people who had the knowledge of the true God, have set the Christian world an example how they ought to employ this divine talent of which I am speaking. As that nation produced men of great genius, without considering them as inspired writers, they have trans-

mitted to us many hymns and divine odes, which excel those that are delivered down to us by the ancient Greeks and Romans, in the poetry, as much as in the subject to which it was consecrated. This I think might be easily shown if there were occasion for it.

I have already communicated to the public some pieces of divine poetry,* and as they have met with a very favourable reception, I shall from time to time publish any work of the same nature which has not yet appeared in print, and may be acceptable to my readers.

I.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

II.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

* See No. 378, 388, 410, and 441.

VI.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe
And led me up to man.

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

X.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

XI.

Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

XIII.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

ADDISON. C.

No. 454. MONDAY, AUGUST 11.

Sine me vacivum tempus ne quod dem mihi Laboris. TER. HEAUT.

Give me leave to allow myself no respite from labour.

IT is an inexpressible pleasure to know a little of the world, and be of no character or significancy in it.

To be ever unconcerned, and ever looking on new objects with an endless curiosity, is a delight known only to those who are turned for speculation: nay, they who enjoy it, must value things only as they are the objects of speculation, without drawing any worldly advantage to themselves from them, but just as they are what contribute to their amusement, or the improvement of the mind. I lay one night last week at Richmond; and being restless, not out of dissatisfaction, but a certain busy inclination one sometimes has, I rose at four in the morning, and took boat for London, with a resolution to rove by boat and coach for the next four and twenty hours,* until the many different objects I must needs meet with should tire my imagination, and give me an inclination to a repose more profound than I was at that time capable of. I beg people's pardon for an odd humour I am guilty of, and was often that day, which is saluting any person whom I like, whether I know him or not. This is a particularity would be tolerated in me, if they considered, that the greatest pleasure I know I receive at my eyes, and that I am obliged

* See No. 403.

to an agreeable person for coming abroad into my view, as another is for a visit of conversation at their own houses.

The hours of the day and night are taken up in the cities of London and Westminster by people as different from each other as those who are born in different centuries. Men of six of the clock give way to those of nine, they of nine to the generation of twelve, and they of twelve disappear, and make room for the fashionable world who have made two of the clock the noon of the day.

When we first put off from shore, we soon fell in with a fleet of gardeners bound for the several market ports of London; and it was the most pleasing scene imaginable to see the cheerfulness with which those industrious people plyed their way to a certain sale of their goods. The banks on each side are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable plantations as any spot on the earth; but the Thames itself, loaded with the product of each shore, added very much to the landscape. It was very easy to observe by their sailing, and the countenances of the ruddy virgins, who were supercargoes, the part of the town to which they were bound. There was an air in the purveyors for Covent Garden, who frequently converse with morning rakes, very unlike the seeming sobriety of those bound for Stocks-market.

Nothing remarkable happened in our voyage, but I landed with ten sail of apricot boats at Strand-bridge, after having put in at Nine Elms, and taken in melons, consigned by Mr. Cuffe, of that place, to Sarah Sewell and company, at their

stall in Covent Garden. We arrived at Strand-bridge at six of the clock, and were unloading, when the hackney-coachmen of the foregoing night took their leave of each other at the Dark-house, to go to bed before the day was too far spent. Chimney-sweepers passed by us as we made up to the market, and some raillery happened between one of the fruit wenches and those black men, about the devil and Eve, with allusion to their several professions. I could not believe any place more entertaining than Covent Garden; where I strolled from one fruit-shop to another, with crowds of agreeable young women around me, who were purchasing fruit for their respective families. It was almost eight of the clock before I could leave that variety of objects. I took coach, and followed a young lady, who tripped into another just before me, attended by her maid. I saw immediately she was of the family of the Vainloves. There are a set of these who of all things affect the play of *blind man's buff*, and leading men into love for they know not whom, who are fled they know not where. This sort of woman is usually a janty slattern; she hangs on her clothes, plays her head, varies her posture, and changes place incessantly; and all with an appearance of striving at the same time to hide herself, and yet gives you to understand she is in humour to laugh at you. You must have often seen the coachmen make signs with their fingers as they drive by each other to intimate how much they have got that day. They can carry on that language to give intelligence where they are driving. In an instant my coachman took the wink to pursue, and

the lady's driver gave the hint that he was going through Long-Acre towards St. James's: while he whipped up James-Street, we drove for Kings-Street to save the pass at St. Martin's-Lane. The coachmen took care to meet, jostle, and threaten each other for way, and be entangled at the end of Newport-Street and Long-Acre. The fright, you must believe, brought down the lady's coach door, and obliged her, with her mask off, to inquire into the bustle, when she sees the man she would avoid. The tackle of the coach window is so bad she can not draw it up again, and she drives on sometimes wholly discovered, and sometimes half escaped; according to the accident of carriages in her way. One of these ladies keeps her seat in a hackney coach as well as the best rider does on a managed horse. The laced shoe on her left foot, with a careless gesture, just appearing on the opposite cushion, held her both firm, and in a proper attitude to receive the next jolt.

As she was an excellent coach-woman, many were the glances at each other which we had for an hour and a half, in all parts of the town, by the skill of our drivers; till at last my lady was conveniently lost with notice from her coachman to ours to make off, and he should hear where she went. This chase was now at an end; and the fellow who drove her came to us, and discovered that he was ordered to come again in an hour, for that she was a silk-worm. I was surprised with this phrase, but found it was a cant among the hackney fraternity for their best customers, women who ramble twice or thrice a week from shop to shop, to turn over all the

goods in town without buying any thing. The silk-worms are, it seems, indulged by the tradesmen; for though they never buy, they are ever talking of new silks, laces and ribbands, and serve the owners in getting them customers as their common dunners do in making them pay.

The day of people of fashion began now to break, and carts and hacks were mingled with equipages of show and vanity; when I resolved to walk it out of cheapness; but my unhappy curiosity is such, that I find it always my interest to take coach, for some odd adventure among beggars, ballad-singers, or the like, detains and throws me into expense. It happened so immediately; for at the corner of Warwick-Street, as I was listening to a new ballad, a ragged rascal, a beggar who knew me, came up to me, and began to turn the eyes of the good company upon me, by telling me he was extreme poor, and should die in the street for want of drink, except I immediately would have the charity to give him six-pence to go into the next ale-house and save his life. He urged with a melancholy face that all his family had died of thirst. All the mob have humour, and two or three began to take the jest, by which Mr. Sturdy carried his point, and let me sneak off to a coach. As I drove along, it was a pleasing reflection to see the world so prettily chequered since I left Richmond, and the scene still filling with children of a new hour. This satisfaction increased as I moved towards the city; and gay signs, well disposed streets, magnificent public structures, and wealthy shops, adorned with contented faces, made the joy still rising till we came into the

centre of the city, and centre of the world of trade, the Exchange of London. As other men in the crowds about me were pleased with their hopes and bargains, I found my account in observing them, in attention to their several interests. I indeed looked upon myself as the richest man that walked the Exchange that day; for my benevolence made me share the gains of every bargain that was made. It was not the least of my satisfactions in my survey, to go up stairs, and pass the shops of agreeable females; to observe so many pretty hands busy in the folding of ribbands; and the utmost eagerness of agreeable faces in the sale of patches, pins and wires, on each side of the counters, was an amusement in which I could longer have indulged myself, had not the dear creatures called to me to ask what I wanted, when I could not answer, only *to look at you.* I went to one of the windows which opened to the area below, where all the several voices lost their distinction, and rose up in a confused humming; which created in me a reflection that could not come into the mind of any but of one a little too studious; for I said to myself, with a kind of pun in thought, *What nonsense is all the hurry of this world to those who are above it?* In these or not much wiser thoughts, I had like to have lost my place at the chop-house, where every man according to the natural bashfulness or sullenness of our nation, eats in a public room a mess of broth, or chop of meat, in dumb silence, as if they had no pretence to speak to each other on the foot of being men, except they were of each other's acquaintance.

I went afterwards to Robin's, and saw people who had dined with me at the five-penny ordinary just before, give bills for the value of large estates; and could not but behold with great pleasure, property lodged in, and transferred in a moment from such as would never be masters of half as much as is seemingly in them, and given from them every day they live. But before five in the afternoon I left the city, came to my common scene of Covent Garden, and passed the evening at Will's in attending the discourses of several sets of people who relieved each other within my hearing on the subjects of cards, dice, love, learning and politics. The last subject kept me till I heard the streets in the possession of the bell-man, who had now the world to himself, and cried *Past two of the clock.* This roused me from my seat, and I went to my lodging, led by a light, whom I put into the discourse of his private economy; and made him give me an account of the charge, hazard, profit and loss of a family that depended upon a link, with the design to end my trivial day with the generosity of sixpence, instead of a third part of that sum. When I came to my chambers I writ down these minutes: but was at a loss what instruction I should propose to my readers from the enumeration of so many insignificant matters and occurrences; and I thought it of great use, if they could learn with me to keep their minds open to gratification, and ready to receive it from any thing it meets with. This one circumstance will make every face you see give you the satisfaction you now take in beholding that of a friend: will make every object a pleasing

one; will make all the good which arrives to any man an increase of happiness to yourself.

STEELE. T.

No. 455. TUESDAY, AUGUST 12

From the Letter-Box.

——*Ego apis matinæ*
More modoque,
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum—— HOR. OD.

——My tim'rous Muse
Unambitious tracts pursues:
Does with weak unballast wings
About the mossy brooks and springs,
Like the laborious bee,
For little drops of honey fly,
And there with humble sweets contents her industry.
COWLEY.

THE following letters have in them reflections which will seem of importance both to the learned world and to domestic life. There is in the first an allegory so well carried on, that it can not but be very pleasing to those who have a taste of good writing: and the other billets may have their use in common life.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'As I walked the other day in a fine garden, and observed the great variety of improvements in plants and flowers beyond what they otherwise would have been, I was naturally led into a reflection upon the advantages of education, or

moral culture; how many good qualities in the mind are lost, for want of the like due care in nursing and skilfully managing them; how many virtues are choked by the multitude of weeds which are suffered to grow among them; how excellent parts are often starved and useless by being planted in a wrong soil; and how very seldom do these moral seeds produce the noble fruits which might be expected from them, by a neglect of proper manuring, necessary pruning, and an artful management of our tender inclinations and first spring of life; these obvious speculations made me at length conclude, that there is a sort of vegetable principle in the mind of every man when he comes into the world. In infants the seeds lie buried and undiscovered, till after a while they sprout forth in a kind of rational *leaves*, which are *words;* and in due season the *flowers* begin to appear in variety of beautiful colours and all the gay pictures of youthful fancy and imagination; at last the fruit knits and is formed, which is green perhaps at first, sour and unpleasant to the taste, and not fit to be gathered; till ripened by due care and application, it discovers itself in all the noble productions of philosophy, mathematics, close reasoning and handsome argumentation, and these fruits, when they arrive at just maturity and are of a good kind, afford the most vigorous nourishment to the minds of men. I reflected further on the intellectual leaves before mentioned, and found almost as great a variety among them as in the vegetable world. I could easily observe the smooth-shining Italian leaves; the nimble French aspen always in motion; the Greek and Latin

evergreens, the Spanish myrtle, the English oak, the Scotch thistle, the Irish shambrogue, the prickly German and Dutch holly, the Polish and Russian nettle, besides a vast number of exotics imported from Asia, Africa, and America. I saw several barren plants which bore only leaves without any hopes of flower or fruit: the leaves of some were fragrant and well-shaped, of others ill-scented and irregular. I wondered at a set of old whimsical botanists, who spent their whole lives in the contemplation of some withered Egyptian, Coptic, Armenian, or Chinese leaves, while others made it their business to collect in voluminous herbals all the several leaves of some one tree. The flowers afford a most diverting entertainment, in a wonderful variety of figures, colours and scents; however, most of them withered soon, or at best are but *annuals*. Some professed florists make them their constant study and employment, and despise all fruit; and now and then a few fanciful people spend all their time in the cultivation of a single tulip or a carnation. But the most agreeable amusement seems to be the well choosing, mixing and binding together these flowers, in pleasing nosegays to present to ladies. The scent of Italian flowers is observed, like their other perfumes, to be too strong, and to hurt the brain; that of the French with glaring gaudy colours, yet faint and languid; German and Northern flowers have little or no smell, or sometimes an unpleasant one. The ancients had a secret to give a lasting beauty, colour, and sweetness, to some of their choice flowers, which flourish to this day, and which few of the moderns can effect. These are becoming

enough and agreeable in their season, and do often handsomely adorn an entertainment; but an overfondness of them seems to be a disease. It rarely happens to find a plant vigorous enough to have (like an orange tree) at once beautiful and shining leaves, fragrant flowers, and delicious nourishing fruit. Sir,

'Yours, &c.'

'DEAR SPEC, *August* 6, 1712.

'You have given us in your Spectator of Saturday last, a very excellent discourse upon the force of custom and its wonderful efficacy in making every thing pleasant to us. I can not deny but that I received above two penny-worth of instruction from your paper, (See No. 445.) and in the general was very well pleased with it; but I am, without a compliment, sincerely troubled that I can not exactly be of your opinion, that it makes every thing pleasing to us. In short, I have the honour to be yoked to a young lady, who is, in plain English, for her standing, a very eminent scold. She began to break her mind very freely both to me and to her servants about two months after our nuptials; and though I have been accustomed to this humour of hers these three years, yet I do not know what is the matter with me, but I am no more delighted with it than I was at the very first. I have advised with her relations about her; and they all tell me that her mother and her grandmother before her were both taken much after the same manner; so that since it runs in the blood, I have but small hopes of her recovery. I should be glad to have a little of your advice in this matter: I would not will-

ingly trouble you to contrive how it may be a pleasure to me; if you will but put me in a way that I may bear it with indifference, I shall rest satisfied. Dear *Spec*,

'Your very humble servant.'

'P. S. I must do the poor girl the justice to let you know that this match was none of her own choosing, or indeed of mine either; in consideration of which I avoid giving her the least provocation; and indeed we live better together than usually folks do who hated one another when they were first joined: to evade the sin against parents, or at least to extenuate it, my dear rails at my father and mother, and I curse hers for making the match.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, *August* 8, 1712.

'I like the theme you lately gave out (See Nos. 442, 450) extremely, and should be as glad to handle it as any man living. But I find myself no better qualified to write about money than about my wife; for, to tell you a secret, which I desire may go no farther, I am master of neither of those subjects. Yours,

'PILL GARLICK.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I desire you would print this in *Italic*, so as it may be generally taken notice of. It is designed only to admonish all persons, who speak either at the bar, pulpit, or any public assembly whatsoever, how they discover their ignorance in the use of similies. There are in the pulpit itself, as well as in other places, such gross abuses

in this kind, that I give this warning to all I know; I shall bring them for the future before your Spectatorial authority. On Sunday last, one, who shall be nameless, reproving several of his congregation for standing at prayers, was pleased to say, "One would think, *like the elephant*, you had no knees." Now I myself saw an elephant, in Bartholomew Fair, kneel down to take on his back the ingenious Mr. William Penkethman.

'Your most humble servant.

STEELE. T.

No. 456. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13.

De quo libelli in celeberrimis locis proponuntur, huic ne perire quidem tacitè conceditur. TULL.

The man whose conduct is publicly arraigned, is not suffered even to be ruined quietly.

OTWAY, in his tragedy of Venice Preserved, has described the misery of a man, whose effects are in the hands of the law, with great spirit. The bitterness of being the scorn and laughter of base minds, the anguish of being insulted by men hardened beyond the sense of shame or pity, and the injury of a man's fortune being wasted, under pretence of justice, are excellently aggravated in the following speech of Pierre to Jaffier:

'I pass'd this very moment by thy doors,
And found them guarded by a troop of villains:
The sons of public rapine were destroying.
They told me, by the sentence of the law

They had commission to seize all thy fortune:
Nay more, Priuli's cruel hand had sign'd it.
Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face
Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,
Tumbled into a heap for public sale.
There was another making villanous jests
At thy undoing; he had ta'en possession
Of all thy ancient most domestic ornaments:
Rich hangings intermixed and wrought with gold,
The very bed which on thy wedding night
Received thee to the arms of Belvidera,
The scene of all thy joys, was violated
By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains,
And thrown amongst the common lumber.'

Nothing indeed can be more unhappy than the condition of bankruptcy. The calamity which happens to us by ill fortune, or by the injury of others, has in it some consolation; but what arises from our own misbehaviour or error is the state of the most exquisite sorrow. When a man considers not only an ample fortune, but even the very necessaries of life, his pretence to food itself at the mercy of his creditors, he can not but look upon himself in the state of the dead, with his case thus much worse, that the last office is performed by his adversaries instead of his friends. From this hour the cruel world does not only take possession of his whole fortune, but even of every thing else, which had no relation to it. All his indifferent actions have new interpretations put upon them; and those whom he has favoured in his former life discharge themselves of their obligations to him by joining in the reproaches of his enemies. It is almost incredible that it should be so; but it is too often seen that there is a pride mixed with the impatience of the creditor, and there are who would rather recover their

own by the downfall of a prosperous man, than be discharged to the common satisfaction of themselves and their creditors. The wretched man, who was lastely master of abundance, is now under the direction of others; and the wisdom, economy, good sense, and skill in human life before, by reason of his present misfortune, are of no use to him in the disposition of any thing. The incapacity of an infant or a lunatic is designed for his provision and accommodation: but that of a bankrupt, without any mitigation in respect of the accidents by which it arrived, is calculated for his utter ruin, except there be a remainder ample enough, after the discharge of his creditors, to bear also the expense of rewarding those by whose means the effect of all his labours was transferred from him. The man is to look on and see others giving directions upon what terms and conditions his goods are to be purchased, and all this usually done, not with an air of trustees to dispose of his effects, but destroyers to divide and tear them to pieces.

There is something sacred in misery to great and good minds; for this reason all wise lawgivers have been extremely tender how they let loose even the man who has right on his side, to act with any mixture of resentment against the defendant. Virtuous and modest men, though they be used with some artifice, and have it in their power to avenge themselves, are slow in the application of that power, and are ever constrained to go into rigorous measures. They are careful to demonstrate themselves not only persons injured, but also that to bear it no longer would be a means to make the offender injure others, before

they proceed. Such men clap their hands upon their hearts, and consider what it is to have at their mercy the life of a citizen. Such would have it to say to their own souls, if possible, that they were merciful when they could have destroyed, rather than when it was in their power to have spared a man they destroyed. This is due to the common calamity of human life, due in some measure to our very enemies. They who scruple doing the least injury are cautious of exacting the utmost justice.

Let any one who is conversant in the variety of human life reflect upon it, and he will find the man who wants mercy has a taste of no enjoyment of any kind. There is a natural disrelish of every thing which is good in his very nature, and he is born an enemy to the world. He is ever extremely partial to himself in all his actions, and has no sense of iniquity but from the punishment which shall attend it. The law of the land is his gospel, and all his cases of conscience are determined by his attorney. Such men know not what it is to gladden the heart of a miserable man, that riches are the instruments of serving the purposes of heaven or hell, according to the disposition of the possessor. The wealthy can torment or gratify all who are in their power, and choose to do one or other as they are affected with love or hatred to mankind. As for such who are insensible of the concerns of others but merely as they affect themselves, these men are to be valued only for their mortality, and as we hope better things from their heirs. I could not but read with great delight a letter from an eminent citizen, who has failed, to one who was intimate

with him in his better fortune, and able by his countenance to retrieve his lost condition.

'SIR,

'It is vain to multiply words and make apologies for what is never to be defended by the best advocate in the world, the guilt of being unfortunate. All that a man in my condition can do or say will be received with prejudice by the generality of mankind; but I hope not with you: you have been a great instrument in helping me to get what I have lost, and I know (for that reason, as well as kindness to me) you can not but be in pain to see me undone. To show you I am not a man incapable of bearing calamity, I will, though a poor man, lay aside the distinction between us, and talk with the frankness we did when we were nearer to an equality: as all I do will be received with prejudice, all you do will be looked upon with partiality. What I desire of you is, that you who are courted by all, would smile upon me who am shunned by all. Let that grace and favour which your fortune throws upon you be turned to make up the coldness and indifference that is used towards me. All good and generous men will have an eye of kindness for me for my own sake, and the rest of the world will regard me for yours. There is a happy contagion in riches, as well as a destructive one in poverty: the rich can make rich without parting with any of their store, and the conversation of the poor makes men poor, though they borrow nothing of them. How this is to be accounted for I know not; but men's estimation follows us according to the company we keep. If you are what you were to me,

you can go a great way towards my recovery; if you are not, my good fortune, if ever it returns, will return by slower approaches.

'I am, sir,

'Your affectionate friend

'And humble servant.'

This was answered by a condescension that did not, by long impertinent professions of kindness, insult his distress, but was as follows.

'DEAR TOM,

'I am very glad to hear that you have heart enough to begin the world a second time. I assure you I do not think your numerous family at all diminished in the gifts of nature for which I have ever so much admired them, by what has so lately happened to you. I shall not only countenance your affairs with my appearance for you, but shall accommodate you with a considerable sum at common interest for three years. You know I could make more of it; but I have so great a love for you that I can wave opportunities of gain to help you; for I do not care whether they say of me after I am dead, that I had a hundred or fifty thousand pounds more than I wanted when I was living.

'Your obliged humble servant.'

STEELE. T.

No. 457. THURSDAY, AUGUST 14.

———*Multa et præclara minantis.* HOR. SAT.

Seeming to promise something wondrous great.

I SHALL this day lay before my readers a letter, written by the same hand with that of last Friday, which contained proposals for a printed newspaper that should take in the whole circle of the penny-post.

'SIR,

'The kind reception you gave my last Friday's letter, in which I broached my project of a newspaper, encourages me to lay before you two or three more; for you must know, sir, that we look upon you to be the Lowndes* of the learned world, and can not think any scheme practicable or rational before you have approved of it, though all the money we raise by it is in our own funds, and for our private use.

'I have often thought that a *news-letter* of *whispers*, written every post, and sent about the kingdom after the same manner as that of Mr. Dyer, Mr. Dawkes, or any other epistolary historian, might be highly gratifying to the public, as well as beneficial to the author. By whispers I mean those pieces of news which are communicated as secrets, and which bring a double pleasure to the hearer; first, as they are private history, and, in the next place, as they have always in them

* At this time the Secretary of the Treasury and Director of the Mint.

a dash of scandal. These are the two chief qualifications in an article of news which recommend it in a more than ordinary manner, to the ears of the curious. Sickness of persons in high post, twilight visits paid and received by ministers of state, clandestine courtships and marriages, secret amours, losses at play, applications for places, with their respective successes and repulses, are the materials in which I chiefly intend to deal. I have two persons that are each of them the representative of a species who are to furnish me with those whispers which I intend to convey to my correspondents. The first of these is Peter Hush, descended from the ancient family of the Hushes: the other is the old Lady Blast, who has a very numerous tribe of daughters in the two great cities of London and Westminster. Peter Hush has a whispering hole in most of the great coffee-houses about town. If you are alone with him in a wide room, he carries you up into a corner of it, and speaks in your ear. I have seen Peter seat himself in a company of seven or eight persons whom he never saw before in his life; and, after having looked about to see there was no one that overheard him, has communicated to them in a low voice, and under the seal of secrecy, the death of a great man in the country, who was perhaps a fox-hunting the very moment this account was given of him. If, upon your entering into a coffee-house, you see a circle of heads bending over the table, and lying close by one another, it is ten to one but my friend Peter is among them. I have known Peter publishing the whisper of the day by eight o'clock in the morning at Garaway's, by twelve at Will's, and before two at the Smyrna.

When Peter has thus effectually launched a secret, I have been very well pleased to hear people whispering it to one another at second hand, and spreading it about as their own; for you must know, sir, the great incentive to whispering is the ambition which every one has of being thought in the secret, and being looked upon as a man who has access to greater people than one would imagine. After having given you this account of Peter Hush, I proceed to that virtuous lady, the old lady Blast, who is to communicate to me the private transactions of the crimp table, with all the *arcana* of the fair sex. The lady Blast, you must understand, has such a particular malignity in her whisper, that it blights like an easterly wind, and withers every reputation that it breathes upon. She has a particular knack at making private weddings, and last winter married above five women of quality to their footmen. Her whisper can make an innocent young woman big with child, or fill a healthy young fellow with distempers that are not to be named. She can turn a visit into an intrigue, and a distant salute into an assignation. She can beggar the wealthy, and degrade the noble. In short, she can whisper men base or foolish, jealous or ill-natured, or, if occasion requires, can tell you the slips of their great grandmothers, and traduce the memory of honest coachmen that have been in their graves above these hundred years. By these and the like helps, I question not but I shall furnish out a very handsome news-letter. If you approve my project, I shall begin to whisper by the very next post; and question not but

every one of my customers will be very well pleased with me, when he considers that every piece of news I send him is a word in his ear, and lets him into a secret.

'Having given you a sketch of this project, I shall, in the next place, suggest to you another for a monthly pamphlet, which I shall likewise submit to your Spectatorial wisdom. I need not tell you, sir, that there are several authors in France, Germany, and Holland, as well as in our own country, who publish every month what they call *An account of the works of the learned;* in which they give us an abstract of all such books as are printed in any part of Europe. Now, sir, it is my design to publish every month, *An account of the works of the unlearned.* Several late productions of my own countrymen, who many of them make a very eminent figure in the illiterate world, encourage me in this undertaking. I may in this work possibly make a review of several pieces which have appeared in the foreign *accounts* abovementioned, though they ought not to have been taken notice of in works which bear such a title. I may likewise take into consideration such pieces as appear, from time to time, under the names of those gentlemen who compliment one another in public assemblies, by the title of the *Learned Gentlemen.* Our party-authors will also afford me a great variety of subjects, not to mention the editors, commentators, and others, who are often men of no learning, or, what is as bad, of no knowledge. I shall not enlarge upon this hint; but if you think any thing can be made of it, I shall

set about it with all the pains and application that so useful a work deserves.

'I am ever,

'Most worthy sir, &c.'

ADDISON. C.

No. 458. FRIDAY, AUGUST 15.

Αἰδὼς οὐκ ἀγαθή—— HES.

—— *Pudor malus*—— HOR.

False modesty.

I COULD not but smile at the account that was yesterday given me of a modest young gentleman, who being invited to an entertainment, though he was not used to drink, had not the confidence to refuse his glass in his turn, when on a sudden he grew so flustered, that he took all the talk of the table into his own hands, abused every one of the company, and flung a bottle at the gentleman's head who treated him. This has given me occasion to reflect upon the ill effects of a vicious modesty, and to remember the saying of Brutus, as it is quoted by Plutarch, that *the person has had but an ill education who has not been taught to deny any thing.* This false kind of modesty has perhaps betrayed both sexes into as many vices as the most abandoned impudence, and is the more inexcusable to reason, because it acts to gratify others rather than itself, and is punished with a kind of remorse, not only like other vicious habits when

the crime is over, but even at the very time that it is committed.

Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing is more contemptible than the false. The one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is repugnant to the rules of right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is opposite to the humour of the company. True modesty avoids every thing that is criminal, false modesty every thing that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general undetermined instinct; the former is that instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence and religion.

We may conclude that modesty to be false and vicious which engages a man to do any thing that is ill or indiscreet, or which restrains him from doing any thing that is of a contrary nature. How many men, in the common concerns of life, lend sums of money which they are not able to spare, are bound for persons whom they have but little friendship for, give recommendatory characters of men whom they are not acquainted with, bestow places on those whom they do not esteem, live in such a manner as they themselves do not approve; and all this merely because they have not the confidence to resist solicitation, importunity, or example?

Nor does this false modesty expose us only to such actions as are indiscreet, but very often to such as are highly criminal. When Xenophanes was called timorous, because he would not venture his money in a game at dice, *I confess*, said he, *that I am exceeding timorous, for I dare not do an ill thing.* On the contrary, a man of

vicious modesty complies with every thing, and is only fearful of doing what may look singular in the company where he is engaged. He falls in with the torrent, and lets himself go to every action or discourse, however unjustifiable in itself, so it be in vogue among the present party. This, though one of the most common, is one of the most ridiculous dispositions in human nature, that men should not be ashamed of speaking or acting in a dissolute or irrational manner, but that one who is in their company should be ashamed of governing himself by the principles of reason and virtue.

In the second place, we are to consider false modesty, as it restrains a man from doing what is good and laudable. My reader's own thoughts will suggest to him many instances and examples under this head. I shall only dwell upon one reflection, which I can not make without a secret concern. We have in England a particular bashfulness in every thing that regards religion. A well-bred man is obliged to conceal any serious sentiment of this nature, and very often to appear a greater libertine than he is, that he may keep himself in countenance among the men of mode. Our excess of modesty makes us shamefaced in all the exercises of piety and devotion. This humour prevails upon us daily; insomuch, that at many well-bred tables the master of the house is so very modest a man, that he has not the confidence to say grace at his own table: a custom which is not only practised by all the nations about us, but was never omitted by the heathens themselves. English gentlemen, who travel into Roman Catholic countries, are not a little sur-

prised to meet with people of the best quality kneeling in their churches, and engaged in their private devotions, though it be not at the hours of public worship. An officer of the army, or a man of wit and pleasure, in those countries, would be afraid of passing, not only for an irreligious, but an ill-bred man, should he be seen to go to bed, or sit down at table, without offering up his devotions on such occasions. The same show of religion appears in all the foreign reformed churches; and enters so much into their ordinary conversation, that an Englishman is apt to term them hypocritical and precise.

This little appearance of a religious deportment in our nation may proceed in some measure from that modesty which is natural to us; but the great occasion of it is certainly this: those swarms of sectaries that overran the nation in the time of the great rebellion, carried their hypocrisy so high, that they had converted our whole language into a jargon of enthusiasm, insomuch, that upon the restoration, men thought they could not recede too far from the behaviour and practice of those persons who had made religion a cloak to so many villanies. This led them into the other extreme; every appearance of devotion was looked upon as puritanical; and falling into the hands of the ridiculers who flourished in that reign, and attacked every thing that was serious, it has ever since been out of countenance among us. By this means we are gradually fallen into that vicious modesty, which has in some measure worn out from among us the appearance of Christianity in ordinary life and con-

versation, and which distinguishes us from all our neighbours.

Hypocrisy can not indeed be too much detested, but at the same time is to be preferred to open impiety. They are both equally destructive to the person who is possessed with them; but, in regard to others, hypocrisy is not so pernicious as barefaced irreligion. The due mean to be observed is, to be sincerely virtuous, and at the same time to let the world see we are so. I do not know a more dreadful menace in the holy writings, than that which is pronounced against those who have thus perverted modesty, to be ashamed before men in a particular of such unspeakable importance.

ADDISON. C.

No. 459. SATURDAY, AUGUST 16.

—— *Quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est.*
HOR. EP.

——What befits the wise and good. CREECH.

RELIGION may be considered under two general heads. The first comprehends what we are to believe, the other what we are to practise. By those things which we are to believe, I mean whatever is revealed to us in the holy writings, and which we could not have obtained the knowledge of by the light of nature; by the things which we are to practise, I mean all those duties to which we are directed by reason or natural religion. The first of these I shall distinguish by

the name of *faith*, the second by that of *morality*.

If we look into the more serious part of mankind, we find many who lay so great a stress upon faith, that they neglect morality; and many who build so much upon morality, that they do not pay a due regard to faith. The perfect man should be defective in neither of these particulars, as will be very evident to those who consider the benefits which arise from each of them, and which I shall make the subject of this day's paper.

Notwithstanding this general division of Christian duty into morality and faith, and that they have both their peculiar excellencies, the first has the pre-eminence in several respects.

First, Because the greatest part of morality (as I have stated the notion of it) is of a fixed eternal nature, and will endure when faith shall fail, and be lost in conviction.

Secondly, Because a person may be qualified to do greater good to mankind, and become more beneficial to the world, by morality without faith, than by faith without morality.

Thirdly, Because morality gives a greater perfection to human nature, by quieting the mind, moderating the passions, and advancing the happiness of every man in his private capacity.

Fourthly, Because the rule of morality is much more certain than that of faith, all the civilized nations of the world agreeing in the great points of morality as much as they differ in those of faith.

Fifthly, Because infidelity is not of so malignant a nature as immorality; or, to put the same reason in another light, because it is generally

owned there may be salvation for a virtuous infidel (particularly in the case of invincible ignorance,) but none for a vicious believer.

Sixthly, Because faith seems to draw its principal, if not all its excellency, from the influence it has upon morality; as we shall see more at large if we consider wherein consists the excellency of faith, or the belief of revealed religion; and this I think is,

First, In explaining and carrying to greater heights several points of morality.

Secondly, In furnishing new and stronger motives to enforce the practice of morality.

Thirdly, In giving us more amiable ideas of the Supreme Being, more endearing notions of one another, and a truer state of ourselves, both in regard to the grandeur and vileness of our natures.

Fourthly, By showing us the blackness and deformity of vice; which in the Christian system is so very great, that, he who is possessed of all perfection, and the sovereign judge of it, is represented by several of our divines as hating sin to the same degree that he loves the sacred person who was made the propitiation of it.

Fifthly, In being the ordinary and prescribed method of making morality effectual to salvation.

I have only touched on these several heads, which every one who is conversant in discourses of this nature will easily enlarge upon in his own thoughts, and draw conclusions from them which may be useful to him in the conduct of his life. One I am sure is so obvious, that he can not miss it, namely, that a man can not be perfect in his

scheme of morality, who does not strengthen and support it with that of the Christian faith.

Besides this, I shall lay down two or three other maxims which I think we may deduce from what has been said.

First, That we should be particularly cautious of making any thing an article of faith, which does not contribute to the confirmation or improvement of morality.

Secondly, That no article of faith can be true and authentic, which weakens or subverts the practical part of religion, or what I have hitherto called morality.

Thirdly, That the greatest friend of morality or natural religion can not possibly apprehend any danger from embracing Christianity, as it is preserved pure and uncorrupt in the doctrines of our national church.

There is likewise another maxim which I think may be drawn from the foregoing considerations, which is this: That we should in all dubious points, consider any ill consequences that may arise from them, supposing they should be erroneous, before we give up our assent to them. For example, in that disputable point of persecuting men for conscience sake, besides the embittering their minds with hatred, indignation, and all the vehemence of resentment, and ensnaring them to profess what they do not believe, we cut them off from the pleasures and advantages of society, afflict their bodies, distress their fortunes, hurt their reputations, ruin their families, make their lives painful, or put an end to them. Sure, when I see such dreadful consequences arising from a principle, I would be as fully con-

vinced of the truth of it as of a mathematical demonstration, before I would venture to act upon it, or make it a part of my religion.

In this case, the injury done our neighbour is plain and evident, the principle that puts us upon doing it of a dubious and disputable nature. Morality seems highly violated by the one; and whether or no a zeal for what a man thinks the true system of faith may justify it, is very uncertain. I can not but think, if our religion produces charity as well as zeal, it will not be for showing itself by such cruel instances. But to conclude with the words of an excellent author, 'We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love, one another.'

ADDISON. C.

No. 460. MONDAY, AUGUST 18.

Decipimur specie recti——— HOR. ARS. POET.

Deluded by a seeming excellence. ROSCOMMON.

OUR defects and follies are too often unknown to us; nay, they are so far from being known to us that they pass for demonstrations of our worth. This makes us easy in the midst of them, fond to show them, fond to improve in them, and to be esteemed for them. Then it is that a thousand unaccountable conceits, gay inventions, and extravagant actions, must afford us pleasures, and display us to others in the colours which we ourselves take a fancy to glory in: and indeed there is something so amusing for the time in this

state of vanity and ill-grounded satisfaction, that even the wiser world has chosen an exalted word to describe its enchantments, and called it *The Paradise of fools.*

Perhaps the latter part of this reflection may seem a false thought to some, and bear another turn than what I have given, but it is at present none of my business to look after it, who am going to confess that I have been lately amongst them in a vision.

Methought I was transported to a hill, green, flowery, and of an easy ascent. Upon the broad top of it resided squint-eyed Error, and Popular Opinion with many heads; two that dealt in sorcery, and were famous for bewitching people with the love of themselves. To these repaired a multitude from every side, by two different paths which lead towards each of them. Some, who had the most assuming air, went directly of themselves to Error, without expecting a conductor; others of a softer nature went first to Popular Opinion, from whence as she influenced and engaged them with their own praises, she delivered them over to his government.

When we had ascended to an open part of the summit where Opinion abode, we found her entertaining several who had arrived before us. Her voice was pleasing: she breathed odours as she spoke; she seemed to have a tongue for every one; every one thought he heard of something that was valuable in himself, and expected a paradise which she promised as the reward of his merit. Thus were we drawn to follow her, till she should bring us where it was to be bestowed: and it was observable, that all the way we went,

the company was either praising themselves for their qualifications, or one another for those qualifications which they took to be conspicuous in their own characters, or dispraising others for wanting theirs, or vying in the degrees of them.

At last we approached a bower, at the entrance of which Error was seated. The trees were thick woven, and the place where he sat artfully contrived to darken him a little. He was disguised in a whitish robe, which he had put on, that he might appear to us with a nearer resemblance to Truth: and as she has a light whereby she manifests the beauties of nature to the eyes of her adorers, so he had provided himself with a magical wand, that he might do something in imitation of it, and please with delusions. This he lifted solemnly and muttering to himself, bid the glories which he kept under enchantment to appear before us. Immediately we cast our eyes on that part of the sky to which he pointed, and observed a thin blue prospect which cleared as mountains in a summer morning when the mists go off, and the palace of Vanity appeared to sight.

The foundation hardly seemed a foundation, but a set of curling clouds, which it stood upon by magical contrivance. The way by which we ascended was painted like a rainbow; and, as we went, the breeze that played about us bewitched the senses. The walls were gilded all for show; the lowest set of pillars were of the slight fine Corinthian order: and the top of the building, being rounded, bore so far the resemblance of a bubble.

At the gate the travellers neither met with a porter, nor waited till one should appear; every

one thought his merits a sufficient passport, and pressed forward. In the hall we met with several phantoms, that roved amongst us, and ranged the company according to their sentiments. There was decreasing Honour that had nothing to show in but an old coat of his ancestor's achievements: there was Ostentation, that made himself his own constant subject, and Gallantry strutting upon his tip-toes. At the upper end of the hall stood a throne, whose canopy glittered with all the riches that gaiety could contrive to lavish on it; and between the gilded arms sat Vanity, decked in the peacock's feathers, and acknowledged for another Venus by her votaries. The boy who stood beside her for a Cupid, and who made the world to bow before her was called Self-Conceit. His eyes had every now and then a cast inwards to the neglect of all objects about him; and the arms which he made use of for conquest were borrowed from those against whom he had a design. The arrow which he shot at the soldier was fledged from his own plume of feathers; the dart he directed against the man of wit was winged with the quills he wrote with; and that which he sent against those who presumed upon their riches was headed with gold out of their treasuries: he made nets for statesmen from their own contrivances; he took fire from the eyes of ladies with which he melted their hearts; and lightning from the tongues of the eloquent, to inflame them with their own glories. At the foot of the throne sat three false graces: Flattery with a shell of paint, Affectation with a mirror to practise at, and Fashion ever changing the posture of her clothes. These applied themselves

to secure the conquests which Self-Conceit had gotten, and had each of them their particular polities. Flattery gave new colours and complexions to all things; Affectation, new airs and appearances, which, as she said, were not vulgar; and Fashion both concealed some home defects, and added some foreign external beauties.

As I was reflecting upon what I saw, I heard a voice in the crowd bemoaning the condition of mankind, which is thus managed by the breath of Opinion, deluded by Error, fired by Self-Conceit, and given up to be trained in all the courses of Vanity, till Scorn or Poverty come upon us. These expressions were no sooner handed about, but I immediately saw a general disorder, till at last there was a parting in one place, and a grave old man, decent and resolute, was led forward to be punished for the words he had uttered. He appeared inclined to have spoken in his own defence, but I could not observe that any one was willing to hear him. Vanity cast a scornful smile at him; Self-Conceit was angry; Flattery, who knew him for Plain-Dealing, put on a vizard and turned away; Affectation tossed her fan, made mouths, and called him Envy or Slander; and Fashion would have it, that at least he must be Ill-Manners. Thus slighted and despised by all, he was driven out for abusing people of merit and figure, and I heard it firmly resolved, that he should be used no better whereever they met with him hereafter.

I had already seen the meaning of most part of that warning which he had given, and was considering how the latter words should be fulfilled, when a mighty noise was heard without, and the

door was blackened by a numerous train of harpies crowding upon us. Folly and Broken Credit were seen in the house before they entered: Trouble, Shame, Infamy, Scorn and Poverty, brought up the rear: Vanity, with her Cupid and Graces, disappeared; her subjects ran into holes and corners, but many of them were found and carried off (as I was told by one who stood near me) either to prisons or cellars, solitude or little company, the mean arts or the viler crafts of life. But these, added he, with a disdainful air, are such who would fondly live here, when their merits neither matched the lustre of the place, nor their riches its expenses. We have seen such scenes as these before now; the glory you saw will all return when the hurry is over; I thanked him for his information; and believing him so incorrigible as that he would stay till it was his turn to be taken, I made off to the door, and overtook some few, who, though they would not hearken to Plain-Dealing, were now terrified to good purpose by the example of others; but when they had touched the threshold, it was a strange shock to them to find that the delusion of Error was gone, and they plainly discerned the building to hang a little up in the air without any real foundation. At first we saw nothing but a desperate leap remained for us, and I a thousand times blamed my unmeaning curiosity that had brought me into so much danger. But as they began to sink lower in their own minds, methought the palace sunk along with us, till they were arrived at the due point of Esteem which they ought to have for themselves; then the part of the building in which they stood touched the

earth, and we departing out, it retired from our eyes. Now, whether they who staid in the palace were sensible of this descent, I can not tell; it was then my opinion that they were not. However it be, my dream broke up at it; and has given me occasion all my life to reflect upon the fatal consequences of following the suggestions of Vanity.*

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I write to you, to desire that you would again touch upon a certain enormity, which is chiefly in use among the politer and better bred part of mankind; I mean the ceremonies, bows, curtsies, whisperings, smiles, winks, nods, with other familiar arts of salutation, which take up in our churches so much time that might be better employed, and which seem so utterly inconsistent with the duty and true intent of our entering into those religious assemblies. The resemblance which this bears to our indeed proper behaviour in theatres, may be some instance of its incongruity in the abovementioned places. In Roman Catholic churches and chapels abroad, I myself have observed, more than once, persons of the first quality, of the nearest relation, and intimatest acquaintance, passing by one another, unknowing as it were, and unknown, and with so little notice of each other, that it looked like having their minds more suitably and more solemnly engaged; at least it was an acknowledgment that they ought to have been so. I have been told the same even of the Mahometans, with relation to the propriety

* This vision was written by Dr. Parnell. See also No. 501.

of their demeanour in the conventions of their erroneous worship; and I can not but think either of them sufficient and laudable patterns for our imitation in this particular.

'I can not help upon this occasion remarking on the excellent memories of those devotionists, who upon returning from church shall give a particular account how two or three hundred people were dressed; a thing, by reason of its variety, so difficult to be digested and fixed in the head, that it is a miracle to me how two poor hours of divine service can be time sufficient for so elaborate an undertaking, the duty of the place too, being jointly, and, no doubt, oft pathetically performed along with it. Where it is said in sacred writ, that *the woman ought to have a covering on her head because of the angels*, that last word is by some thought to be metaphorically used, and to signify young men. Allowing this interpretation to be right, the text may not appear to be wholly foreign to our present purpose.

'When you are in a disposition proper for writing on such a subject, I earnestly recommend this to you, and am, sir,

'Your very humble servant.'

STEELE. T

No. 461. TUESDAY, AUGUST 19.

——*Sed non ego credulus illis.* VIRG.

But I discern their flatt'ry from their praise. DRYDEN.

FOR want of time to substitute something else in the room of them, I am at present obliged to publish compliments above my desert in the following letters. It is no small satisfaction to have given occasion to ingenious men to employ their thoughts upon sacred subjects from the approbation of such pieces of poetry as they have seen in my Saturday's papers. I shall never publish verse on that day but what is written by the same hand;* yet shall I not accompany those writings with *eulogiums;* but leave them to speak for themselves.

'FOR THE SPECTATOR.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'You very much promote the interests of virtue while you reform the taste of a profane age, and persuade us to be entertained with divine poems, whilst we are distinguished by so many thousand humours, and split into so many different sects and parties; yet persons of every party, sect, and humour, are fond of conforming their taste to yours. You can transfuse your own relish of a poem into all your readers, according to their capacity to receive; and when you recommend the pious passion that reigns in the verse, we seem to feel the devotion, and grow proud

* Addison.

and pleased inwardly that we have souls capable of relishing what the Spectator approves.

Upon reading the hymns that you have published in some late papers, I had a mind to try yesterday whether I could write one. The 114th Psalm appears to me an admirable ode, and I began to turn it into our language. As I was describing the journey of Israel from Egypt, and added the Divine presence amongst them, I perceived a beauty in this psalm which was entirely new to me, and which I was going to lose; and that is, that the poet utterly conceals the presence of God in the beginning of it, and rather lets a possessive pronoun go without a substantive, than he will so much as mention any thing of divinity there; *Judah was his sanctuary, and Israel his dominion or kingdom.* The reason now seems evident, and this conduct necessary; for if God had appeared before, there could be no wonder why the mountains should leap, and the sea retire; therefore, that this convulsion of nature may be brought in with due surprise, his name is not mentioned till afterward, and then, with a very agreeable turn of thought, God is introduced at once in all his majesty. This is what I have attempted to imitate in a translation without paraphrase, and to preserve what I could of the spirit of the sacred author.

'If the following essay be not too incorrigible, bestow upon it a few brightenings from your genius, that I may learn how to write better, or to write no more. Your daily admirer,

'And humble servant, &c.'

PSALM CXIV.

"When Israel freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their king, and Judah was his throne.

Across the deep their journey lay,
The deep divides to make them way;
The streams of Jordan saw, and fled
With backward current to their head.

The mountains shook like frighted sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

What power could make the deep divide?
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

Let every mountain, every flood,
Retire, and know th' approaching God,
The King of Israel: see him here!
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.

He thunders, and all nature mourns;
The rock to standing pools he turns:
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess their Lord."*

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'There are those who take the advantage of your putting a halfpenny value upon yourself, above the rest of our daily writers, to defame you in public conversation, and strive to make you unpopular upon the account of this said halfpenny; but if I were you, I would insist upon that small acknowledgment for the superior merit

* By Dr. Watts.

of yours, as being a work of invention. Give me leave therefore to do you justice, and say in your behalf what you can not yourself, which is, that your writings have made learning a more necessary part of good breeding than it was before you appeared; that modesty is become fashionable, and impudence stands in need of some wit, since you have put them both in their proper lights; profaneness, lewdness, and debauchery are not now qualifications, and a man may be a very fine gentleman, though he is neither a keeper nor an infidel.

'I would have you tell the town the story of the Sibyls, if they deny giving you two-pence. Let them know, that those sacred papers were valued at the same rate after two-thirds of them were destroyed as when there was the whole set. There are so many of us who will give you your own price, that you may acquaint your non-conformist readers, that they shall not have it, except they come in within such a day, under three-pence. I do not know but you might bring in the *Date obolum Belisario* with a good grace. The witlings come in clusters to two or three coffee-houses which have left you off; and, I hope, you will make us, who fine to your wit, merry with their characters who stand out against it.

'I am your most humble servant.'

'P. S. I have lately got the ingenious authors of blacking for shoes, powder for colouring the hair, pomatum for the hands, cosmetic for the face, to be your constant customers; so that your advertisements will as much adorn the outward man, as your paper does the inward.'

STEELE. T.

No. 462. WEDNESDAY, AUG. 20.

From the Letter-Box.

Nil ego prælulerim jucundo sanus amico.
HOR. Sat.

Nothing so grateful as a pleasant friend.

PEOPLE are not aware of the very great force which pleasantry in company has upon all those with whom a man of that talent converses. His faults are generally overlooked by all his acquaintance, and a certain carelessness that constantly attends all his actions carries him on with greater success than diligence and assiduity do others who have no share of this endowment. Dacinthus breaks his word upon all occasions, both trivial and important; and when he is sufficiently railed at for that abominable quality, they who talk of him end with, *After all he is a very pleasant fellow.* Dacinthus is an ill-natured husband; and yet the very women end their freedom of discourse upon this subject, *But after all he is very pleasant company.* Dacinthus is neither in point of honour, civility, good-breeding, nor good-nature unexceptionable; and yet all is answered, *For he is a very pleasant fellow.* When this quality is conspicuous in a man who has, to accompany it, manly and virtuous sentiments, there can not certainly be any thing which can give so pleasing a gratification as the gaiety of such a person; but when it is alone, and serves only to gild a crowd of ill qualities, there is no man so much to be avoided as your pleasant fellow. A very pleasant fellow shall turn

your good name to a jest, make your character contemptible; debauch your wife or daughter, and yet be received by the rest of the world with welcome wherever he appears. It is very ordinary with those of this character to be attentive only to their own satisfactions, and have very little bowels for the concerns or sorrows of other men; nay, they are capable of purchasing their own pleasures at the expense of giving pain to others. But they who do not consider this sort of men thus carefully, are irresistibly exposed to their insinuations. The author of the following letter carries the matter so high, as to intimate that the liberties of England have been at the mercy of a prince, merely as he was of this pleasant character.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'There is no one passion which all mankind so naturally give into as pride, nor any other passion which appears in such different disguises; it is to be found in all habits and complexions. Is it not a question, whether it does more harm or good in the world? and if there be not such a thing as what we may call a virtuous and laudable pride?

'It is this passion alone, when misapplied, that lays us so open to flatterers; and he who can agreeably condescend to soothe our humour or temper finds always an open avenue to our soul, especially if the flatterer happen to be our superior.

'One might give many instances of this in a late English monarch, under the title of, *The gaieties of King Charles II.* This prince was

by nature extremely familiar, of very easy access, and much delighted to see and be seen: and this happy temper, which in the highest degree gratified his people's vanity, did him more service with his loving subjects than all his other virtues, though it must be confessed, he had many. He delighted, though a mighty king, to give and take a jest, as they say: and a prince of this fortunate disposition, who were inclined to make an ill use of his power, may have any thing of his people, be it never so much to their prejudice. But this good king made generally a very innocent use, as to the public, of this insnaring temper; for, it is well known, he pursued pleasure more than ambition: he seemed to glory in being the first man at cock-matches, horse-races, balls and plays; he appeared highly delighted on those occasions, and never failed to warm and gladden the heart of every spectator. He more than once dined with his good citizens of London on their lord mayor's day, and did so the year that sir Robert Viner was mayor. Sir Robert was a very loyal man, and if you will allow the expression, very fond of his sovereign; but what with the joy he felt at heart for the honour done him by his prince, and through the warmth he was in with continual toasting healths to the royal family, his lordship grew a little fond of his majesty, and entered into a familiarity not altogether so graceful in so public a place. The king understood very well how to extricate himself in all kinds of difficulties, and with a hint to the company to avoid ceremony, stole off, and made towards his coach, which stood ready for him in Guild-Hall yard

but the mayor liked his company so well, and was grown so intimate, that he pursued him hastily, and, catching him fast by the hand, cried out with a vehement oath and accent, *Sir, you shall stay and take t'other bottle.* The airy monarch looked kindly at him over his shoulder, and with a graceful air (for I saw him at the time, and do now) repeated this line of the old song:

'He that is drunk, is as great as a king.'

and immediately returned back and complied with his landlord.

'I give you this story, Mr. Spectator, because, as I said, I saw the passage; and I assure you it is very true, and yet no common one; and when I tell you the sequel, you will say I have yet a better reason for it. This very mayor afterwards erected a statue of his merry monarch in Stocks-Market,* and did the crown many and great ser-

* This equestrian statue was originally made for John Sobieski, king of Poland, but by some accident it had been left on the workman's hands. To save time and expense, the Polander was converted into a Briton, and the Turk underneath his horse into Oliver Cromwell, to complete the compliment. Unfortunately, the turban on the Turk's head was overlooked, and left an undeniable proof of this story. See Stow's Survey, &c. ed. 1755, vol. i. p. 517. This statue, formed of white marble, was erected on a neat conduit, in 1675; but when, in 1735, the city council fixed on Stocks-market for the site of a house of residence for the Lord Mayors of London, the statue was removed to make way for the Mansion-house; the first stone of which was laid October 25, 1739, by Micajah Perry, Esq. then Lord Mayor. On the 28th of May, 1779, Robert Viner, Esq. applied to the court of common council to have this statue (which had been erected by his ancestor) delivered to him for his use: and the court complied with the request. Where it is now, we do not know.

vices; and it was owing to this humour of the king, that his family had so great a fortune shut up in the exchequer of their pleasant sovereign. The many good-natured condescensions of this prince are vulgarly known; and it is excellently said of him by a great hand,* which writ his character, that he was not a king a quarter of an hour together in his whole reign. He would receive visits even from fools and half madmen; and at times I have met with people who have boxed, fought at back-sword, and taken poison before king Charles II. In a word, he was so pleasant a man that no one could be sorrowful under his government. This made him capable of baffling, with the greatest ease imaginable, all suggestions of jealousy; and the people could not entertain notions of any thing terrible in him, whom they saw every way agreeable. This scrap of the familiar part of that prince's history I though fit to send you, in compliance to the request you lately made to your correspondents.

'I am sir,

'Your most humble servant.'

STEELE. T.

* Sheffield, duke of Bukingham, said, 'that on premeditation Charles II. coul! not act the part of a King for a moment.'

No. 463. THURSDAY, AUGUST 21.

Omnia quæ sensu volvuntur vota diurno,
Pectore sopito reddit amica quies.
Venator defessa toro cùm membra reponit,
Mens tamen ad sylvas et sua lustra redit:
Judicibus lites, aurigæ somnia currus,
Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.
Me quoque Musarum studium sub nocte silenti
Artibus assuetis sollicitare solet.

CLAUD.

In sleep, when fancy is let loose to play,
Our dreams repeat the wishes of the day.
Though farther toil his tired limbs refuse,
The dreaming hunter still the chase pursues.
The judge a-bed dispenses still the laws,
And sleeps again o'er the unfinished cause.
The dosing racer hears his chariot roll,
Smacks the vain whip, and shuns the fancy'd goal.
Me too the Muses, in the silent night,
With wonted chimes of gingling verse delight.

I WAS lately entertaining myself with comparing Homer's balance, in which Jupiter is represented as weighing the fates of Hector and Achilles, with a passage of Virgil, wherein that deity is introduced as weighing the fates of Turnus and Æneas. I then considered how the same way of thinking prevailed in the eastern parts of the world, as in those noble passages of scripture, wherein we are told that the great king of Babylon, the day before his death, had been 'weighed in the balance, and been found wanting.' In other places of the holy writings, the Almighty is described as weighing the mountains in scales, making the weight for the winds, knowing the balancings of the clouds; and in others, as weighing the actions of men, and lay

ing their calamities together in a balance. Milton as I have observed in a former paper (No. 321,) had an eye to several of these foregoing instances, in that beautiful description wherein he represents the arch-angel and the evil spirit as addressing themselves for the combat, but parted by the balance which appeared in the heavens, and weighed the consequences of such a battle.

'Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in heav'n his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weighed,
The pendulous round earth, with balanc'd air
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battle and realms: in these he puts two weights
The sequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend:
'Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine,
Neither our own, but giv'n: what folly then
To boast what arms can do? since thine no more
Than heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now,
To trample thee as mire; for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how weak
If thou resist." The fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft; no more: but fled
Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night.'

These several amusing thoughts having taken possession of my mind sometime before I went to sleep, and mingling themselves with my ordinary ideas, raised in my imagination a very odd kind of vision. I was, methought, replaced in my study, and seated in my elbow-chair, where I had indulged the foregoing speculations, with my lamp burning by me as usual. Whilst

I was here meditating on several subjects of morality, and considering the nature of many virtues and vices, as materials for those discourses with which I daily entertain the public, I saw, methought, a pair of golden scales hanging by a chain of the same metal over the table that stood before me, when on a sudden there were great heaps of weights thrown down on each side of them. I found, upon examining these weights, they showed the value of every thing that is in esteem among men. I made an essay of them by putting the weight of wisdom in one scale, and that of riches in another; upon which the latter, to show its comparative lightness, immediately *flew up, and kicked the beam.*

But, before I proceed, I must inform my reader that these weights did not exert their natural gravity, till they were laid in the golden balance, insomuch that I could not guess which was light or heavy whilst I held them in my hand. This I found by several instances; for, upon my laying a weight in one of the scales which was inscribed by the word *Eternity*, though I threw in that of time, prosperity, affliction, wealth, poverty, interest, success, with many other weights which in my hand seemed very ponderous, they were not able to stir the opposite balance, nor could they have prevailed, though assisted with the weight of the sun, the stars, and the earth.

Upon emptying the scales, I laid several titles and honours, with pomps, triumphs, and many weights of the like nature, in one of them, and seeing a little glittering weight lie by me, I threw it accidentally into the other scale, when, to my great surprise, it proved so exact a counterpoise,

that it kept the balance in an equilibrium. This little glittering weight was inscribed upon the edges of it with the word *Vanity*. I found there were several other weights which were equally heavy, and exact counterpoises to one another; a few of them I tried, as avarice and poverty, riches and content, with some others.

There were likewise several weights that were of the same figure, and seemed to correspond with each other, but were entirely different when thrown into the scales; as religion and hypocrisy, pedantry and learning, wit and vivacity, superstition and devotion, gravity and wisdom, with many others.

I observed one particular weight lettered on both sides, and upon applying myself to the reading of it, I found on one side written, *In the dialect of men*, and underneath it, *CALAMITIES;* on the other side was written, *In the language of the gods*, and underneath, *BLESSINGS.* I found the intrinsic value of this weight to be much greater than I imagined; for it overpowered health, wealth, good fortune, and many other weights, which were much more ponderous in my hand than the other.

There is a saying among the Scots, that an ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy; I was sensible of the truth of this saying, when I saw the difference between the weight of natural parts and that of learning. The observations which I made upon these two weights opened to me a new field of discoveries; for, notwithstanding the weight of natural parts was much heavier than that of learning, I observed that it weighed a hundred times heavier than it did be-

fore, when I put learning in the same scale with it. I made the same observation upon faith and morality; (No. 459.) for, notwithstanding the latter outweighed the former separately, it received a thousand times more additional weight from its conjunction with the former than what it had by itself. This odd phenomenon showed itself in other particulars; as in wit and judgment, philosophy and religion, justice and humanity, zeal and charity, depth of sense and perspicuity of style, with innumerable other particulars, too long to be mentioned in this paper.

As a dream seldom fails of dashing seriousness with impertinence, mirth with gravity, methought I made several other experiments of a more ludicrous nature; by one of which I found that an English octavo was very often heavier than a French folio; and by another that an old Greek or Latin author weighed down a whole library of moderns. Seeing one of my Spectators lying by me, I laid it into one of the scales, and flung a two-penny piece into the other. The reader will not inquire into the event, if he remembers the first trial which I have recorded in this paper. I afterwards threw both the sexes into the balance; but as it is not for my interest to disoblige either of them, I shall desire to be excused from telling the result of this experiment. Having an opportunity of this nature in my hands, I could not forbear throwing into one scale the principles of a Tory, and into the other those of a Whig; but as I have all along declared this to be a neutral paper, I shall likewise desire to be silent under this head also, though upon examin-

ing one of the weights, I saw the word *TEKEL* engraven on it in capital letters.

I made many other experiments, and, though I have not room for them all in this day's speculation, I may, perhaps, reserve them for another. I shall only add, that upon my awaking I was sorry to find my golden scales vanished; but resolved for the future to learn this lesson from them, not to despise or value any things for their appearances, but to regulate my esteem and passions towards them accordin to their real and intrinsic value.

ADDISON. C.

No. 464. FRIDAY, AUGUST 22.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
Sobrius aula.

HOR. OD.

The golden mean, as she's too nice to dwell
Among the ruins of a filthy cell;
So is her modesty withal as great,
To balk the envy of a princely seat. NORRIS.

I AM wonderfully pleased when I meet with any passage in an old Greek or Latin author, that is not blown upon, and which I have never met with in a quotation. Of this kind is a beautiful saying in Theognis; "Vice is covered by wealth, and virtue by poverty;" or, to give it in the verbal translation, "Among men there are some who have their vices concealed by wealth, and

others who have their virtues concealed by poverty." Every man's observation will supply him with instances of rich men, who have several faults and defects that are overlooked, if not entirely hidden by means of riches; and I think we can not find a more natural description of a poor man, whose merits are lost in his poverty, than that in the words of the wise man: 'There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it: now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he, by his wisdom, delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man. Then said I, Wisdom is better than strength; nevertheless, the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard.'

The middle condition seems to be the most advantageously situated for the gaining of wisdom. Poverty turns our thoughts too much upon the supplying of our wants and riches upon our enjoying superfluities; and as Cowley has said in another case, 'It is hard for a man to keep a steady eye upon truth, who is always in a battle or a triumph.'

If we regard poverty and wealth as they are apt to produce virtues or vices in the mind of man, one may observe that there is a set of each of these growing out of poverty quite different from that which rises out of wealth. Humility and patience, industry and temperance, are very often the good qualities of a poor man: humanity and good nature, magnanimity and a sense of honour are as often the qualifications of the rich. On the contrary. poverty is apt to betray a man

into envy, riches into arrogance. Poverty is too often attended with fraud, vicious compliance, repining, murmur, and discontent; riches exposes a man to pride and luxury, a foolish elation of heart, and too great a fondness for the present world. In short, the middle condition is most eligible to the man who would improve himself in virtue; as I have before shown, it is the most advantageous for the gaining of knowledge. It was upon this consideration that Agur founded his prayer, which, for the wisdom of it, is recorded in holy writ: 'Two things have I required of thee, deny me them not before I die. Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me; lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.'

I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a very pretty allegory, which is wrought into a play by Aristophanes, the Greek comedian. It seems originally designed as a satire upon the rich, though, in some parts of it, it is, like the foregoing discourse, a kind of comparison between wealth and poverty.

Chremylus, who was an old and a good man, and withal exceeding poor, being desirous to leave some riches to his son, consults the oracle of Apollo upon the subject. The oracle bids him follow the first man he should see upon his going out of the temple. The person he chanced to see was to appearance an old sordid blind man; but upon his following him from place to place, he a last found, by his own confession, that he was Plutus, the god of riches, and that he was just

come out of the house of a miser. Plutus further told him, that, when he was a boy, he used to declare, that as soon as he came to age, he would distribute wealth to none but virtuous and just men; upon which Jupiter, considering the pernicious consequences of such a resolution, took his sight away from him, and left him to stroll about the world in the blind condition wherein Chremylus beheld him. With much ado Chremylus prevailed upon him to go to his house, where he met an old woman in a tattered raiment, who had been his guest for many years, and whose name was Poverty. The old woman refusing to turn out so easily as he would have her, he threatened to banish her, not only from his own house, but out of all Greece, if she made any more words upon the matter. Poverty, on this occasion, pleads her cause very notably, and represents to her old landlord, that should she be driven out of the country, all their trades, arts, and sciences, would be driven out with her; and that, if every one was rich, they would never be supplied with those pomps, ornaments, and conveniences of life which made riches desirable. She likewise represented to him the several advantages which she bestowed upon her votaries, in regard to their shape, their health, and their activity, by preserving them from gouts, dropsies, unwieldiness, and intemperance, but whatever she had to say for herself she was at last forced to troop off. Chremylus immediately considered how he might restore Plutus to his sight; and, in order to it, conveyed him to the temple of Æsculapius, who was famous for cures and miracles of this nature. By this means the deity

recovered his eyes, and began to make a right use of them, by enriching every one that was distinguished by piety towards the gods and justice towards men; and at the same time by taking away his gifts from the impious and undeserving. This produces several merry incidents, till, in the last act, Mercury descends with great complaints from the gods, that since the good men were grown rich, they had received no sacrifices; which is confirmed by a priest of Jupiter, who enters with a remonstrance, that, since this late innovation, he was reduced to a starving condition, and could not live upon his office. Chremylus, who, in the beginning of the play, was religious in his poverty, concludes it with a proposal which was relished by all the good men who were now grown rich, as well as himself, that they should carry Plutus in a solemn procession to the temple, and install him in the place of Jupiter. This allegory instructed the Athenians in two points; first, as it vindicated the conduct of Providence in its ordinary distributions of wealth, and in the next place, as it showed the great tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of those who possessed them.

ADDISON. C.

No. 465. SATURDAY, AUGUST 23.

Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum:
Ne te semper inops agitet vexetque cupido;
Ne pavor et rerum mediocriter utilium spes.
HOR. EP.

How thou may'st live, how spend thine age in peace;
Lest avarice, still poor, disturb thine ease;
Or fears should shake, or cares thy mind abuse,
Or ardent hope for things of little use. CREECH.

HAVING endeavoured in my last Saturday's paper to show the great excellency of faith, I shall here consider what are the proper means of strengthening and confirming it in the mind of man. Those who delight in reading books of controversy, which are written on both sides of the question on points of faith, do very seldom arrive at a fixed and settled habit of it. They are one day entirely convinced of its important truths, and the next meet with something that shakes and disturbs them. The doubt which was laid revives again, and shows itself in new difficulties; and that generally for this reason, because the mind, which is perpetually tossed in controversies and disputes, is apt to forget the reasons which had once set it at rest, and to be disquieted with any former perplexity, when it appears in a new shape, or is started by a different hand. As nothing is more laudable than an inquiry after truth, so nothing is more irrational than to pass away our whole lives without determining ourselves one way or other in those points which are of the last importance to us. There are indeed many things from which we may withhold our

assent; but in cases by which we are to regulate our lives, it is the greatest absurdity to be wavering and unsettled, without closing with that side which appears the most safe and the most probable. The first rule therefore which I shall lay down is this, that when by reading or discourse we find ourselves thoroughly convinced of the truth of any article, and of the reasonableness of our belief in it, we should never after suffer ourselves to call it in question. We may perhaps forget the arguments which occasioned our conviction, but we ought to remember the strength they had with us, and therefore still to retain the conviction which they once produced. This is no more than what we do in every common art or science; nor is it possible to act otherwise, considering the weakness and limitation of our intellectual faculties. It was thus that Latimer, one of the glorious army of martyrs who introduced the reformation in England, behaved himself in that great conference which was managed between the most learned among the protestants and papists in the reign of queen Mary. This venerable old man, knowing how his abilities were impaired by age, and that it was impossible for him to recollect all those reasons which had directed him in the choice of his religion, left his companions who were in the full possession of their parts and learning to baffle and confound their antagonists by the force of reason; as for himself, he only repeated to his adversaries the articles in which he firmly believed, and in the profession of which he was determined to die. It is in this manner that the mathematician proceeds upon propositions which he has once demonstra-

ted; and, though the demonstration may have slipt out of his memory, he builds upon the truth, because he knows it was demonstrated. This rule is absolutely necessary for weaker minds, and in some measure for men of the greatest abilities; but to these last I would propose, in the second place, that they should lay up in their memories, and always keep by them in readiness, those arguments which appear to them of the greatest strength, and which can not be got over by all the doubts and cavils of infidelity.

But in the third place, there is nothing which strengthens faith more than morality. Faith and morality naturally produce each other. A man is quickly convinced of the truth of religion, who finds it is not against his interest that it should be true. The pleasure he receives at present, and the happiness which he promises himself from it hereafter, will both dispose him very powerfully to give credit to it, according to the ordinary observation, that 'we are easy to believe what we wish.' It is very certain that a man of sound reason can not forbear closing with religion upon an impartial examination of it; but at the same time it is certain, that faith is kept alive in us, and gathers strength from practice more than from speculation.

There is still another method which is more persuasive than any of the former, and that is an habitual adoration of the Supreme Being, as well in constant acts of mental worship as in outward forms. The devout man does not only believe, but feels there is a Deity; he has actual sensations of him, his experience concurs with his reason; he sees him more and more in all his in-

tercourses with him, and even in this life almost loses his faith in conviction.

The last method which I shall mention for the giving life to a man's faith is, frequent retirement from the world, accompanied with religious meditation. When a man thinks of any thing in the darkness of the night, whatever deep impressions it may make in his mind, they are apt to vanish as soon as the day breaks about him. The light and noise of the day, which are perpetually soliciting his senses, and calling off his attention, wear out of his mind the thoughts that imprinted themselves in it, with so much strength, during the silence and darkness of the night. A man finds the same difference as to himself in a crowd and in a solitude: the mind is stunned and dazzled amidst that variety of objects which press upon her in a great city; she can not apply herself to the consideration of those things which are of the utmost concern to her. The cares or pleasures of the world strike in with every thought, and a multitude of vicious examples give a kind of justification to our folly. In our retirements every thing disposes us to be serious. In courts and cities we are entertained with the works of men; in the country with those of God. One is the province of art, the other of nature. Faith and devotion naturally grow in the mind of every reasonable man, who sees the impressions of divine power and wisdom in every object on which he casts his eye. The Supreme Being has made the best arguments for his own existence in the formation of the heavens and the earth; and these are arguments which a man of sense can not forbear attending to, who is out of the noise and

hurry of human affairs. Aristotle says, that should a man live under ground, and there converse with works of art and mechanism, and should afterwards be brought up into the open day, and see the several glories of the heaven and earth, he would immediately pronounce them the works of such a Being as we define God to be. The Psalmist has very beautiful strokes of poetry to this purpose in that exalted strain, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handy work. One day telleth another; and one night certificth another. There is neither speech nor language; but their voices are heard among them. Their sound is gone out into all lands; and their words into the ends of the world." As such a bold and sublime manner of thinking furnishes very noble matter for an ode, the reader may see it wrought into the following one:

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue æthereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The works of an Almighty hand.

"Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

"What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though, nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

ADDISON.

No. 466. MONDAY, AUGUST 25

——*Vera incessu patuit dea.* VIRG.

And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known.
DRYDEN.

WHEN Æneas, the hero of Virgil, is lost in the wood, and a perfect stranger in the place on which he is landed, he is accosted by a lady in a habit for the chase. She inquires of him, whether he has seen pass by that way any young woman dressed as she was? Whether she were following the sport in the wood, or any other way employed according to the custom of huntresses? The hero answers with the respect due to the beautiful appearance she made, tells her, he saw no such person as she inquired for; but intimates, that he knows her to be one of the deities, and desires she would conduct a stranger. Her form, from her first appearance, manifested she was more than mortal; but though she was certainly a goddess, the poet does not make her known to be the goddess of *beauty* till she moved: all the charms of an agreeable person are then in their highest exertion, every limb and feature appears

with its respective grace. It is from this observation, that I can not help being so passionate an admirer as I am of good dancing.* As all art is an imitation of nature, this is an imitation of nature in its highest excellence, and at a time when she is most agreeable. The business of dancing is to display beauty, and for that reason all distortions and mimicries, as such, are what raise aversion instead of pleasure; but things that are in themselves excellent are ever attended with imposture and false imitation. Thus, as in poetry, there are laborious fools, who write anagrams and acrostics; there are pretenders in dancing, who think merely to do what others can not, is to excel. Such creatures should be rewarded, like him who had acquired a knack of throwing a grain of corn through the eye of a needle, with a bushel to keep his hands in use. The dancers on our stage are very faulty in this kind; and what they mean by writhing themselves into such postures, as it would be a pain for any of the spectators to stand in, and yet hope to please those spectators, is unintelligible. Mr. Prince has a genius, if he were encouraged, would prompt him to better things. In all the dances he invents, you see he keeps close to the characters he represents. He does not hope to please by making his performers move in a manner in which no one else ever did, but by motions proper to the characters he represents. He gives to clowns and lubbards clumsy graces, that is, he makes them practise what they would think graces: and I have seen dances of his, which might give hints that would be useful to a comic

* See No. 66, 67, 334, 370 and 376.

writer. These performances have pleased the taste of such as have not reflection enough to know their excellence, because they are in nature; and the distorted motions of others have offended those who could not form reasons to themselves for their displeasure from their being a contradiction to nature.

When one considers the inexpressible advantage there is in arriving at some excellence in this art, it is monstrous to behold it so much neglected. The following letter has in it something very natural on this subject.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am a widower with but one daughter; she was by nature much inclined to be a romp, and I had no way of educating her, but commanding a young woman whom I entertained to take care of her, to be very watchful in her care and attendance about her. I am a man of business, and obliged to be much abroad. The neighbours have told me, that in my absence our maid has let in the spruce servants in the neighbourhood to junketings, while my girl played and romped even in the street. To tell you the plain truth, I catched her once, at eleven years old, at chuckfarthing among the boys. This put me upon new thoughts about my child, and I determined to place her at a boarding school, and at the same time gave a very discreet young gentlewoman her maintenance at the same place and rate, to be her companion. I took little notice of my girl from time to time, but saw her now and then in good health, out of harm's way, and was satisfied. But by much importunity, I was lately prevailed

with to go to one of their balls. I can not express to you the anxiety my silly heart was in, when I saw my romp, now fifteen, taken out; I never felt the pangs of a father upon me so strongly in my whole life before, and I could not have suffered more had my whole fortune been at stake. My girl came on with the most becoming modesty I had ever seen, and casting a respectful eye, as if she feared me more than all the audience, I gave a nod, which I think gave her all the spirit she assumed upon it, but she rose properly to that dignity of aspect. My romp, now the most graceful person of her sex, assumed a majesty which commanded the highest respect; and when she turned to me, and saw my face in rapture, she fell into the prettiest smile, and I saw in all her motions that she exulted in her father's satisfaction. You, Mr. Spectator, will, better than I can tell you, imagine to yourself all the different beauties and changes of aspect in an accomplished young woman, setting forth all her beauties with a design to please no one so much as her father. My girl's lover can never know half the satisfaction that I did in her that day. I could not possibly have imagined, that so great improvement could have been wrought by an art that I always held in itself ridiculous and contemptible. There is, I am convinced, no method like this, to give young women a sense of their own value and dignity; and I am sure there can be none so expeditious to communicate that value to others. As for the flippant, inspidly gay, and wantonly forward, whom you behold among dancers, that carriage is more to be attributed to the perverse genius of the performers than imputed to the art

itself. For my part, my child has danced herself into my esteem, and I have as great an honour for her as ever I had for her mother, from whom she derived those latent good qualities which appeared in her countenance when she was dancing; for my girl, though I say it myself, showed in one quarter of an hour the innate principles of a modest virgin, a tender wife, a generous friend, a kind mother, and an indulgent mistress. I'll strain hard but I will purchase for her a husband suitable to her merit. I am your convert in the admiration of what I thought you jested when you recommended; and if you please to be at my house on Thursday next, I make a ball for my daughter, and you shall see her dance; or, if you will do her that honour, dance with her.

'I am, sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'PHILIPATER.'

I have some time ago (No. 334) spoken of a treatise written by Mr. Weaver on this subject, which is now, I understand, ready to be published. This work sets this matter in a very plain and advantageous light; and I am convinced from it, that if the art was under proper regulations, it would be a mechanic way of implanting insensibly in minds, not capable of receiving it so well by any other rules, a sense of good-breeding and virtue.

Were any one to see Mariamne dance, let him be never so sensual a brute, I defy him to entertain any thoughts but of the highest respect and esteem towards her. I was showed last week a picture in a lady's closet, for which she had a

hundred different dresses, that she could clap on round the face, on purpose to demonstrate the force of habits in the diversity of the same countenance. Motion, and change of posture and aspect, has an effect no less surprising on the person of Mariamne when she dances.

Chloe is extremely pretty, and as silly as she is pretty. This idiot has a very good ear, and a most agreeable shape; but the folly of the thing is such, that it smiles so impertinently, and affects to please so sillily, that while she dances you see the simpleton from head to foot. For you must know (as trivial as this art is thought to be) no one was ever a good dancer that had not a good understanding. If this be a truth, I shall leave the reader to judge from that maxim, what esteem they ought to have for such impertinents as fly, hop, caper, tumble, twirl, turn round, and jump over their heads, and, in a word, play a thousand pranks, which many animals can do better than a man, instead of performing to perfection what the human figure only is capable of performing.

It may perhaps appear odd, that I, who set up for a mighty lover, at least of virtue, should take so much pains to recommend what the soberer part of mankind look upon to be a trifle; but, under favour of the soberer part of mankind, I think they have not enough considered this matter, and for that reason only disesteem it. I must also, in my own justification say, that I attempt to bring into the service of honour and virtue every thing in nature that can pretend to give elegant delight. It may possibly be proved, that vice is in itself destructive of pleasure, and

virtue in itself conducive to it. If the delights of a free fortune were under proper regulations, this truth would not want much argument to support it; but it would be obvious to every man, that there is a strict affinity between all things that are truly laudable and beautiful, from the highest sentiment of the soul to the most indifferent gesture of the body.

STEELE. T.

No. 467. TUESDAY, AUG. 26.

——Quodcunque meæ poterunt audere camœnæ,
Seu tibi par poterunt; seu, quod spes abnuit, ultra;
Sive minus; certeque canent minus; omne vovemus
Hoc tibi: ne tanto careat mihi nomine charta.

TIBULL. ad MESSALAM, Eleg. 1.

Whate'er my muse advent'rous dares indite,
Whether the niceness of thy piercing sight
Applaud my lays, or censure what I write,
To thee I sing, and hope to borrow fame,
By adding to my page Messala's name.

THE love of praise is a passion deeply fixed in the mind of every extraordinary person, and those who are most affected with it seem most to partake of that particle of the Divinity which distinguishes mankind from the inferior creation.

The Supreme Being himself is most pleased with praise and thanksgiving; the other part of our duty is but an acknowledgment of our faults, whilst this is the immediate adoration of his perfections. It was an excellent observation, That we then only despise commendation when we cease to deserve it; and we have still extant two

orations of Tully and Pliny, spoken to the greatest and best princes of all the Roman emperors, who, no doubt, heard, with the greatest satisfaction, what even the most disinterested persons, and at so large a distance of time, can not read without admiration. Cæsar thought his life consisted in the breath of praise, when he professed he had lived long enough for himself when he had for his glory; others have sacrificed themselves for a name which was not to begin till they were dead, giving away themselves to purchase a sound which was not to commence till they were out of hearing: but by merit and superior excellencies, not only to gain, but, whilst living, to enjoy a great and universal reputation, is the last degree of happiness which we can hope for here. Bad characters are dispersed abroad with profusion, I hope for example's sake, and (as punishments are designed by the civil power) more for the deterring the innocent than the chastising the guilty. The good are less frequent, whether it be that there are indeed fewer originals of this kind to copy after, or that through the malignity of our nature, we rather delight in the ridicule than the virtues we find in others. However, it is but just, as well as pleasing, even for variety, sometimes to give the world a representation of the bright side of human nature, as well as the dark and gloomy; the desire of imitation may, perhaps, be a greater incentive to the practice of what is good, than the aversion we may conceive at what is blameable; the one immediately directs you what you should do, whilst the other only shows you what you should avoid; and I can not at present do this with more satis-

faction than by endeavouring to do some justice to the character of Manilius.

It would far exceed our present design, to give a particular description of Manilius through all the parts of his excellent life; I shall now only draw him in his retirement, and pass over in silence the various arts, the courtly manners, and the undesigning honesty by which he attained the honours he has enjoyed, and which now give a dignity and veneration to the ease he does enjoy. It is here that he looks back with pleasure on the waves and billows through which he has steered to so fair a haven; he is now intent upon the practice of every virtue, which a great knowledge and use of mankind has discovered to be the most useful to them. Thus in his private domestic employments he is no less glorious than in his public; for it is in reality a more difficult task to be conspicuous in a sedentary inactive life, than in one that is spent in hurry and business: persons engaged in the latter, like bodies violently agitated, from the swiftness of their motion have a brightness added to them, which often vanishes when they are at rest, but if it then still remain, it must be the seeds of intrinsic worth that thus shine out without any foreign aid or assistance.

His liberality in another might also bear the name of profusion; he seems to think it laudable even in the excess, like that river which most enriches when it overflows; but Manilius has too perfect a taste of the pleasure of doing good ever to let it be out of his power; and for that reason he will have a just economy, and a splendid frugality at home, the fountain from whence those

streams should flow which he disperses abroad. He looks with disdain on those who propose their death as the time when they are to begin their munificence, he will both see and enjoy (which he then does in the highest degree) what he bestows himself; he will be the living executor of his own bounty, whilst they who have the happiness to be within his care and patronage, at once pray for the continuation of his life and their own good fortune. No one is out of the reach of his obligations; he knows how, by proper and becoming methods, to raise himself to a level with those of the highest rank; and his good nature is a sufficient warrant against the want of those who are so unhappy as to be in the very lowest. One may say of him as Pindar bids his Muse say of Theron:

'Swear, that Theron sure has sworn,
'No one near him should be poor.
'Swear, that none e'er had such a graceful art,
'Fortune's free gifts as freely to impart,
'With an unenvious hand, and an unbounded heart.'

Never did Atticus succeed better in gaining the universal love and esteem of all men, nor steer with more success betwixt the extremes of two contending parties. It is his peculiar happiness, that, while he espouses neither with an intemperate zeal, he is not only admired, but, what is a more rare and unusual felicity, he is beloved and caressed by both; and I never yet saw any person, of whatsoever age or sex, but was immediately struck with the merit of Manilius. There are many who are acceptable to some particular persons, while the rest of mankind look upon them with coldness and indifference; but he is the first

whose entire good fortune it is ever to please and to be pleased, wherever he comes to be admired; and wherever he is absent to be lamented. His merit fares like the pictures of Raphæl, which are either seen with admiration by all, or, at least, no one dare own he has no taste for a composition which has received so universal an applause. Envy and malice find it against their interest to indulge slander and obloquy. It is as hard for a enemy to detract from, as for a friend to add to, his praise. An attempt upon his reputation is a sure lessening of one's own; and there is but one way to injure him, which is, to refuse him his just commendation, and be obstinately silent.

It is below him to catch the sight with any care of dress; his outward garb is but the emblem of his mind, it is genteel, plain and unaffected; he knows that gold and embroidery can add nothing to the opinion which all have of his merit, and that he gives a lustre to the plainest dress, whilst it is impossible the richest should communicate any to him. He is still the principal figure in the room; he first engages your eye, as if there were some point of light which shone stronger upon him than on any other person.

He puts me in mind of a story of the famous *Bussy d'Amboise*, who, at an assembly at court, where every one appeared with the utmost magnificence, relying upon his own superior behaviour, instead of adorning himself like the rest, put on that day a plain suit of clothes, and dressed all his servants in the most costly gay habits he could procure; the event was that the eyes of the whole court were fixed upon him; all the rest looked like his attendants, whilst he alone

had the air of a person of quality and distinction.

Like Aristippus, whatever shape or condition he appears in, it still sits free and easy upon him: but in some part of his character, it is true, he differs from him; for as he is altogether equal to the largeness of his present circumstances, the rectitude of his judgment has so far corrected the inclinations of his ambition, that he will not trouble himself with either the desires or pursuits of any thing beyond his present enjoyments.

A thousand obliging things flow from him upon every occasion, and they are always so just and natural, that it is impossible to think he was at the least pains to look for them. One would think it was the dæmon of good thoughts that discovered to him those treasures which he must have blinded others from seeing, they lay so directly in their way. Nothing can equal the pleasure that is taken in hearing him speak, but the satisfaction one receives in the civility and attention he pays to the discourse of others. His looks are a silent commendation of what is good and praiseworthy, and a secret reproof to what is licentious and extravagant. He knows how to appear free and open without danger of intrusion, and to be cautious without seeming reserved.—The gravity of his conversation is always enlivened with his wit and humour, and the gaiety of it is tempered with something that is instructive, as well as barely agreeable. Thus with him you are sure not to be merry at the expense of your reason, nor serious with the loss of your good humour, but by a happy mix-

ture in his temper, they either go together, or perpetually succeed each other. In fine, his whole behaviour is equally distant from constraint and negligence, and he commands your respect while he gains your heart.

There is in his whole carriage such an engaging softness, that one can not persuade one's self that he is ever actuated by those rougher passions which, wherever they find place, seldom fail of showing themselves in the outward demeanour of the person they belong to; but his constitution is a just temperature between indolence on one hand and violence on the other. He is mild and gentle, wherever his affairs will give him leave to follow his own inclinations; but yet never failing to exert himself with vigour and resolution in the service of his prince, his country, or his friend.

HUGHES. Z.

No. 468. WEDNESDAY, AUG. 27.

Erat homo ingeniosus, acutus, et acer, qui plurimum et salis haberet et fellis, nec candoris minus. PLIN. EP.

He was an ingenious, pleasant fellow, and one who had a great deal of wit and satire, with an equal share of good humour.

My paper is in a kind a letter of news, but it regards rather what passes in the world of conversation than that of business. I am very sorry that I have at present a circumstance before me which is of very great importance to all who

have a relish for gaiety, wit, mirth, or humour; I mean the death of poor Dick Eastcourt. (No. 358, 370.) I have been obliged to him for so many hours of jollity, that it is but a small recompense, though all I can give him, to pass a moment or two in sadness for the loss of so agreeable a man. Poor Eastcourt! The last time I saw him, we were plotting to show the town his great capacity for acting in his full light; by introducing him as dictating to a set of young players, in what manner to speak this sentence, and utter the other passion.—He had so exquisite a discerning of what was defective in any object before him, that in an instant he could show you the ridiculous side of what would pass for beautiful and just, even to men of no ill judgment, before he had pointed at the failure. He was no less skilful in the knowledge of beauty; and, I dare say, there is no one who knew him well, but can repeat more well turned compliments, as well as smart repartees, of Mr. Eastcourt's, than of any other man in England. This was easily to be observed in his inimitable faculty of telling a story, in which he could throw in natural and unexpected incidents to make his court to one part and rally the other part of the company; then he would vary the usage he gave them, according as he saw them bear kind or sharp language. He had the knack to raise up a pensive temper, and mortify an impertinently gay one, with the most agreeable skill imaginable. There are a thousand things which crowd into my memory, which make me too much concerned to tell on about him. Hamlet, holding up the skull which the grave digger threw to

him, with an account that it was the head of the king's jester, falls into very pleasing reflections, and cries out to his companion:

"Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times: and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chop-fallen! Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come Make her laugh at that."

It is an insolence natural to the wealthy, to affix, as much as in them lies, the character of a man to his circumstances. Thus it is ordinary with them to praise faintly the good qualities of those below them, and say, it is very extraordinary in such a man as he is, or the like, when they are forced to acknowledge the value of him whose lowness upbraids their exaltation. It is to this humour only that it is to be ascribed that a quick wit in conversation, a nice judgment upon any emergency that could arise, and a most blameless inoffensive behaviour, could not raise this man above being received only upon the foot of contributing to mirth and diversion. But he was as easy under that condition as a man of so excellent talents was capable; and since they would have it, that to divert was his business, he did it with all the seeming alacrity imaginable, though it stung him to the heart that it was

his business. Men of sense, who could taste his excellencies, were well satisfied to let him lead the way in conversation, and play after his own manner; but fools who provoked him to mimicry, found he had the indignation to let it be at their expense who called for it; and he would show the form of conceited heavy fellows as jests to the company at their own request, in revenge for interrupting him from being a companion to put on the character of a jester.

What was peculiarly excellent in this memorable companion was, that in the accounts he gave of persons and sentiments, he did not only hit the figure of their faces, and manner of their gestures, but he would in his narration fall into their very way of thinking, and this when he recounted passages wherein men of the best wit were concerned, as well as such wherein were represented men of the lowest rank of understanding. It is certainly as great an instance of self-love to a weakness, to be impatient of being mimicked, as any can be imagined. There were none but the vain, the formal, the proud, or those who were incapable of amending their faults, that dreaded him; to others he was in the highest degree pleasing: and I do not know any satisfaction of any indifferent kind I ever tasted so much, as having got over an impatience of seeing myself in the air he could put me when I have displeased him. It is indeed to his exquisite talent in this way, more than any philosophy I could read on the subject, that my person is very little of my care; and it is indifferent to me what is said of my shape, my air, my manner, my speech, or my address. It is to poor East-

court I chiefly owe that I am arrived at the happiness of thinking nothing a diminution to me, but what argues a depravity of my will.

It has as much surprised me as any thing in nature to have it frequently said, 'That he was not a good player,' but that must be owing to a partiality for former actors in the parts in which he succeeded them, and judging by comparison of what was liked before, rather than by the nature of the thing. When a man of his wit and smartness could put on an utter absence of common sense in his face, as he did in the character of Bullfinch in the *Northern Lass*, and an air of insipid cunning and vivacity in the character of Pounce in the *Tender Husband*, it is folly to dispute his capacity and success, as he was an actor.

Poor Eastcourt! Let the vain and proud be at rest, thou wilt no more disturb their admiration of their dear selves, and thou art no longer to drudge in raising the mirth of stupids, who know nothing of thy merit for thy maintenance.

It is natural for the generality of mankind to run into reflections upon our mortality, when disturbers of the world are laid at rest, but to take no notice when they who can please and divert are pulled from us; but, for my part, I can not but think the loss of such talents, as the man of whom I am speaking was master of, a more melancholy instance of mortality, than the dissolution of persons of never so high characters in the world, whose pretensions were that they were noisy and mischievous.

But I must grow more succinct, and, as a Spectator, give an account of this extraordinary man,

who, in his way, never had an equal in any age before him, or in that wherein he lived. I speak of him as a companion, and a man qualified for conversation. His fortune exposed him to an obsequiousness towards the worst sort of company, but his excellent qualities rendered him capable of making the best figure in the most refined. I have been present with him; among men of the most delicate taste, a whole night, and have known him (for he saw it was desired) keep the discourse to himself the most part of it, and maintain his good humour with a countenance in a language so delightful, without offence to any person or thing upon earth, still preserving the distance his circumstances obliged him to, I say, I have seen him do all this in such a charming manner, that I am sure none of those I hint at, will read this, without giving him some sorrow for their abundant mirth, and one gush of tears for so many bursts of laughter. I wish it were any honour to the pleasant creature's memory, that my eyes are too much suffused to let me go on——

STEELE. T

No. 469. THURSDAY, AUGUST 28.

Detrahere aliquid, alteri, et hominem hominis incommodo suum augere commodum, magis est contra naturam quàm mors, quàm paupertas, quàm dolor, quàm cætera quæ possunt aut corpori accidere, aut rebus externis. TULL.

To detract from other men, and turn their disadvantages to our own profit, is more contrary to nature than death, poverty, or grief, or any thing which can affect our bodies or external circumstances.

I am persuaded there are few men, of generous principles, who would seek after great places, were it not rather to have an opportunity in their hands of obliging their particular friends, or those whom they look upon as men of worth, than to procure wealth and honour for themselves. To an honest mind the best perquisites of a place are the advantages it gives a man of doing good.

Those who are under the great officers of state, and are the instruments by which they act, have more frequent opportunities for the exercise of compassion and benevolence than their superiors themselves. These men know every little case that is to come before the great man, and, if they are possessed with honest minds, will consider poverty as a recommendation to the person who applies himself to them, and make the justice of his cause the most powerful solicitor in his behalf. A man of this temper, when he is in a post of business, he becomes a blessing to the public; he patronizes the orphan and the widow, assists the friendless, and guides the ignorant: he does not reject the person's pretensions who does not know how to explain them, or refuse doing

a good office for a man because he can not pay the fee of it. In short, though he regulates himself in all his proceedings by justice and equity, he finds a thousand occasions for all the good-natured offices of generosity and compassion.

A man is unfit for such a place of trust, who is of a sour untractable nature, or has any other passion that makes him uneasy to those who approach him. Roughness of temper is apt to discountenance the timorous or modest. The proud man discourages those from approaching him, who are of a mean condition, and who most want his assistance. The impatient man will not give himself time to be informed of the matter that lies before him. An officer with one or more of these unbecoming qualities, is sometimes looked upon as a proper person to keep off impertinence and solicitation from his superior; but this is a kind of merit that can never atone for the injustice which may very often arise from it.

There are two other vicious qualities, which render a man very unfit for such a place of trust. The first of these is a dilatory temper, which commits innumerable cruelties without design. The maxim which several have laid down for a man's conduct in ordinary life should be inviolable with a man in office. Never to think of doing that to-morrow which may be done to-day. A man who defers doing what ought to be done is guilty of injustice so long as he defers it. The despatch of a good office is very often as beneficial to the solicitor as the good office itself. In short, if a man compared the inconveniences which another suffers by his delays, with the trifling mo-

tives and advantages which he himself may reap by such a delay, he would never be guilty of a fault which very often does an irreparable prejudice to the person who depends upon him, and which might be remedied with little trouble to himself.

But, in the last place, there is no man so improper to be employed in business as he who is in any degree capable of corruption; and such a one is the man who, upon any pretence whatsoever, receives more than what is the stated and unquestioned fee of his office. Gratifications, tokens of thankfulness, despatch-money, and the like specious terms, are the pretences under which corruption very freqently shelters itself. An honest man will, however, look on all these methods as unjustifiable, and will enjoy himself better in a moderate fortune that is gained with honour and reputation, than in an overgrowing estate that is cankered with the acquisitions of rapine and exaction. Were all our offices discharged with such an inflexible integrity, we should not see men in all ages, who grow up to exorbitant wealth with the abilities which are to be met with in an ordinary mechanic. I can not but think that such a corruption proceeds chiefly from men's employing the first that offer themselves, or those who have the character of shrewd worldly men, instead of searching out such as have had a liberal education, and have been trained up in the studies of knowledge and virtue.

It has been observed that men of learning who take to business discharge it generally with greater honesty than men of the world. The chief

reason for it I take to be as follows: a man that has spent his youth in reading, has been used to find virtue extolled, and vice stigmatized; a man that has past his time in the world has often seen vice triumphant, and virtue discountenanced. Extortion, rapine, and injustice, which are branded with infamy in books, often give a man a figure in the world, while several qualities which are celebrated in authors, as generosity, ingenuity, and good-nature, impoverish and ruin him. This can not but have a proportionable effect on men, whose tempers and principles are equally good and vicious.

There would be at least this advantage in employing men of learning and parts in business, that their prosperity would sit more gracefully on them, and that we should not see many worthless persons shot up into the greatest figures of life.

ADDISON. C.

No. 470. FRIDAY, AUGUST 29.

Turpe est difficiles habere nugas,
Et Stultus labor est ineptiarum. MART. Epig. 86.

'Tis folly only, and defect of sense
Turns trifles into things of consequence.

I HAVE been very often disappointed of late years, when, upon examining the new edition of a classic author, I have found above half the volume taken up with various readings. When I have expected to meet with a learned note upon

a doubtful passage in a Latin poet, I have only been informed, that such or such ancient manuscripts for an *et* write an *ac*, or of some other notable discovery of the like importance. Indeed, when a different reading gives us a different sense, or a new elegance in an author, the editor does very well in taking notice of it; but when he only entertains us with the several ways of spelling the same word, and gather together the various blunders and mistakes of twenty or thirty different transcribers, they only take up the time of the learned readers, and puzzle the minds of the ignorant. I have often fancied with myself how enraged an old Latin author would be, should he see the several absurdities in sense and grammar which are imputed to him by some or other of these various readings. In one he speaks nonsense; in another makes use of a word that was never heard of; and, indeed, there is scarce a solecism in writing which the best author is not guilty of, if we may be at liberty to read him in the words of some manuscript, which the laborious editor has thought fit to examine in the prosecution of his work.

I question not but the ladies and pretty fellows will be very curious to understand what it is that I have been hitherto talking of; I shall therefore give them a notion of this practice, by endeavouring to write after the manner of several persons who make an eminent figure in the republic of letters. To this end we will suppose that the following song is an old ode which I present to the public in a new edition, with the several various readings which I find of it in former editions, and in ancient manuscripts. Those who

can not relish the various readings will perhaps find their account in the song, which never before appeared in print.

'My love was fickle once and changing,
'Nor e'er would settle in my heart:
'From beauty still to beauty ranging,
'In ev'ry face I found a dart.'

''Twas first a charming shape enslaved me,
'An eye then gave the fatal stroke;
''Till by her wit Corinna saved me,
'And all my former fetters broke.

'But now a long and lasting anguish
For Belvidera I endure:
'Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish,
'Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

'For here the false unconstant lover,
'After a thousand beauties shown,
'Does new surprising charms discover,
'And finds variety in one.'

VARIOUS READINGS.

Stanza the first, verse the first. *And changing.*] The *and* in some manuscripts is written thus, &, but that in the Cotton Library writes it in three distinct letters.

Verse the second. *Nor e'er would.*] Aldus reads it *ever would;* but, as this would hurt the metre, we have restored it to the genuine reading, by observing that synæresis which had been neglected by ignorant transcribers.

Ibid. *In my heart.*] Scaliger and others, *on my heart.*

Verse the fourth. *I found a dart.*] The Vatican manuscript for *I* reads *it;* but this must

have been the hallucination of the transcriber, who probably mistook the dash of the *I* for a *T*.

Stanza the second, verse the second. *The fatal stroke.*] Scioppius, Salmasius, and many others, for *the* read *a;* but I have stuck to the usual reading.

Verse the third. *Till by her wit.*] Some manuscripts have it *his wit*, others, *your,* others *their wit;* but, as I find Corinna to be the name of a woman in other authors, I can not doubt but it should be *her.*

Stanza the third, verse the first. *A long and lasting anguish.*] The German manuscript reads *a lasting passion*, but the rhyme will not admit it.

Verse the second. *For Belvidera I endure.*] Did not all the manuscripts reclaim, I should change *Belvidera*, into *Pelvidera. Pelvis*, being used by several of the ancient comic writers for a looking-glass; by which means the etymology of the word is very visible; and *Pelvidera* will signify a lady who often looks in her glass; as indeed she had very good reason, if she had all those beauties which our poet here ascribes to her.

Verse the third. *Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish.*] Some for the word *hourly* read *daily*, and others *nightly;* the last has great authorities on its side.

Verse the fourth. *The wonted cure.*] The elder Stevens reads *wanted cure.*

Stanza the fourth, verse the second. *After a thousand beauties.*] In several copies we meet with a *hundred beauties,* by the usual error of the transcribers, who probably omitted a cipher, and had not taste enough to know that the word

thousand was ten times a greater compliment to the poet's mistress than a *hundred.*

Verse the fourth. *And finds variety in one.*] Most of the ancient manuscripts have it *in two.* Indeed so many of them concur in this last reading, that I am very much in doubt whether it ought not to take place. There are but two reasons which incline me to the reading as I have published it; first, because the rhyme, and secondly, because the sense is preserved by it. It might likewise proceed from the oscitancy of transcribers, who, to despatch their work the sooner used to write all numbers in cipher, and seeing the figure 1 followed by a little dash of the pen as is customary in old manuscripts, they perhaps mistook the dash for a second figure, and by casting up both together, composed out of them the figure 2. But this I shall leave to the learned, without determining any thing in a matter of so great uncertainty.

ADDISON. C.

No. 471. SATURDAY, AUGUST 30.

Εν ἐλπισιν χρη τους σοφους ἐχειν βιον. EURIPID.
The wise with hope support the pains of life.

THE *time present* seldom affords sufficient employment to the mind of man. Objects of pain or pleasure, love or admiration, do not lie thick enough together in life to keep the soul in constant action, and supply an immediate exercise to its faculties. In order, therefore, to reme-

dy this defect, that the mind may not want business, but always have materials for thinking, she is endowed with certain powers, that can recall what is past, and anticipate what is to come.

That wonderful faculty, which we call the memory, is perpetually looking back, when we have nothing present to entertain us. It is like those repositories in several animals that are filled with stores of their former food, on which they may ruminate when their present pasture fails.

As the memory relieves the mind in her vacant moments, and prevents any chasms of thought by ideas of what is *past*, we have other faculties that agitate and employ her upon what is to *come;* these are the passions of hope and fear.

By these two passions we reach forward into futurity, and bring up to our present thoughts objects that lie hid in the remotest depths of time. We suffer misery, and enjoy happiness, before they are in being; we can set the sun and stars forward, or lose sight of them by wandering into those retired parts of eternity, when the heavens and earth shall be no more.

By the way, who can imagine that the existence of a creature is to be circumscribed by time whose thoughts are not? But I shall in this paper, confine myself to that particular passion which goes by the name of *hope*.

Our actual enjoyments are so few and transient, that man would be a very miserable being, were he not endowed with this passion, which gives him a taste of those good things that may possibly come into his possession. 'We should hope for every thing that is good,' says the old poet

Linus, 'because there is nothing which may not be hoped for, and nothing but what the gods are able to give us.' Hope quickens all the still parts of life, and keeps the mind awake in her most remiss and indolent hours. It gives habitual serenity and good humour. It is a kind of vital heat in the soul, that cheers and gladdens her, when she does not attend to it. It makes pain easy and labour pleasant.

Besides these several advantages which arise from *hope*, there is another which is none of the least, and that is its great efficacy in preserving us from setting too high a value on present enjoyments. The saying of Cæsar is very well known. When he had given away all his estate in gratuities amongst his friends, one of them asked what he had left for himself, to which that great man replied, *hope*. His natural magnanimity hindered him from prizing what he was certainly possessed of, and turned all his thoughts upon something more valuable than he had in view. I question not but every reader will draw a moral from this story, and apply it to himself without my direction.

The old story of Pandora's box (which many of the learned believe was formed among the heathens upon the tradition of the fall of man) shows us how deplorable a state they thought the present life without hope. To set forth the utmost condition of misery, they tell us that our forefather, according to the pagan theology, had a great vessel presented him by Pandora: upon his lifting up the lid of it, says the fable, there flew out all the calamities and distempers incident to men, from which, till that time, they had

been altogether exempt. *Hope*, who had been inclosed in the cup with so much bad company, instead of flying off with the rest, stuck so close to the lid of it that it was shut down upon her.

I shall make but two reflections upon what I have hitherto said: first, that no kind of life is so happy as that which is full of hope, especially when the hope is well grounded, and when the object of it is of an exalted kind, and in its nature proper to make the person happy who enjoys it. This proposition must be very evident to those who consider how few are the present enjoyments of the most happy man, and how insufficient to give him an entire satisfaction and acquiescence in them.

My next observation is this, That a religious life is that which most abounds in a well grounded hope, and such a one as is fixed on objects that are capable of making us entirely happy. This hope in a religious man is much more sure and certain than the hope of any temporal blessing, as it is strengthened not only by reason, but by faith. It has at the same time its eye perpetually fixed on that state, which implies in the very notion of it the most full and the most complete happiness.

I have before shown how the influence of hope in general sweetens life, and makes our present condition supportable, if not pleasing; but a religious hope has still greater advantages. It does not only bear up the mind under her sufferings, but makes her rejoice in them, as they may be the instruments of procuring her the great and ultimate end of all her hope.

Religious hope has likewise this advantage

above any other kind of hope, that it is able to revive the dying man, and to fill his mind not only with secret comfort and refreshment, but sometimes with rapture and transport. He triumphs in his agonies, whilst the soul springs forward with delight to the great object which she has always had in view, and leaves the body with an expectation of being united to her in a glorious and joyful resurrection.

I shall conclude this essay with those emblematical expressions of a lively hope which the psalmist made use of in the midst of those dangers and adversities which surrounded him; for the following passage had its present and personal, as well as its future and prophetic sense.—'I have set the lord always before me: because he is at my right hand I shall not be moved. Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth; my flesh also shall rest in hope. For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine holy One to see corruption. Thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence there is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore.'

ADDISON. C.

No. 472. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

——*Voluptas*
Solamenque mali—— VIRGIL.

This only solace his hard fortune sends. DRYDEN.

I RECEIVED some time ago a proposal which had a preface to it, wherein the author discoursed

at large of the innumerable objects of charity in a nation, and admonished the rich who were afflicted with any distemper of body, particularly to regard the poor in the same species of affliction, and confine their tenderness to them, since it is impossible to assist all who are presented to them. The proposer had been relieved from a malady in his eyes by an operation performed by Sir William Read,* and being a man of condition, had taken a resolution to maintain three poor blind men during their lives, in gratitude for that great blessing.—This misfortune is so very great and unfrequent, that one would think an establishment for all the poor under it might be easily accomplished, with the addition of a very few others to those wealthy who are in the same calamity. However, the thought of the proposer arose from a very good motive, and the parceling of ourselves out, as called to particular acts of beneficence, would be a pretty cement of society and virtue. It is the ordinary foundation for men's holding a commerce with each other, and becoming familiar, that they agree in the same sort of pleasure, and sure it may also be some reason for amity that they are under one common distress. If all the rich who are lame with the gout, from a life of ease, pleasure and luxury, would help those few who have it without a previous life of pleasure, and aid a few of such laborious men who are become lame from unhappy blows, falls, or other accidents of age

* Swift speaks contemptuously of this oculist as a mountebank; but we find him sworn as an oculist in ordinary to King George in the beginning of 1714. He died at Rochester, May 24, 1715.

or sickness; I say, would such gouty persons administer to the necessities of men disabled like themselves, the consciousness of such a behaviour would be the best julep, cordial and anodyne, in the feverish, faint, and tormenting vicissitudes of that miserable distemper. The same may be said of all other, both bodily and intellectual evils. These classes of charity would certainly bring down blessings upon an age and people; and if men were not petrified with the love of this world, against all sense of the commerce which ought to be among them, it would not be an unreasonable bill for a poor man in the agony of pain, aggravated by want and poverty, to draw upon a sick alderman after this form:

'MR. BASIL PLENTY

'SIR,

'You have the gout and stone, with sixty thousand pounds sterling; I have the gout and stone, not worth one farthing; I shall pray for you, and desire you would pay the bearer twenty shillings for value received, from, sir,

'Your humble servant,

'LAZARUS HOPEFUL.'

Cripplegate, Aug. 29, 1712.

The reader's own imagination will suggest to him the reasonableness of such correspondences, and diversify them into a thousand forms; but I shall close this as I began upon the subject of blindness. The following letter seems to be written by a man of learning, who is returned to his study after a suspense of an ability to do so. The benefit he reports himself to have received may

well claim the handsomest encomium he can give the operator.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'Ruminating lately on your admirable discourses on the Pleasures of the Imagination, (No. 411—421) I began to consider to which of our senses we are obliged for the greatest and most important share of those pleasures; and I soon concluded that it was to the sight; that is the sovereign of the senses, and mother of all the arts and sciences, that have refined the rudeness of the uncultivated mind to a politeness, that distinguishes the fine spirits from the barbarous *goût* of the great vulgar and the small. The sight is the obliging benefactress that bestows on us the most transporting sensations that we have from the various and wonderful products of nature. To the sight we owe the amazing discoveries of the height, magnitude and motion of the planets; their several revolutions about their common centre of light, heat and motion, the sun. The sight travels yet farther to the fixed stars, and furnishes the understanding with solid reasons to prove, that each of them is a sun, moving on its own axis in the centre of its own vortex or turbillion, and performing the same offices to its dependant planets that our glorious sun does to this. But the inquiries of the sight will not be stopped here, but make their progress through the immense expanse to the Milky Way, and there divide the blended fires of the Galaxy into infinite and different worlds, made up of distinct suns, and their peculiar equipages of planets, till unable to pursue this tract any farther, it deputes

the imagination to go on to new discoveries, till it fill the unbounded space with endless worlds.

'The sight informs the statuary's chisel with power to give breath to lifeless brass and marble, and the painter's pencil to swell the flat canvas with moving figures actuated by imaginary souls. Music, indeed, may plead another original, since Jubal, by the different falls of his hammer on the anvil, discovered by the ear the first rude music that pleased the antediluvian fathers, but then the sight has not only reduced those wilder sounds into artful order and harmony, but conveys that harmony to the most distant parts of the world without the help of the sound. To the sight we owe, not only all the discoveries of philosophy, but all the divine imagery of poetry that transports the intelligent reader of Homer, Milton, and Virgil.

'As the sight has polished the world, so does it supply us with the most grateful and lasting pleasure. Let love, let friendship, paternal affection, filial piety and conjugal duty, declare the joys the sight bestows on a meeting after absence. But it would be endless to enumerate all the pleasures and advantages of sight; every one that has it, every hour he makes use of it, finds them, feels them, enjoys them.

'Thus, as our greatest pleasures and knowledge are derived from the sight, so has Providence been more curious in the formation of its seat, the eye, than of the organs of the other senses. That stupendous machine is composed in a wonderful manner of muscles, membranes, and humours. Its motions are admirably directed by the muscles: the perspicuity of the hu-

mours transmit the rays of light, the rays are regularly refracted by their figure, the black lining of the *sclerotes* effectually prevents their being confounded by reflection. It is wonderful indeed to consider how many objects the eye is fitted to take in at once, and successively in an instant, and at the same time to make a judgment of their position, figure, or colour. It watches against our dangers, guides our steps, and lets in all the visible objects, whose beauty and variety instruct and delight.

'The pleasures and advantages of sight being so great, the loss must be very grievous: of which Milton, from experience, gives the most sensible idea both in the third book of his Paradise Lost, and in his Samson Agonistes.

'To light in the former:

——'Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, but find no dawn.'

And a little after—

'Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of e'en or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surround me from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with an universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and raz'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.'

'Again, in Samson Agonistes;

'But chief of all,
O loss of sight! of thee I most complain;

Blind among enemies! O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me's extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annulled——

'——Still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own,
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark! dark! dark! amid the blaze of noon;
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hopes of day!

'The enjoyment of sight then being so great a blessing, and the loss of it so terrible an evil, how excellent and valuable is the skill of that artist which can restore the former, and redress the latter? My frequent perusal of the advertisements in the public newspapers (generally the most agreeable entertainment they afford) has presented me with many and various benefits of this kind done to my countrymen by that skilful artist, Dr. Grant, her majesty's oculist-extraordinary, whose happy hand has brought and restored to sight several hundreds in less than four years. Many have received sight by his means who came blind from their mother's womb, as in the famous instance of Jones of Newington. I myself have been cured by him of a weakness in my eyes next to blindness, and am ready to believe any thing that is reported of his ability this way; and know that many, who could not purchase his assistance with money, have enjoyed it from his charity. But a list of particulars would swell my letter beyond its bounds; what I have said being sufficient to comfort those who are in the like distress, since they may conceive hopes of being no longer

miserable in this kind, while there is yet alive so great an oculist as Dr. Grant.

'I am the Spectator's
'humble servant,
'PHILANTHROPUS.'

STEELE. T.

No. 473. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.

Quid? si quis vultu torvo ferus et pede nudo,
Exiguæque togæ simulet textore Catonem;
Virtutemne repræsentet, moresque Catonis? HOR. EP.

Suppose a man the coarsest gown should wear,
No shoes, his forehead rough, his look severe,
And ape great Cato in his form and dress;
Must he his virtues and his mind express? CREECH.

'TO THE SPECTATOR.

'SIR,

'I AM now in the country, and employ most of my time in reading or thinking upon what I have read. Your paper comes constantly down to me, and it affects me so much, that I find my thoughts run into your way; and I recommend to you a subject upon which you have not yet touched, and that is, the satisfaction some men seem to take in their imperfections: I think one may call it glorying in their insufficiency. A certain great author is of the opinion that it is the contrary to envy, though perhaps it may proceed from it. Nothing is so common as to hear men of this sort, speaking of themselves, add to their own merit (as they think,) by impairing it in praising themselves for their defects, freely allowing they

commit some few frivolous errors, in order to be esteemed persons of uncommon talents and great qualifications. They are generally professing an injudicious neglect of dancing, fencing, and riding, as also an unjust contempt for traveling and the modern languages; as for their parts (say they,) they never valued or troubled their heads about them. This panegyrical satire on themselves certainly is worthy of your animadversion. I have known one of these gentlemen think himself obliged to forget the day of an appointment, and sometimes even that you spoke to him; and when you see them, they hope you will pardon them, for they have the worst memory in the world. One of them started up the other day in some confusion, and said, 'Now I think on't, I am to meet Mr. Mortmain the attorney about some business; but whether it is to-day, or to-morrow, faith I can not tell.' Now to my certain knowledge, he knew his time to a moment, and was there accordingly. These forgetful persons, have, to heighten their crime, generally the best memories of any people, as I have found out by their remembering sometimes through inadvertency. Two or three of them that I know can say most of our modern tragedies by heart. I asked a gentleman the other day, that is famous for a good carver, (at which acquisition he is out of countenance, imagining it may detract from some of his more essential qualifications,) to help me to something that was near him: but he excused himself, and blushing told me, 'Of all things he could never carve in his life;' though it can be proved upon him, that he cuts up, disjoints, and uncases with incomparable dexterity.

I would not be understood as if I thought it laudable for a man of quality and fortune to rival the acquisitions of artificers, and endeavour to excel in little handy qualities; no, I argue only against being ashamed of what is really praiseworthy. As these pretences to ingenuity show themselves several ways, you will often see a man of this temper, ashamed to be clean, and setting up for wit only from negligence in his habit. Now I am upon this head, I can not help observing also upon a very different folly proceeding from the same cause. As these above-mentioned arise from affecting an equality with men of greater talents from having the same faults, there are others that would come at a parallel with those above them, by possessing little advantages which they want. I heard a young man not long ago, who has sense, comfort himself in his ignorance of Greek, Hebrew, and the Orientals; at the same time that he published his aversion to those languages, he said that the knowledge of them was rather a diminution than an advancement of a man's character; though at the same time I know he languishes and repines he is not master of them himself.—Whenever I take any of these fine persons, thus detracting from what they do not understand, I tell them I will complain to you, and say, I am sure you will not allow it an exception against a thing, that he who contemns it is an ignorant in it. I am, sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'S. T.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am a man of a very good estate, and am honourably in love. I hope you will allow,

when the ultimate purpose is honest, there may be, without trespass against innocence, some toying by the way. People of condition are perhaps too distant and formal on those occasions; but however that is, I am to confess to you, that I have writ some verses to atone for my offence. You professed authors are a little severe upon us, who write like gentlemen; but if you are a friend to love, you will insert my poem You can not imagine how much service it will do me with my fair one, as well as reputation with all my friends, to have something of mine in the Spectator. My crime was that I snatched a kiss, and my poetical excuse is as follows:

'Belinda, see from yonder flowers
The bee flies loaded to its cell:
Can you perceive what it devours
Are they impaired in show or smell?

'So though I robb'd you of a kiss,
Sweeter than their ambrosial dew,
Why are you angry at my bliss?
Has it at all impoverished you?

''Tis by this cunning I contrive,
In spite of your unkind reserve,
To keep my famished love alive,
Which you inhumanly would starve.

'I am, sir,
'Your humble servant,
'TIMOTHY STANZA.'

'SIR, *August* 23, 1712.

'Having a little time upon my hands, I could not think of bestowing it better, than in writing

an epistle to the Spectator, which I now do, and am, sir,

'Your humble servant,
'BOB SHORT.'

P.S. If you approve of my style, I am likely enough to become your correspondent. I desire your opinion of it. I design it for that way of writing called by the judicious 'the familiar.'

STEELE. T.

No. 474. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.

From the Letter-Box.

Asperitas agrestis et inconcinna—— HOR.

A clownish roughness, and unkindly close,
Unfriendly stiff, and peevishly morose. CREECH.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'BEING of the number of those that have lately retired from the centre of business and pleasure, my uneasiness in the country where I am, arises rather from the society than the solitude of it. To be obliged to receive and return visits from and to a circle of neighbours, who through diversity of age or inclinations, can neither be entertaining or serviceable to us, is a vile loss of time, and a slavery from which a man should deliver himself, if possible: for why must I lose the remaining part of my life, because they have thrown away the former part of theirs? It is to me an insupportable affliction, to be tormented

with the narrations of a set of people, who are warm in their expression of the quick relish of that pleasure, which their dogs and horses have a more delicate taste of. I do also in my heart detest and abhor that damnable doctrine and position of the necessity of a bumper, though to one's own toast; for though it is pretended that these deep potations are used only to inspire gaiety, they certainly drown that cheerfulness which would survive a moderate calculation. If at these meetings it were left to every stranger either to fill his glass according to his own inclination, or to make his retreat when he finds he has been sufficiently obedient to that of others, these entertainments would be governed with more good sense, and consequently with more good breeding, than they at present are. Indeed, where any of the guests are known to measure their fame or pleasure by their glass, proper exhortations might be used to these to push their fortunes in this sort of reputation; but where it is unseasonably insisted on to a modest stranger, this drench may be said to be swallowed with the same necessity, as if it had been tendered in the horn* for that purpose, with this aggravating circumstance, that it distresses the entertainer's guest in the same degree as it relieves his horses.

'To attend without impatience an account of five barred gates, double ditches, and precipices, and to survey the orator with desiring eyes, is to me extremely difficult, but absolutely necessary, to be upon tolerable terms with him; but then the

* A horn being commonly used to administer potions to horses.

occasional bursting out into laughter, is of all other accomplishments the most requisite. I confess at present I have not the command of these convulsions, as is necessary to be good company; therefore I beg you would publish this letter, and let me be known all at once for a queer fellow, and avoided. It is monstrous to me, that we who are given to reading and calm conversation should ever be visited by these roarers: but they think they themselves, as neighbours, may come into our rooms with the same right that they and their dogs hunt in our grounds.

'Your institution of clubs I have always admired, in which you constantly endeavoured the union of the metaphorically defunct, that is, such as are neither serviceable to the busy and enterprising part of mankind, nor entertaining to the retired and speculative. There should certainly therefore in each county be established a club of the persons whose conversations I have described, who for their own private, as also the public emolument, should exclude, and be excluded all other society. Their attire should be the same with their huntsmen's, and none should be admitted into this green-conversation piece, except he had broke his collar-bone thrice. A broken rib or two might also admit a man without the least opposition. The president must necessarily have broken his neck, and have been taken up dead once or twice: for the more maims this brotherhood shall have met with, the easier will their conversation flow and keep up; and when any one of these vigorous invalids had finished his narration of the collar-bone, this naturally would introduce the history of the ribs.

Besides, the different circumstances of their falls and fractures would help to prolong and diversify their relations. There should also be another club of such men, who have not succeeded so well in maiming themselves, but are however in the constant pursuit of these accomplishments. I would by no means be suspected by what I have said, to traduce in general the body of fox-hunters; for whilst I look upon a reasonable creature full-speed after a pack of dogs by way of pleasure, and not of business, I shall always make honourable mention of it.

'But the most irksome conversation of all others I have met with in the neighbourhood, has been among two or three of your travellers, who have overlooked men and manners, and have passed through France and Italy with the same observation that the carriers and stage-coachmen do through Great Britain; that is, their stops and stages have been regulated according to the liquor they have met with in their passage. They indeed remember the names of abundance of places, with the particular fineries of certain churches: but their distinguishing mark is certain prettinesses of foreign languages; the meaning of which they could better have expressed in their own. The entertainment of these fine observers, Shakspeare has described to consist

> 'In talking of the Alps and Appennines,
> 'The Pyrenean, and the River Po:'

and then concludes with a sigh:

> 'Now this is worshipful society!'

'I would not be thought in all this to hate such honest creatures as dogs; I am only unhappy that I can not partake in their diversions. But I love them so well, as dogs, that I often go with my pockets stuffed with bread to dispense my favour, or make my way through them at neighbours' houses. There is in particular a young hound of great expectation, vivacity and enterprize, that attends my flights wherever he spies me. This creature observes my countenance, and behaves himself accordingly. His mirth, his frolic, and joy upon the sight of me has been observed, and I have been gravely desired not to encourage him so much, for it spoils his parts; but I think he shows them sufficiently in the several boundings, friskings, and scourings, when he makes his court to me: but I foresee in a little time he and I must keep company with one another only, for we are fit for no other in these parts. Having informed you how I do pass my time in the country where I am, I must proceed to tell you how I would pass it, had I such a fortune as would put me above the observance of ceremony and custom.

'My scheme of a country life should then be as follows: As I am happy in three or four very agreeable friends, these I would constantly have with me; and the freedom we took with one another at school and the university, we would maintain and exert upon all occasions with great courage.—There should be certain hours of the day to be employed in reading, during which time it should be impossible for any one of us to enter the other's chamber, unless by storm. After this we would communicate the trash or treasure

we had met with, with our own reflections upon the matter; the justness of which we could controvert with good humoured warmth, and never spare one another out of that complaisant spirit of conversation, which makes others affirm and deny the same matter in a quarter of an hour. If any of the neighbouring gentlemen, not of our turn, should take it in their heads to visit me, I should look upon these persons in the same degree enemies to my particular state of happiness, as ever the French were to that of the public, and I would be at an annual expense in spies to observe their motions. Whenever I should be surprised with a visit, as I hate drinking, I would be brisk in swilling bumpers, upon this maxim, that it is better to trouble others with my impertinence, than to be troubled myself with theirs. The necessity of an infirmary (See No. 429, 437, and 440) makes me resolve to fall into that project; and as we should be but five, the terrors of an involuntary separation, which our number can not so well admit of, would make us exert ourselves, in opposition to all the particulars mentioned in your institution of that equitable confinement. This my way of life, I know, would subject me to the imputation of a morose, covetous, and singular fellow. These, and all other hard words, with all manner of insipid jests, and all other reproach, would be matter of mirth to me and my friends: besides, I would destroy the application of the epithets morose and covetous, by a yearly relief of my undeservedly necessitous neighbours, and by treating my friends and domestics with a humanity that should express the obligation to lie rather on my side; and as for the

word singular, I was always of opinion every man must be so, to be what one would desire him.
Your very humble servant, J. R.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'About two years ago, I was called upon by the younger part of a country family, by my mother's side related to me, to visit Mr. Campbell, the dumb man,* for they told me that that was chiefly what brought them to town, having heard wonders of him in Essex. I, who always wanted faith in matters of that kind, was not easily prevailed on to go; but lest they should take it ill, I went with them; when to my surprise, Mr. Campbell related all their past life; in short, had he not been prevented, such a discovery would have come out, as would have ruined the next design of their coming to town, viz. buying wedding clothes. Our names—though he never heard of us before—and we endeavoured to conceal—were as familiar to him as to ourselves. To be sure, Mr. Spectator, he is a very learned and wise man. Being impatient to know my fortune, having paid my respects in a family Jacobus, he told me (after his manner) among several other things, that in a year and nine months I should fall ill of a new fever, be given over by my physicians, but should with much difficulty recover: that the first time I took the air afterwards, I should be addressed to by a young gentleman of

* Duncan Campbell announced himself to the public as a Scotch Highlander, gifted with the second sight. He was, or pretended to be, deaf and dumb, and succeeded in making a fortune to himself, by practising for some years on the credulity of the vulgar, in the ignominious character of a fortune-teller.

a plentiful fortune, good sense, and a generous spirit. Mr. Spectator, he is the purest man in the world, for all he said is come to pass, and I am the happiest she in Kent. I have been in quest of Mr. Campbell these three months, and can not find him out. Now hearing you are a dumb man too, I thought you might correspond, and be able to tell me something; for I think myself highly obliged to make his fortune, as he has mine. It is very possible your worship, who has spies all over this town, can inform me how to send to him; if you can, I beseech you be as speedy as possible, and you will highly oblige,

'Your constant reader and admirer,

'DULCIBELLA THANKLEY.'

Ordered, That the inspector I employ about wonders, inquire at the Golden-Lion, opposite to the Half-Moon tavern in Drury-Lane, into the merits of this silent sage, and report accordingly.

STEELE. T.

END OF VOL. IX.

MARTIN

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